

THE
SCHOOLDA' AID
1920






Anne B. Gilliam







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THE SCHOOLMA'AM

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL



HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

VOLUME ELEVEN

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY



THE SCHOOLMA'AM

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE

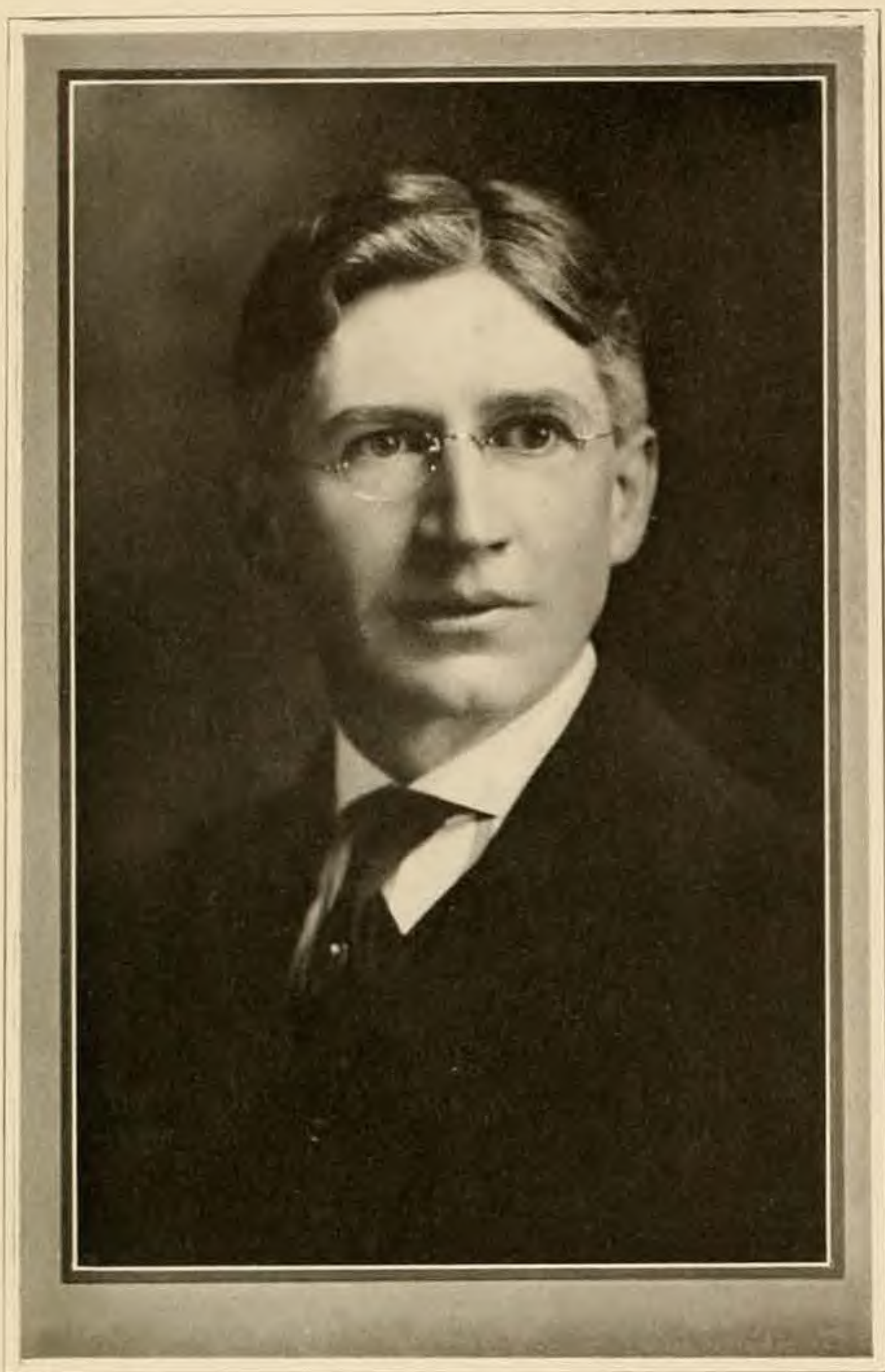
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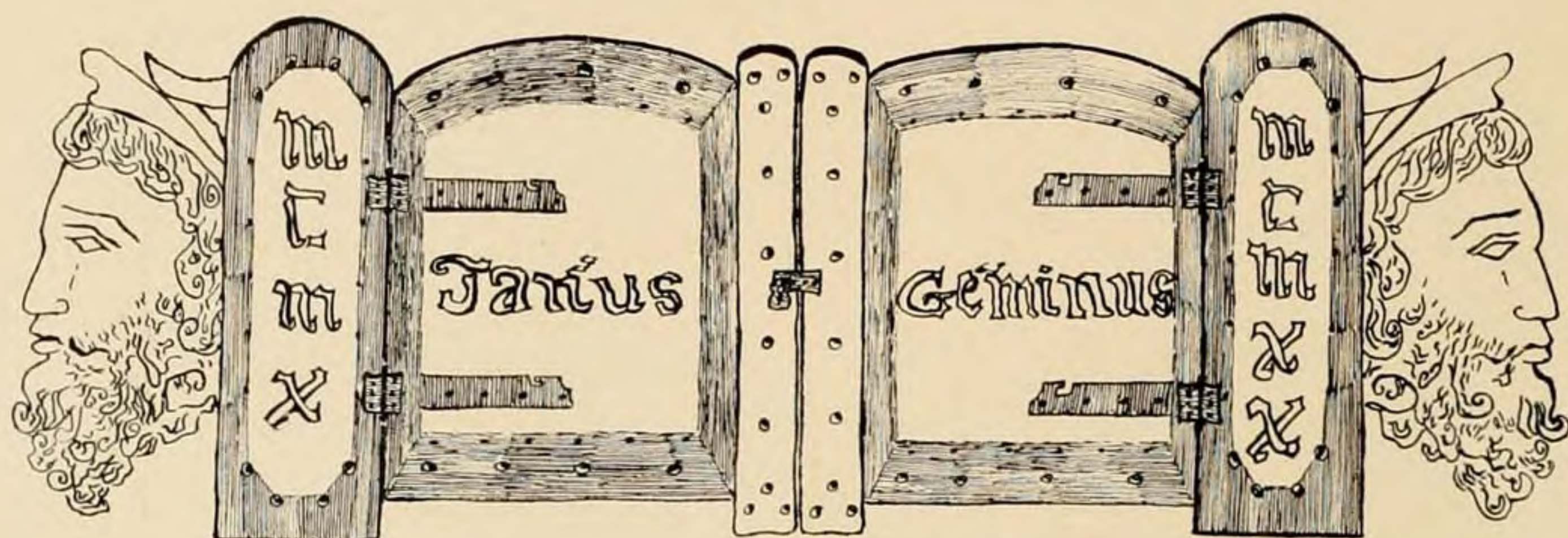


JULIAN ASHBY BURRUSS



SAMUEL PAGE DUKE

We dedicate this book
to
Our two Presidents
Julian Ashby Burruss
and
Samuel Hage Duke
with
All love for the past
All loyalty to the present
and
All faith in the future
Of Our School

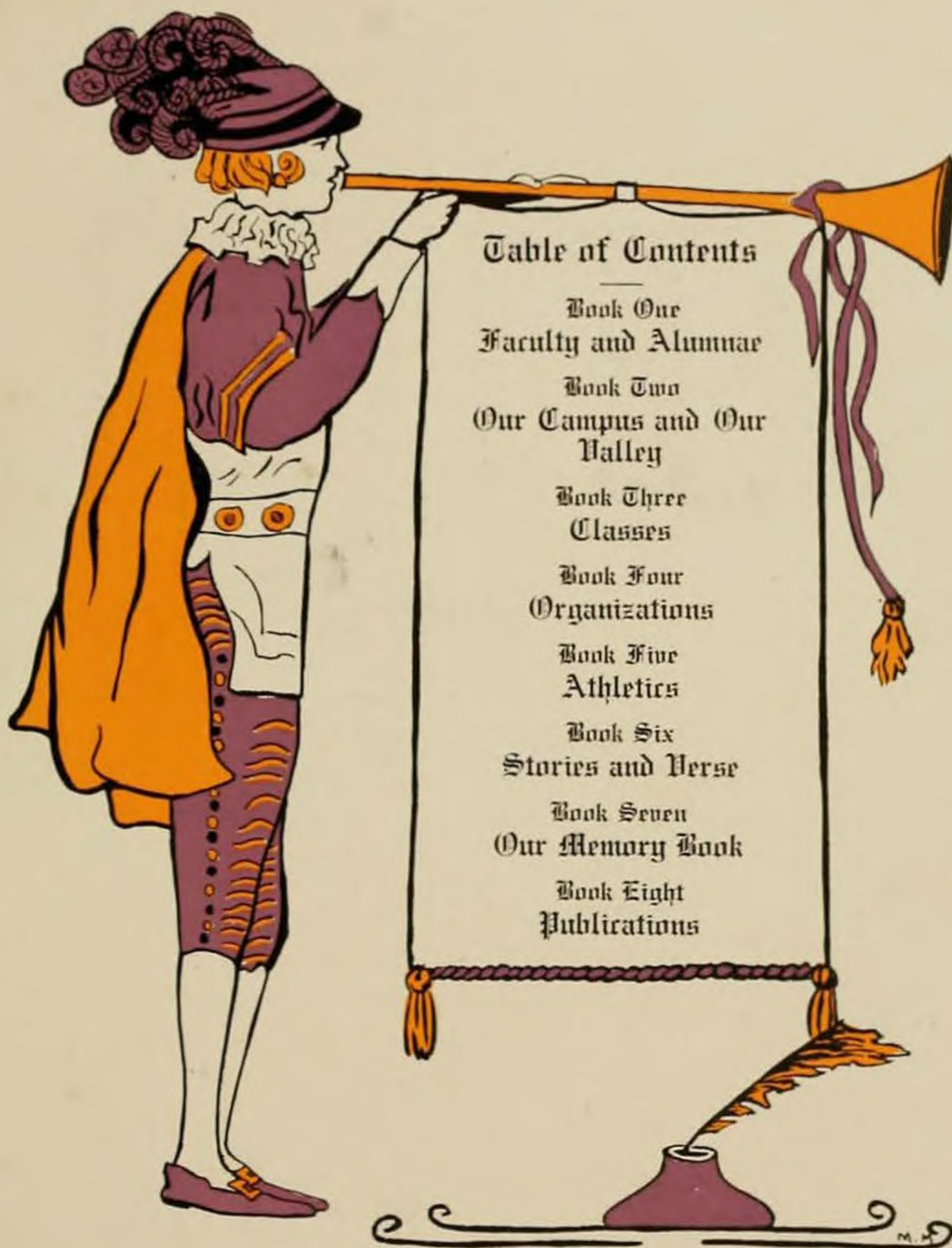


Greeting

On this, her tenth anniversary, THE SCHOOLMA'AM pauses a moment to gaze in grateful affection upon the past, so rich in achievement. But like Janus, the old god of new beginnings, she looks to the future as well; and her eyes are uplifted with a great hope.

Throughout this book we shall try to picture both what *was* and what *is* on Blue-Stone Hill. Only strong loyalty to the present, striking its roots deep into the past, may hope to be found

"Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be."



"That our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished
after the similitude of a palace."

Faculty



MRS. PEARL POWERS MOODY
Domestic Science



MARY L. SEEGER
Director of Kindergarten



SAMUEL P. DUKE
President



NATALIE LANCASTER
Mathematics, Social Director



MRS. JAMES C. JOHNSTON
Physical Education

Faculty



FRANCES I. MACKEY
Manual Arts



EDNA T. SHAEFFER
Music



DR. WALTER J. GIFFORD
Education



MRS. FRANK BLACKBURN
Music



SARAH M. WILSON
Home Economics

Faculty



VIRGINIA ZIRKLE
Home Economics



ELIZABETH J. HARRIS
Music



DR. JOHN W. WAYLAND
History, Social Science



MARGARET V. HOFFMAN
Foreign Languages, Music



ELIZABETH P. CLEVELAND
English

Faculty



ADA LEE BERREY
Manual Arts, Mathematics



MARY I. BELL
Librarian



MRS. CARRIE B. McMICHAEL
Domestic Art



GRACE A. MCGUIRE
Dietitian



MAMIE K. MYERS
School and Home Nursing

Faculty



GEORGE W. CHAPPELEAR
Biology, Agriculture



DR. HENRY A. CONVERSE
Registrar



JAMES C. JOHNSTON
Science



CONRAD T. LOGAN
English



RAYMOND C. DINGLEBINE
History

Faculty



ETHEL SPILMAN
Geography Critic



VIRGINIA BUCHANAN
Critic, Second Grade



KATHERINE M. ANTHONY
Director of Training



MARY V. YANCEY
Critic, Fourth Grade



VADA I. WHITESEL
Critic, Sixth Grade

Faculty



MARGARET F. ROGERS
Critic, First Grade



CARRIE M. DUNGAN
English Critic



ORRA E. BOWMAN
Critic, Fifth Grade



LILLIE BELLE BISHOP
Critic, First Grade



ELIZABETH HARNSEBERGER
Mathematics Critic



WILLIAM H. KEISTER
Superintendent Training School

The Virginia Normal School Board

MR. R. R. CHAMBERLAYNE, JR.	Phenix
MR. E. O. LARRICK	Middletown
HONORABLE VIRGINIUS SHACKLEFORD	Orange
HONORABLE MERRITT T. COOKE	Norfolk
DR. H. M. DEJARNETTE	Fredericksburg
MR. GEORGE L. TAYLOR	Big Stone Gap
MR. W. CLYDE LOCKER	Richmond
MISS BELLE WEBB	Prince George
MR. DAVID D. HULL, JR.	Roanoke
HONORABLE ALFRED G. PRESTON.....	Amsterdam
MR. S. JAMES TURLINGTON	Accomac
MR. GEORGE M. WARREN	Bristol
HIS EXCELLENCY, WESTMORELAND DAVIS	Richmond
(Governor of Virginia, ex-officio)	
HONORABLE HARRIS HART	Richmond
(State Superintendent of Public Instruction, ex-officio)	

Prayer, September 28, 1909



ALMIGHTY GOD, we acknowledge Thee as Creator of the world, of angels, and of men; as the source of life, of knowledge, of truth, and all virtues. We rejoice that Thou art also our Father, who dost love us, and we pray that in the person of the Holy Spirit Thou wilt be our constant guide, and in the person of Thy Son our constant Teacher. May Thy gracious providence compass with mercy all our lives and destinies, and may Thy ministering spirits, which are sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation, bring to us wisdom for every decision, courage in every struggle, and hope for every day.

We come to Thee, Our Father, with a special plea. This hour for all of us gathered here is an hour of special moment, and we voice a special prayer. This hour has hovered in our visions, and has been longed for with fear and trembling, yet with a stirring fulness of hope and joy. It is an hour full of meaning to us all, and to the men and women who shall stand here and work here in the years to come. This hour is at once a goal and a beginning: a goal of toilsome progress and the beginning of a glorious work. We give Thee thanks for Thy mercies and blessings, and pray that Thy favor may continue to smile upon us, and that Thou wilt crown our labors with full success.

Bless all who have labored for this school hitherto, and all who shall labor for it henceforth in any capacity. Bless the school; may it become a sacred place—a shrine, as it were, devoted to liberty and to truth. Standing upon this hilltop, under the rising sun, may it grow as a mighty oak or a cedar of ancient Lebanon, and in its shelter may health and gladness abound. Like the hills and mountains round about it, may it be strong and steadfast; like the skies that smile above it, may it be boundless in its compass and ever full of light; like the hills and plains that surround it, may it be both fruitful and beautiful; like all the works of righteousness, may it be fostered and blessed of God.

Give these, Thy servants who teach, knowledge and wisdom and power; give the Trustees of the Commonwealth, who shall direct us, foresight and wise discretion; may all labor unto Thy glory and the good of mankind.

And now, O Lord, as we end our petitions, we voice one more special prayer. Bless these young women in their lives and in their work. They hold in their hands the cure of many ills, the key to many joys; and they, too, are standing at this hour in the dawn of a great future. The skies are bright above them, and hope calls them forward. Give them grace and strength and wisdom, O Lord, and guide them into usefulness and all those forms of special service for which Thou hast so richly endowed them. Give them hearts of love and sympathy and sincerity, and through them bless the land—the State, the Nation, the World, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.

Prayer, September 25, 1919



ALMIGHTY GOD, author of light and life, we exalt Thy name and invoke Thy blessings.

Our hearts would praise Thee for all Thy gracious gifts. We thank Thee for life and hope; for youth and aspiration; for truth to learn and for work to do. We thank Thee for this place of learning—for this school and all that it means to us who have been here in former years; for all that it will mean to those who are now here for the first time.

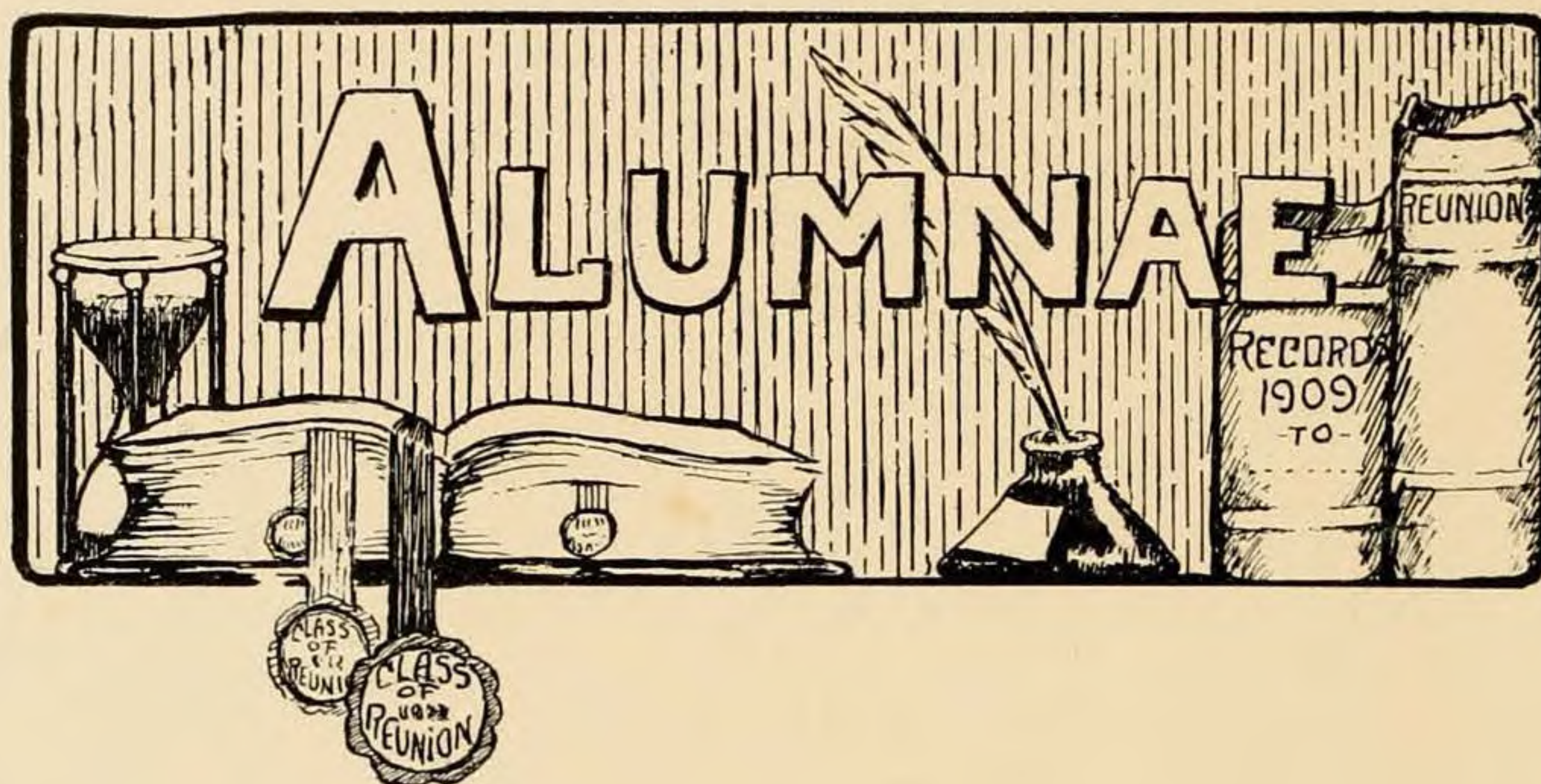
We thank Thee for the stable government of our state and for the vision of our fathers, who have fostered and protected school and church and home. We thank Thee for these encircling mountains, which speak of time and everlasting strength. We thank Thee for the glory of the dawn and the radiant beauty of the sunset, as we view them from these hills.

We thank Thee for the joy and courage that friendship and good fellowship give us here from session to session and from year to year.

And now as we look out this morning, we see new tasks and new friends before us. We see, as it were, a new world that calls us. We see the nations in unrest, waiting, in ignorance it may be, for the peace and justice of God.

Help us, as we work here, to serve the people and to honor Thee. Help us to be good citizens of our state, of our nation, and of the world, that our life and work here may be a beginning, a fair beginning, of our life and our citizenship in heaven with Thee.

In the name of our Lord and Savior, we pray. Amen.



Alumnae Association

President	Reba Beard
Vice-President	Agnes Dingleline
Corresponding Secretary . . .	Mary H. Vancey
Recording Secretary	Dorothy Spooner
Treasurer	Mary Bosserman

Members of Executive Board

Delucia Fletcher
Frances Kemper



Book Two

Our Campus and Our Valley



BESIDE THE OLD BOX HEDGE



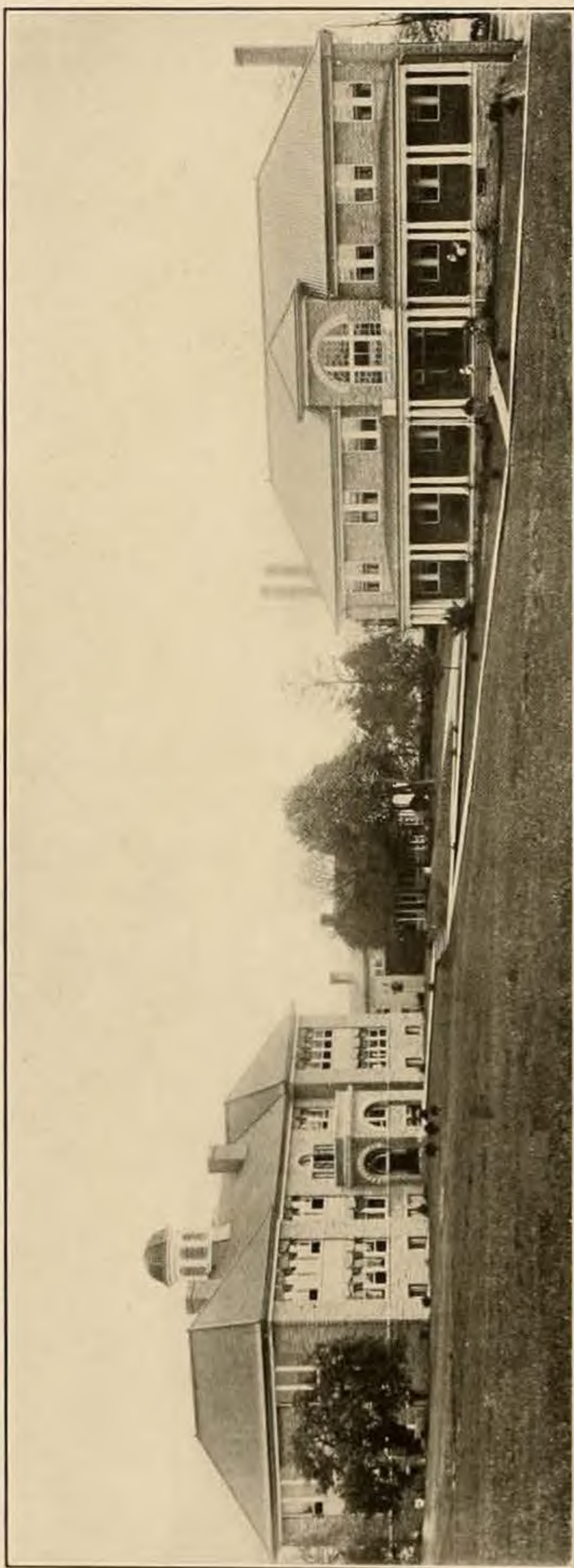
MER DE GLACE



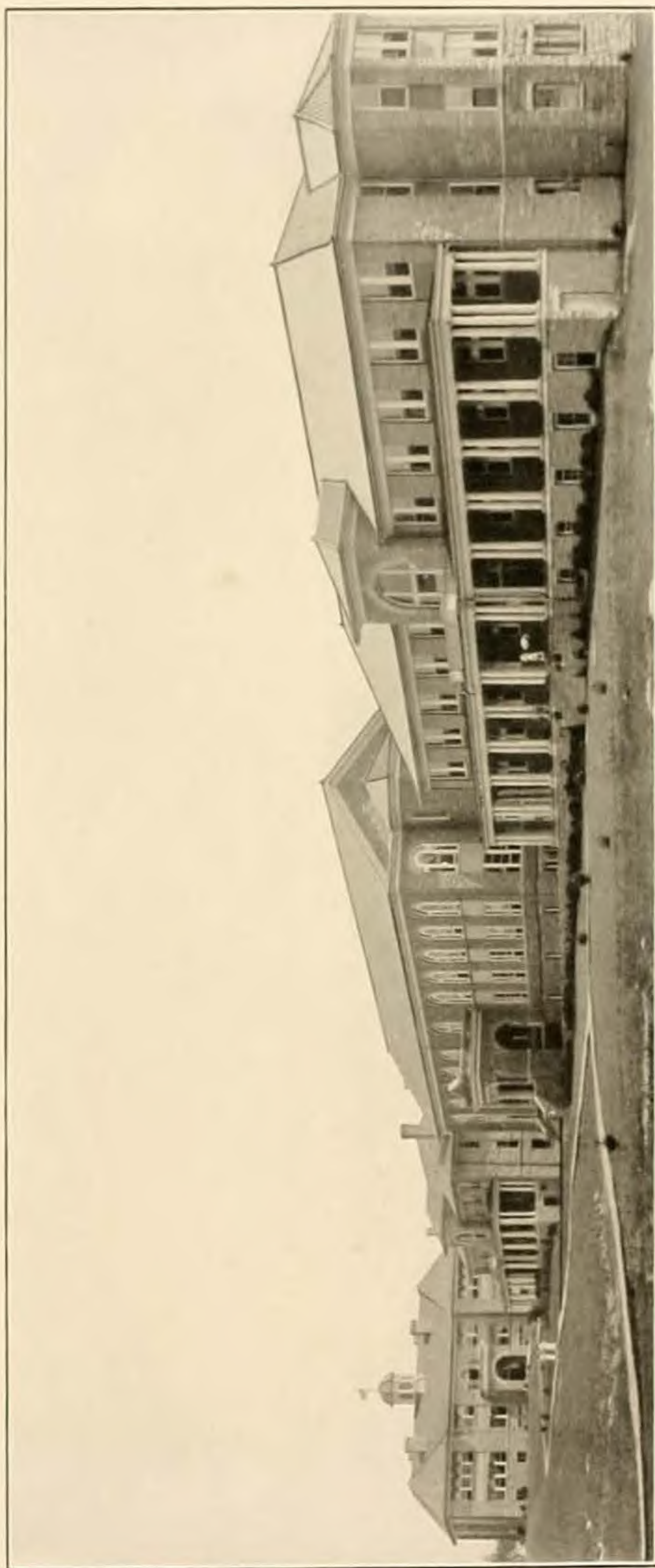
WINTER BLOSSOMS



LEAFY JUNE



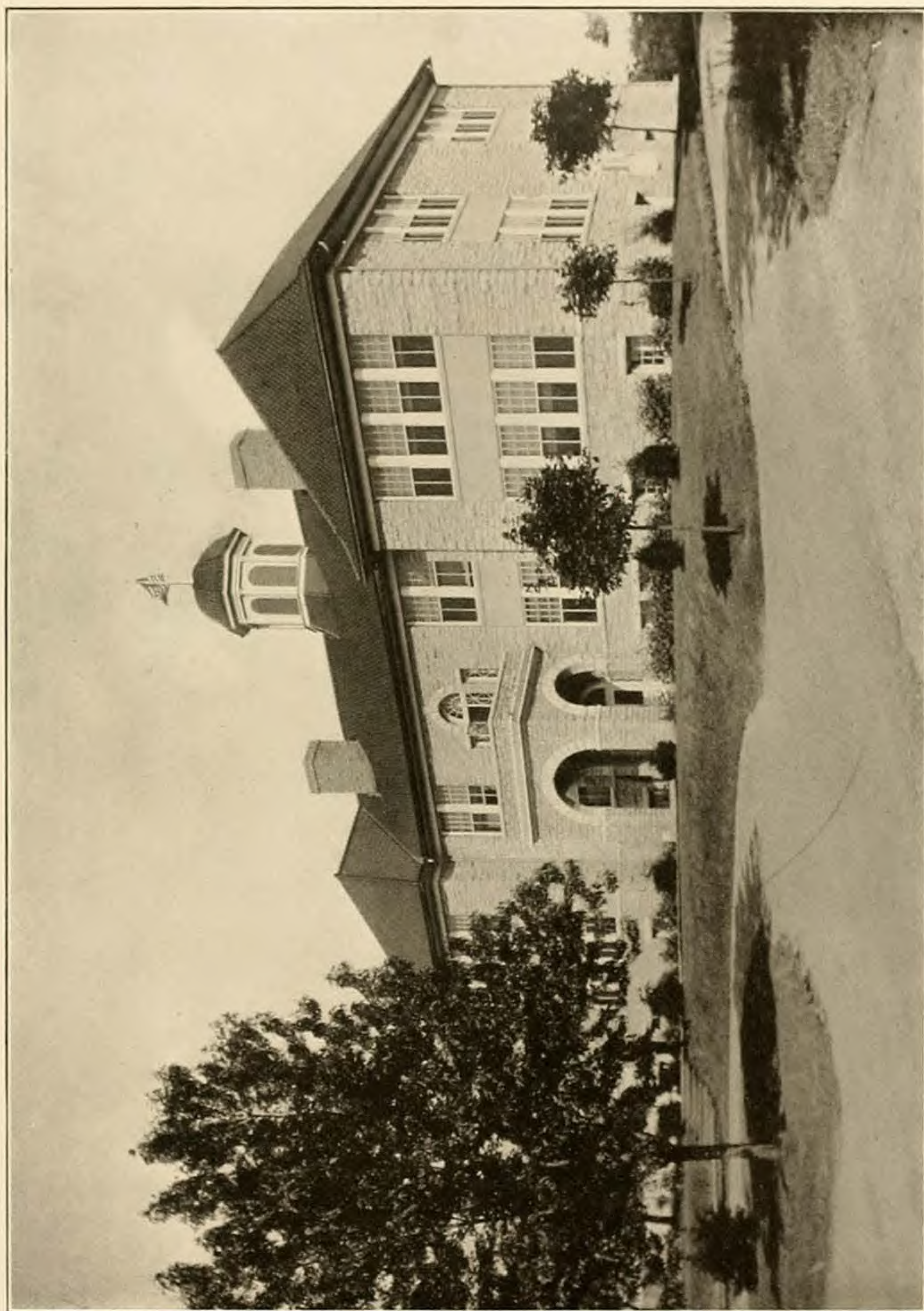
ALL THERE WAS IN 1910



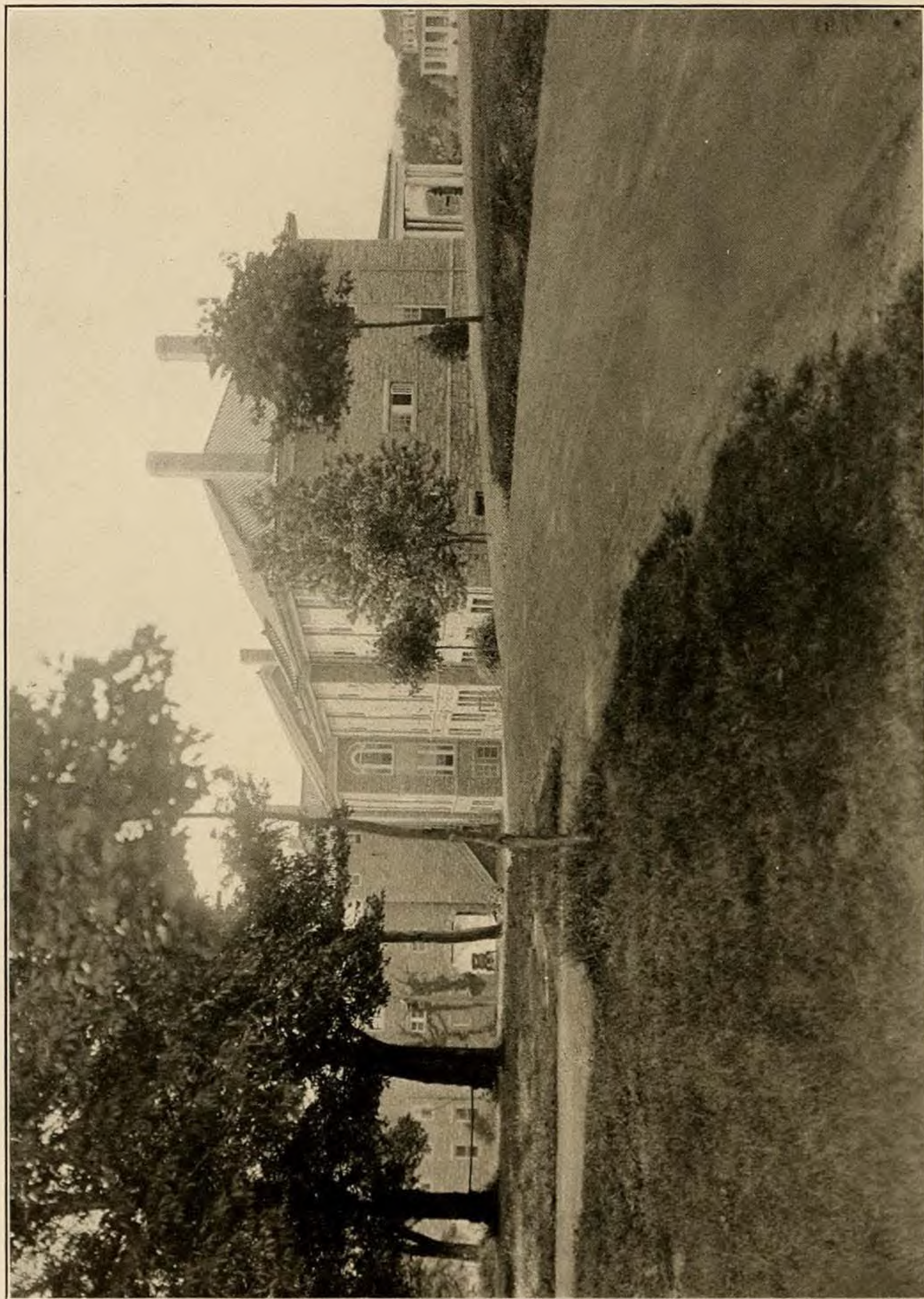
SOUTH SIDE OF CAMPUS, 1920



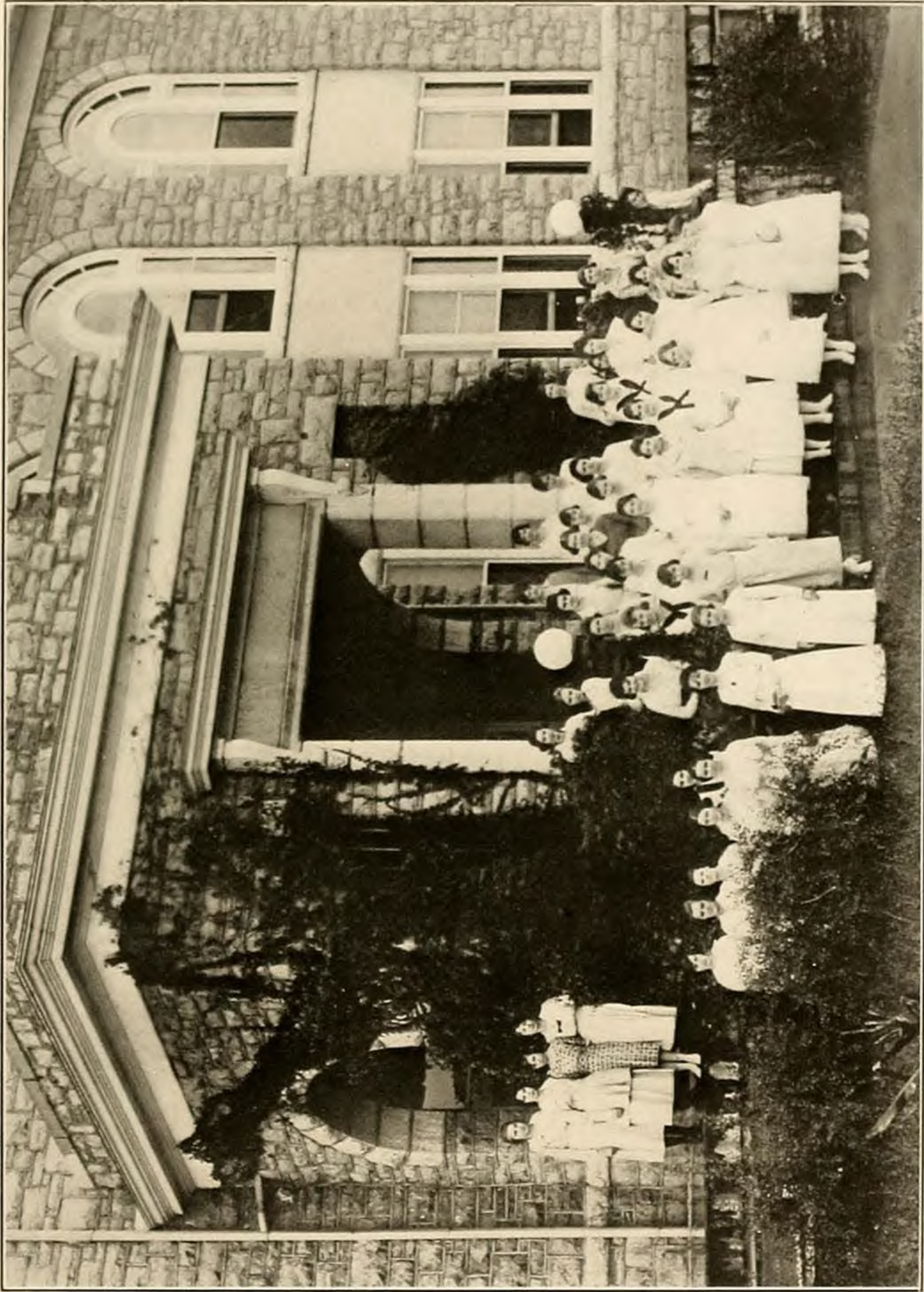
HILL CREST—PRESIDENT'S HOME



MAURY HALL



JACKSON AND HARRISON HALLS



VIRGINIA CREEPER AND VIRGINIA GIRLS



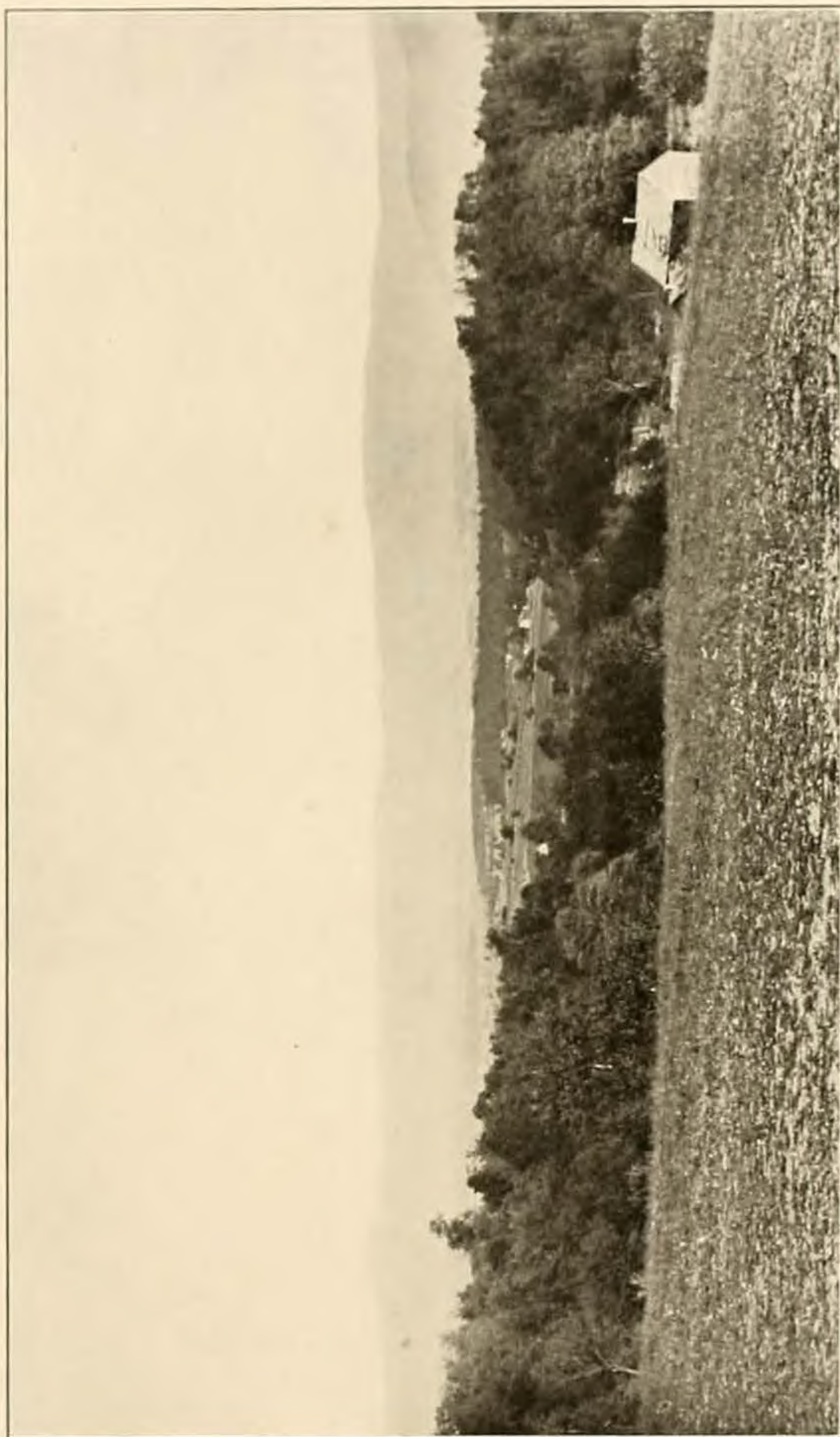
THE WINDINGS OF THE SHENANDOAH



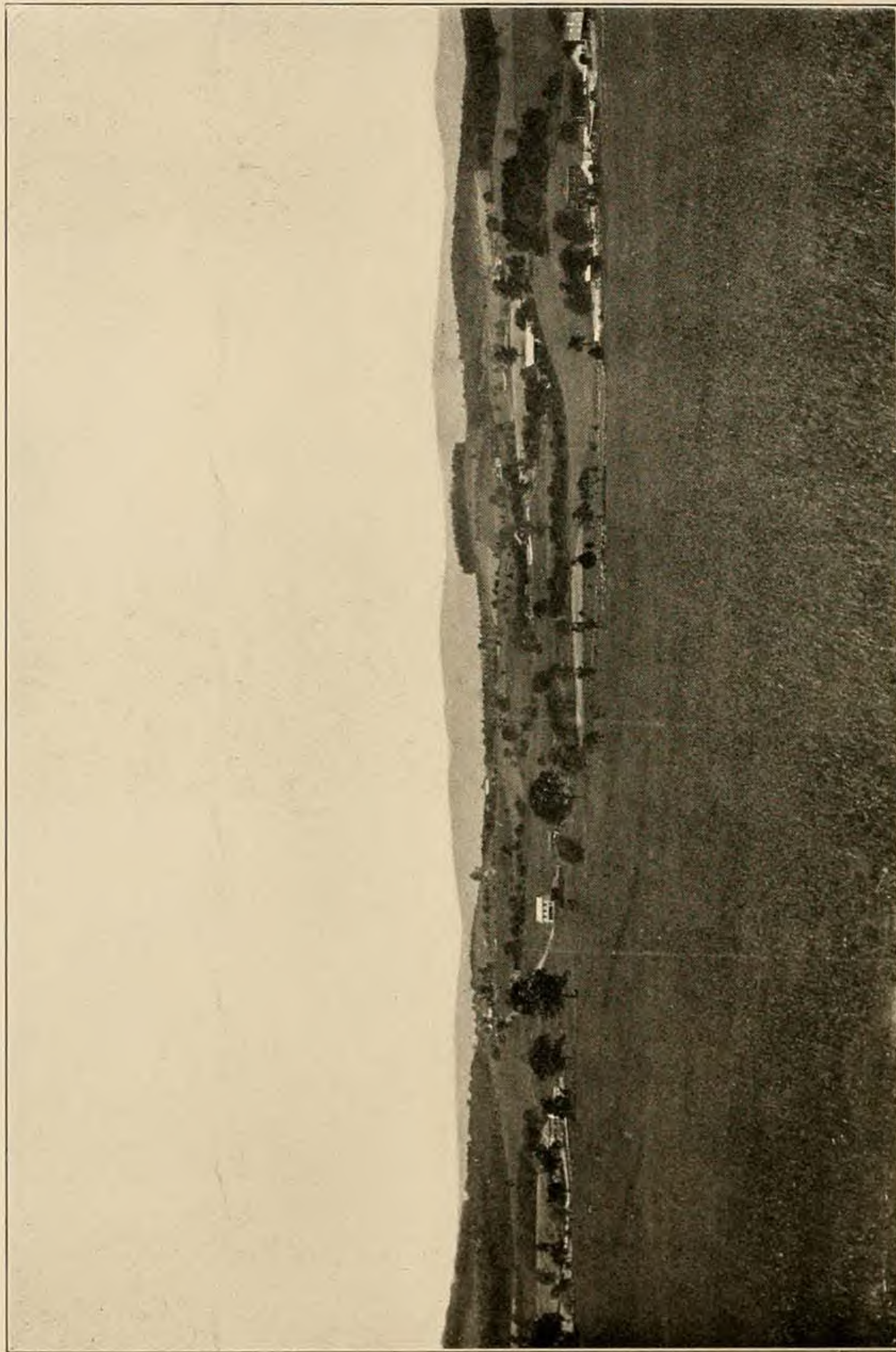
THE FERTILE VALLEY



OUR OWN MOUNTAIN



Looking Toward Swift Run Gap
Where the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe Entered the Valley



HOMES OF PEACE AND PLENTY



A VALLEY ORCHARD



GIANT'S GRAVE



HARRISONBURG



THE GREAT CHINKAPIN TREE



THE COURT-HOUSE



In the village bending willows
By the rippling waters clear,
Swelling out in sunlit billows,
Stirred the artist in Lanier.



AT MCGAHEYSVILLE



Here among the pines at twilight,
When the mountain birds are mute,
We still catch the deathless echoes
Of the poet's long-hushed flute.



AT ROCKINGHAM SPRINGS



A GLIMPSE INTO BROCK'S GAP



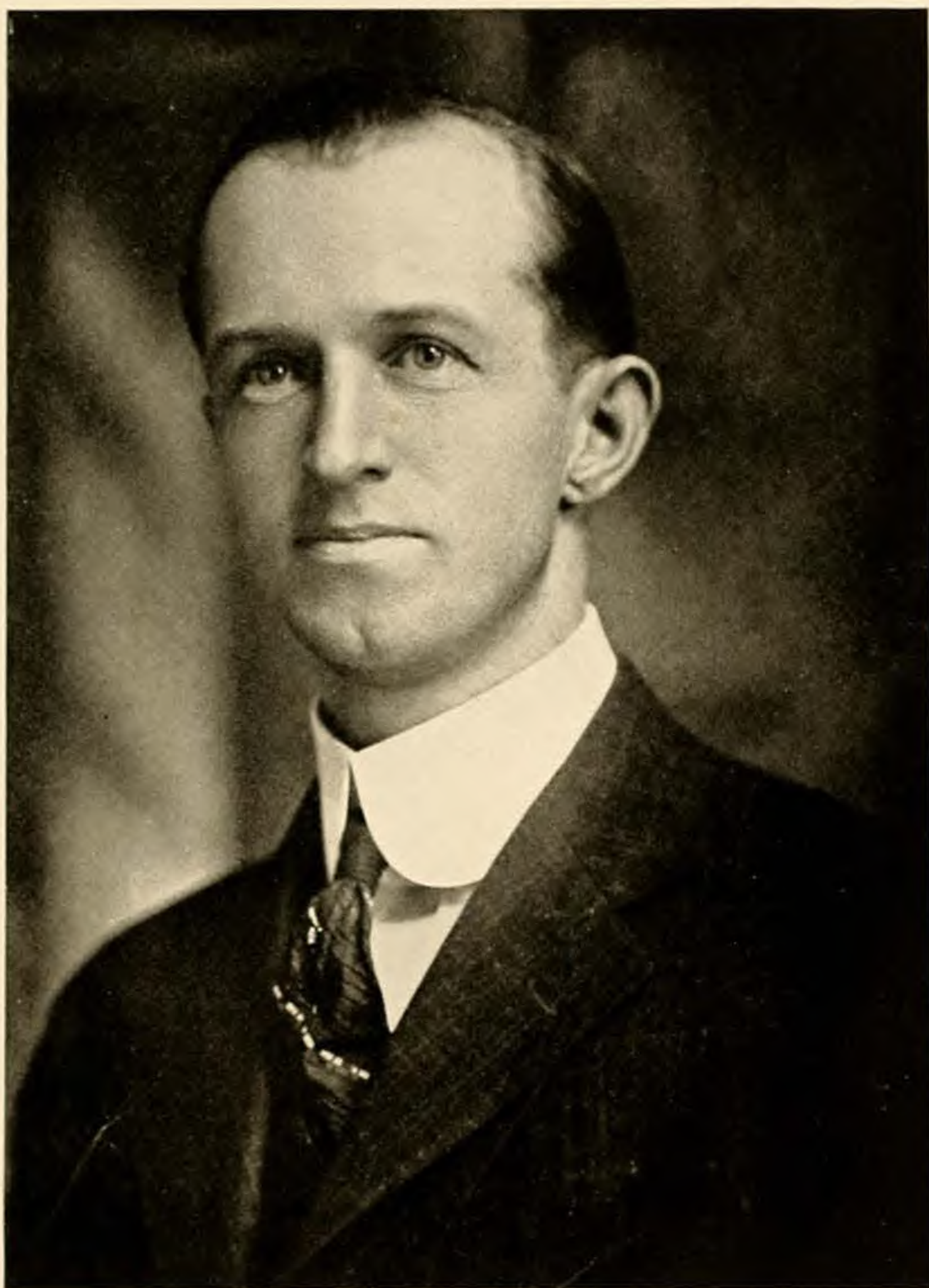
STONEWALL JACKSON'S HEADQUARTERS AT ELKTON



PORT REPUBLIC, AND THE HEIGHTS TOWARDS CROSS KEYS
IN OUR HISTORIC VALLEY



Book Three Classes



PRESIDENT S. P. DUKE
Honorary Member Degree Class

Degree Class

Motto

*"All things I thought I knew, but now confess
The more I know I know, I know the less."*

Colors

Purple and Gold

Flower

Violet

Officers

<i>President</i>	DOROTHY SPOONER
<i>Vice-President</i>	DOROTHY WILLIAMS
<i>Secretary</i>	JO WARREN
<i>Treasurer</i>	CARRIE BISHOP



ROBERT DUKE
Mascot

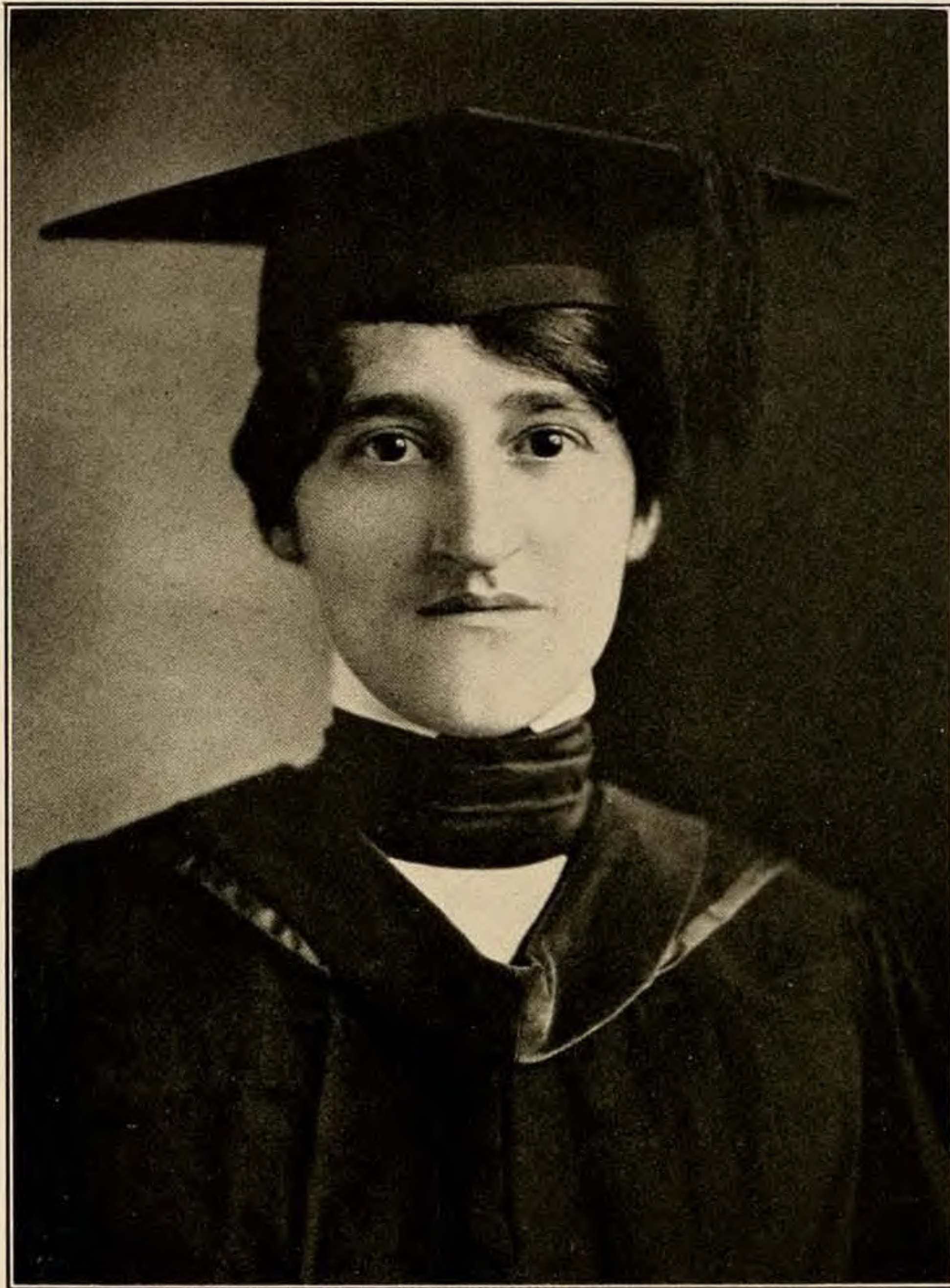


ANNA RACHEL ALLEN

Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.; Lee Literary Society.

Anna, better known to some of us as "Sal," does the most exquisite embroidery you ever saw, and has recently added to her many other talents the mastery of the high and mysterious art of tatting. She is one of the most efficient persons we know, and her Sunday-night suppers have become famous.

Her one dissipation is going to the "movies" when her favorite star is playing. To indulge in this, she will even lay aside some of the beautiful handkerchiefs she is hurrying to finish for Mrs. McMichael.



CARRIE ELIZABETH BISHOP

Vice-President Lee Literary Society, 1917; Critic Lee Literary Society, 1918; Secretary and Treasurer of Rackets, 1917-'18; Treasurer Post-Graduate and Degree Class, 1918-'19, '19-'20; Class Historian, 1917-'18; Albemarle Pippin Club; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.; Greek Literature Club; Basket Ball Team; Top Sergeant Co. D, 1918-'19.

If you hear somebody emitting groans over an English paper or a history outline and exclaiming between these groans, "Oh, I just can't do it!" that's Carrie B. But the strange part about it (really it isn't strange when you know Carrie) is that she always gets these same difficult tasks done before other people and better than the majority of us could do. Yes, she's a good student, but she is more than that. She's a member any organization is proud of, a star basket ball player, and a staunch and loyal friend.

What are her hobbies? We don't know, unless they are the Locker System and Dr. Wayland. We don't blame anybody who writes as well as she does for being critical of handwriting; and as for Dr. Wayland—why, we admire her good judgment!



NELL MARTIN CRITZER

Chairman Bible Study Committee Y. W. C. A.; Y. W. C. A. Student Representative on Field Committee; Chairman Social Service Committee Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President Lee Literary Society; Chairman Program Committee Lee Literary Society; Critic Lee Literary Society; Secretary Albemarle Pippins; President Albemarle Pippins; Annual Staff, 1918-'19, 1919-'20; Second Lieutenant Co. A; Junior Basket Ball Team; Post-Graduate Basket Ball Team; Degree Basket Ball Team; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; President Le Cercle Français.

Behold her! Teacher of English, keeper of books, and maker of verse. Nell makes a success of everything she undertakes. The Lees feel at a loss without her; the French Circle *ne comprend pas* when she is absent. The Degree Team is paralyzed unless she plays; the club room girls adore her. And intellect! Oh, well, she is up on every subject from the Einstein Theory to the discourse on the sublimation of adolescent love. And have you noticed her hair? Her roommate even threatens to take her on a tour and make money off "the greatest wonder of the twentieth century."

In our estimation, Nell is one of the finest girls who leave the halls of her Alma Mater, and we feel sure her good influence will be felt wherever she may go—whether she ministers as a teacher or teaches a minister.



GRACE FRANÇOIS FISHER

Glee Club; Stratford Dramatic Club, 1917-'18, '18-'19, '19-'20; Y. W. C. A.; Greek Literature Club; President Roanoke Club; Stratford Literary Society, 1917-'18, 1918-'19.

Grace is musical from her finger tips to her toes—as is seen by the masterful way in which she manipulates the pipe organ on Sundays. During the week she and her “ukelele” are a constant source of fun to the crowd in the upper hall of Dormitory 3, and a source of despair to the head monitor!

She has earnestly struggled for an intelligent mastery of dietetics terminology, and has reached the point where she can eat “enzymes” without disaster to her “equilibrium.”



MARY SPOTTSWOOD GLASSETT

Y. W. C. A.

Mary, with her strong, invincible determination and decided individuality, stands out against the background of our student life, as do the rugged hills of the great Southwest from which she comes.

There is no branch of knowledge into which Mary has not peeped at some time in the many years she has spent in the various schools of Virginia. No problem has ever been presented too difficult for her fertile brain or clever hand. Her talents are so diversified that it is hard to put her into any definite sphere. However, we believe that she would be a shining light in the musical, classical, educational, or industrial world.

Better than her many talents is her fine sympathetic spirit. She "reacts" to all our troubles with a compassionate understanding, and has the knack of drawing from her varied experiences the thing that will help us most.



PAULINE ELIZABETH LAYMAN

Y. W. C. A.; Lee Society; President Home Economics Club, 1919-'20; Degree-P. G. Basket Ball Team, 1918-'19, '19-'20; First Lieutenant Co. D, 1918-'19.

Pauline Layman? Do I know her?—Well, yes. She's that Titian-haired "star" who always shone with such brilliancy in Mr. Duke's Supervision Class, making the rest of us eager listeners to her knowing questions and her equally intelligent answers. Her classmates call her just "P. Layman," but she is known to the Sophomores as "Miss Layman," for to them she teaches the art of good cooking. Pauline is an ardent upholder of her profession, and will be a credit to her Alma Mater and a "joy forever" to the man for whom she makes a home.



MERLA GLENN MATTHEWS

Vice-President Racket Tennis Club; President Racket Tennis Club; Sophomore Basket Ball Team; Captain Junior Basket Ball Team; Post-Graduate Basket Ball Team; Captain Degree Basket Ball Team; Athletic Council, 1917-'18, '18-'19, '19-'20; President Athletic Association; Vice-President Athletic Association; Home Economics Club; Stratford Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club; Sergeant-at-Arms Junior Class, 1917-'18; Captain Co. C; Y. W. C. A.; Sergeant-at-Arms Stratford Dramatic Club; Art Editor SCHOOLMA'AM, 1919-'20.

And they called her "Mutt"! But when she teaches gym she is Miss Matthews! Mutt has become quite famous at H. N. S. for her skill in dancing. Why, did she not arrange all of the dances for the Stratford play? Not only is she the rival of Irene Castle in dancing, and the rival of Harrison Fisher in art, but she is naturally bright. Merla is a good pal, a cheery companion, and a staunch friend. She says she is going to work in Washington next winter; but between Mrs. Johnston and the Athletic Council, we think she will be forced to return again to H. N. S.

Anyhow, Mutt, here's the best of luck to you!



PAULINE MILEY

Rockbridge Club; Kindergarten Club; Lanier Literary Society, 1916-'17, 1917-'18, 1918-'19; Sergeant-at-Arms Post-Graduate Class, 1918-'19; Sergeant-at-Arms Degree Class, 1919-'20; Degree Basket Ball Team, 1918-'19, 1919-'20.

"There's a bit of blarney" about "Polly" that makes everyone love her. She is quite moody and non-committal at times, but we attribute that to her good common sense. No doubt Polly's sister is a valuable alibi in interpreting the trials and tribulations of school life. Anyway, we prophesy that Polly will entertain Normal girls for years to come.

In her we have found a staunch little basket ball player, always ready to whip the enemy and willing to challenge the faculty. She stars also in teaching the little tots, for no one else but Polly could have filled the position Mr. Keister had vacant after Christmas.

Polly is such a good dancer, so stylish, attractive, and capable a girl that we wonder that she has stayed with us so long.



MARY McKEE SEEBERT

Y. W. C. A.; Lanier Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Rockbridge Club, 1917-'18; President Rockbridge Club, 1919-'20; Mary Club; Home Economics Club.

Mary is everybody's friend—even the oversleepers' who rush madly up the steps only to see the door locked in their faces. We'd think they might blame Mary, but her quiet positiveness and businesslike air only win their respect and admiration.

On Thursdays Mary dons immaculate white, assumes her most "domestic" air, and goes over the hill to the hospital to impart to the nurses some of her knowledge of dietetics. She loves all work of this sort so dearly that we are assured of her success whether she manages a large establishment or cooks for two.

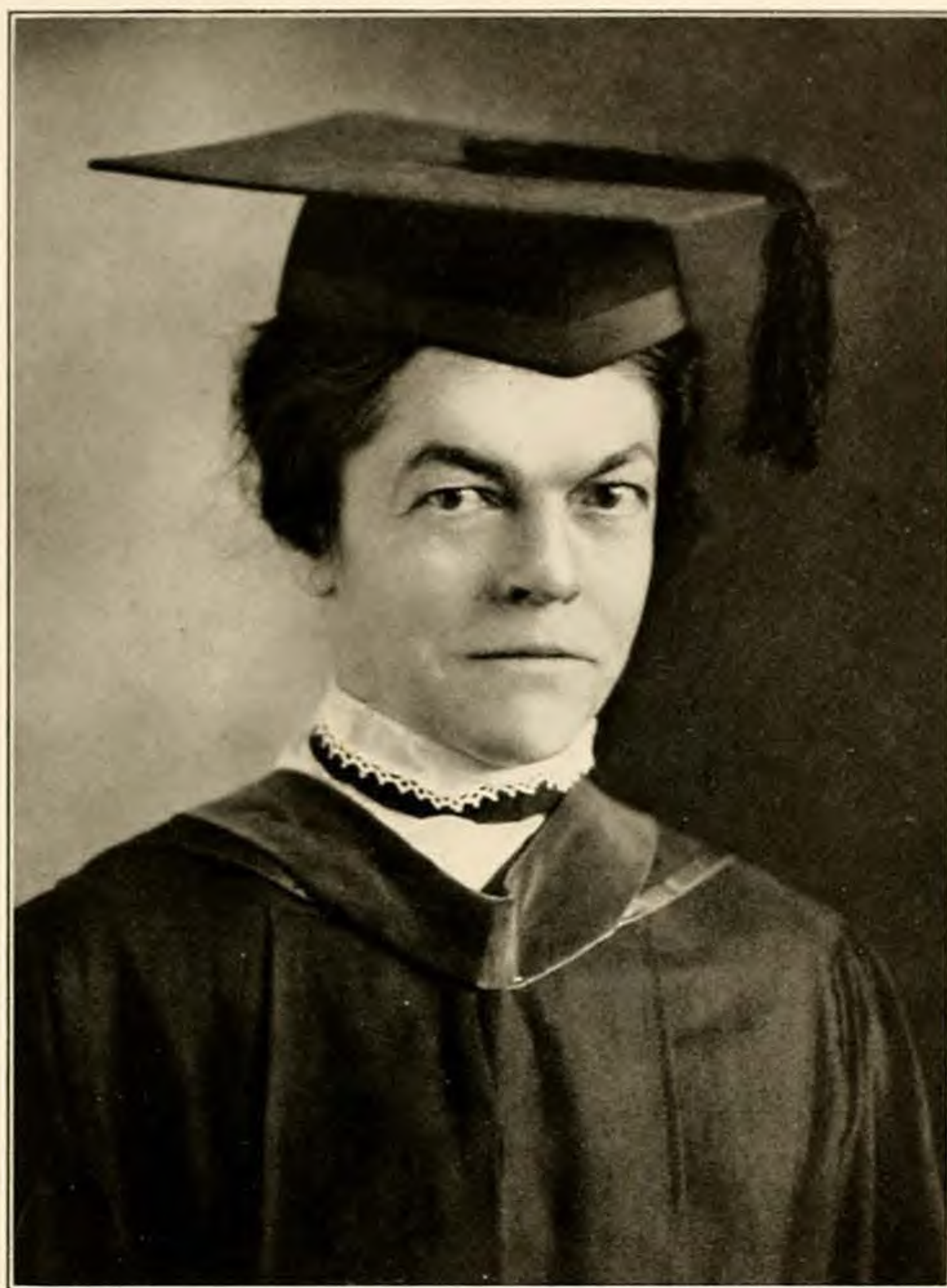


DOROTHY McKINLEY SPOONER

President Student Government; President Post-Graduate Class; President Degree Class; President Stratford Literary Society; President Junior Red Cross; Vice-President Student Government; Vice-President Stratford Dramatic Club; Vice-President Home Economics Club; Critic Stratford Literary Society; Sergeant-at-Arms Stratford Dramatic Club; Secretary Sophomore Class; Secretary Home Economics Club; Basket Ball Team; Top Sergeant Co. A; Glee Club; Tidewater Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Racket Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.; Ministers' Daughters' Club; Annual Staff; Secretary Alumnæ Association.

If you want to get some idea of what Dorothy has meant to the school during her five-year stay here, and what the girls think of her, we refer you to the list of honors above, and to the *School Mirror*. She has taken such an active and important part in every phase of life on Blue-Stone Hill that we wonder how the place will go on without her.

Her unfailing good humor, practical sense, and inimitable wit make up a personality that is irresistible to man and maid alike. So many walks in life lie open to her that we wonder whether she will win fame as a chemist, captivate the hearts of little Johnnies and Susies in the schoolroom, star as a hero with Mary Pickford, help manage a country post-office, or make some mere man happy.



ROSA MAY TINDER

(September)

Y. W. C. A.; Home Economics Club.

We have known few people who think so little of self and so much of other people. No matter how tired she is or how pitiful your jeremiad, Rosa will forget what she has planned to do and offer the best that she has to help make life brighter. The sick and the homesick find in her a "refuge and help in the time of trouble."

Nothing upsets her wholesome optimism—not even a visit from her supervisor. With brave heart and smiling face she accepts life as she finds it, and in her quiet, unobtrusive way does what she can to help make it better.



JO BEAM WARREN

President Lee Literary Society, 1918-'19; Secretary Class, 1918-'19, '19-'20; Y. W. C. A.; Honorary Member John Marshall Club; Greek Literature Club; Sergeant-Major, School Military.

Capability is writ in large letters all over Jo's commanding figure. If you want any scheme put through successfully, get Jo interested, and watch her carry it through in a most efficient and businesslike manner. She applies this same efficiency to all her tasks. Of the Special English papers she is the guardian angel, and again she has the chance to apply her energy and system. Having been a diligent member of Dr. Gifford's Class in Statistics, she knows how to manipulate these grades scientifically; and she does so accordingly—to the joy of a few.

However, she runs not altogether to the practical. We love to hear her read poetry, and her ability to sing is appreciated in her church as well as in her school.



MARGUERITE HELEN WHITNEY

(September)

President Lee Literary Society, 1917-'18; President Home Economics Club, 1917-'18; President Rockbridge Club, 1917-'18; President Billikin Club, 1916-'17; Y. W. C. A.; President Republican Club, 1919-'20.

The name at the top of the page is seemingly a little dignified for our "Whit"; for in spite of her wide experiences and extensive travel she is a very lively and jolly companion and classmate. She came to us from sunny California four years ago, and if hers is a sample of California dispositions we wish for more of California girls. Nothing can ruffle the sweet serenity of "Whit's" disposition. No, not even the mumps. Just tell her she looks like a Kewpie and see her smile.

Marguerite, as President of the Republican Club of H. N. S., has proved herself such an ardent supporter, not only of her party, but also of Woman's Rights, that for her future we can predict nothing brighter than a seat in Congress as a Representative from her native state.



DOROTHY WEAVER WILLIAMS

Vice-President Post-Graduate Class, 1918-'19; Vice-President Degree Class, 1919-'20; President Glee Club, 1917-'18, '18-'19, '19-'20; President Kindergarten Club, 1917-'18, '18-'19; Tidewater Club; Stratford Dramatic Club; Y. W. C. A.; Executive Board, 1919-'20; Fifth Sergeant Co. C, 1918-'19.

We all wonder why Dorothy, with her musical talents, doesn't enter the "game" as a professional glee club leader. If anyone wants a musical program, Dorothy and her Glee Club will "do it," since all of her interests lie with that department. For several years we thought Miss Shaeffer's call would be her vocation and work would be her avocation; but in the past year Harrisonburg has changed for her, and no doubt she will acknowledge a new "calling."

Dorothy has plenty of "pep" and is a favorite with many. What more could she want than pretty hair, charming voice, good-looking clothes, and attractive manner? Indeed, she will be an asset for the Presbyterian choir.

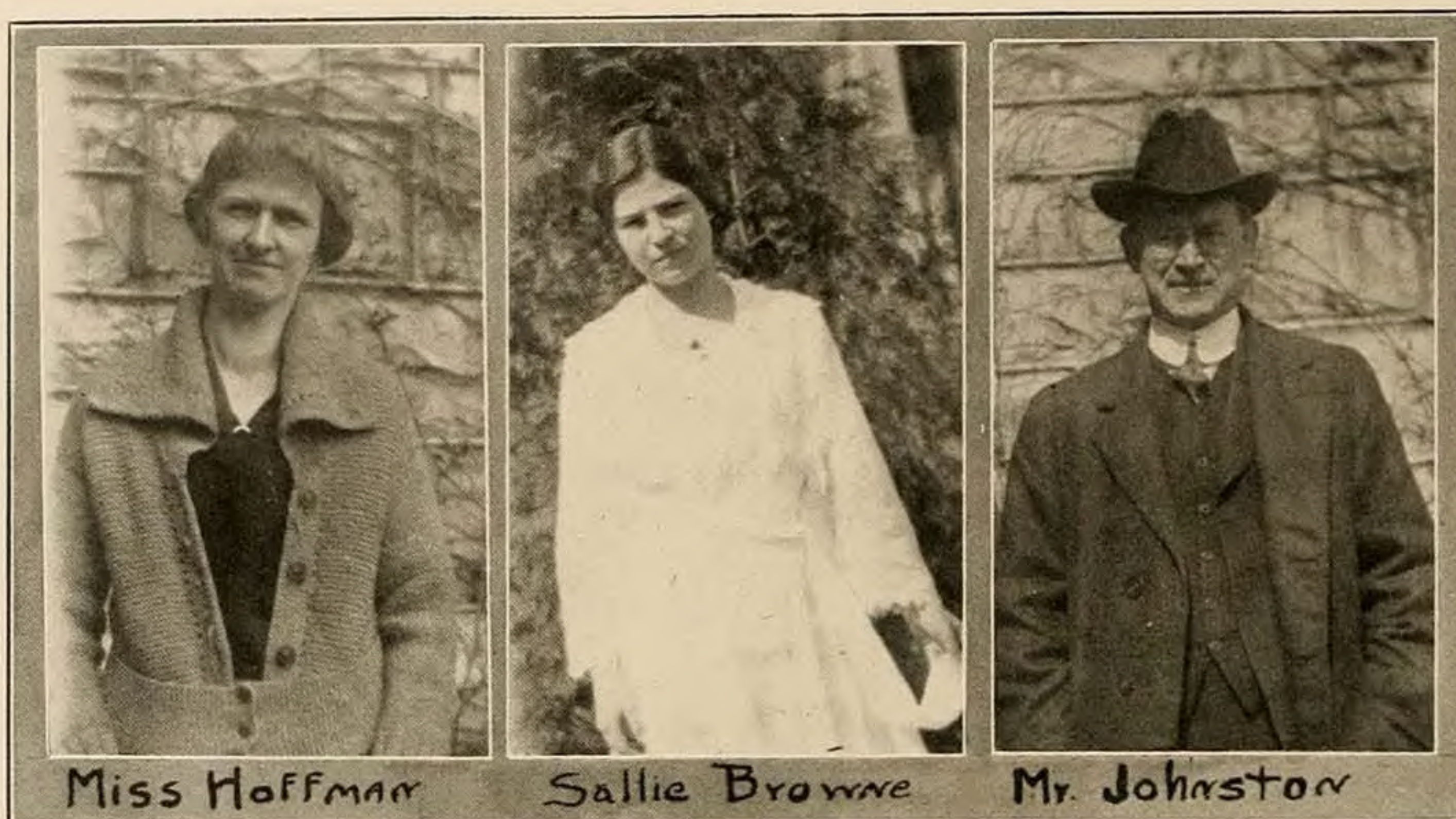
Entre-Deux

No prominence is giv'n us here;
 We're the P. G.'s!
In fact, our rank is not made clear—
 Just the P. G.'s!
No longer in the Senior Band,
Where once we reigned in Normal Land,
With glory gone, we now must stand—
 Just the P. G.'s!

We are the nondescript, you see—
 Just the P. G.'s;
The dash 'twixt Senior and Degree—
 Just the P. G.'s!
We gaze toward that ethereal air
Where soar Degrees in glory rare—
In dignity we may not share—
 We're the P. G.'s!

We stand 'twixt Devil and deep sea—
 Just the P. G.'s!
Now, which is Senior, which Degree?—
 We're the P. G.'s!
But "Every dog must have his day";
Just dues will sometime come our way;
And then we'll swell with pride and say,
 We're the P. G.'s!

—VERGILIA SADLER



Post-Graduate Class

Motto

"God's fortune, and thine own right hand."

Flower

Shasta Daisy

Colors

Dark Blue and White

Honorary Member

MR. JAMES C. JOHNSTON

Advisory Member

MISS MARGARET HOFFMAN

Mascot

ROBERT JOHNSTON

Members

FLORENCE ALLEN
MARY BROWN
SALLIE BROWNE
MARY FERGUSON
ELISE LOEWNER
ELIZABETH MURPHY
ETHEL PARROTT

LOUDELLE POTTS
LENA REED
RUTH RODES
VERGILIA SADLER
MARY THRASHER
ELIZABETH YANCEY



Florence Allen



Mary Brown



Mary Ferguson



Elise Loewner

POST-GRADUATES



Elizabeth Murphy



Ethel Parrott



Loudelle Potts



Lerra Reed

POST-GRADUATES



Ruth Rhodes



Vergilia Sadler



Mary Thrasher



Elizabeth Yancey

POST-GRADUATES



Motto

"We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better."

Colors

Green and White

Flower

White Rose

Honorary Member

MR. RAYMOND C. DINGLEDINE

Advisory Member

MISS EDNA TROUT SHAEFFER

Mascot

Daisy May Gifford

Junior Honorary Member

RAYMOND C. DINGLEDINE, JR.

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RAYMOND C. DINGLEINE



MISS EDNA T. SHAEFFER
Advisory Member



GRACE ANDERSON

*Piedmont-Midland Club; Y.
W. C. A.*

Grace's career at H. N. S. has been broken into by calls of sorrow and of duty; but, having persevered, she at last wins a diploma. Quiet as she usually is, when called on she has ready an answer that is worth while. She loves a good joke, though few people suspect this fact.



MARION ARTHUR

Glee Club; Lanier Literary Society; R. O. D. M. and B.; Home Economics Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Y. W. C. A.

We don't know where Marion expects to teach; but wherever it is, she will adapt herself to her work and environment. She seems to have formed a volunteer service all her own. No one girl has given more generously her unrequited service to her class than has Marion.



NANCY CAPITOLA
BAKER

Kindergarten Club; Stratford Dramatic Club; Lanier Literary Society; Executive Board; Norfolk Club; Glee Club; Senior Hockey Team; Y. W. C. A.

Nancy is a "capital" friend and has a rare sense of humor which caused her to find amusement in her roommate's efforts to keep Upper Second quiet. Nancy has one failing—she breaks into the most solemn class proceedings with her contagious giggles.





MARGARET ELIZABETH
BEAR

Secretary and Treasurer French Circle; Lee Literary Society; Executive Board; Racket Tennis Club; High School Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Treasurer Y. W. C. A.

Margaret's friends claim that she is the luckiest of girls when it comes to practise teaching, but we can say that her persistent work has caused difficulties to smooth out in her path. Margaret has done many things successfully here, and she is the genius who made over the Y. W.'s financial system.



LINDA SPARKS BERREY

Vice-President Lanier Society; Secretary of Lanier Literary Society; High School Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Y. W. C. A.

Linda's one-quarter-at-a-time course has been a great source of grief to her, but she didn't give up until she won her diploma in December, 1919. And she won it with honors, too, for she was one of our "All-A" girls. Don't you remember those soft brown eyes and that gentle manner which gained for her so many friends, but never one who could take the place of her sister, "Ada Lee"? And don't you remember also that impersonation of Miss Cleveland in the Lanier stunt?



TITA MAE BLAND

Lanier Literary Society; Stratford Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Racket Tennis Club; High School Senior Club; Roanoke Club; Y. W. C. A.

Tita's interests run to many things—dances, glee-club trips, and a vast correspondence. She is always on the alert for good times at H. N. S. and elsewhere. Tita has the power of accomplishment—witness the success of our quarterly dances.





SALLIE HOPKINS
BLOSSER

D. S. A., H. H. S.; Shenandoah Valley Club; Y. W. C. A.

Sallie hails from Dayton, and can be seen many a morning with Virginia, making a mad dash to a first-period class. She is one of our experienced girls, having spent last year as a schoolma'am. Perhaps that is one reason her work at the Training School has been so successful. At any rate, many of us envy her record there.



MARY EDNA BONNEY

Home Economics Club; Norfolk Club; Y. W. C. A.

Edna is a staunch Tidewater lass and can give realistic representations of life at the Beach. While here she has mastered well the delicate arts of Home Economics. She does not care for the giddy whirl of some phases of school activities, but her sincere companionship has added a charm to the life of her intimate friends at the Normal.



ELIZABETH WESTON
BOWDEN

Piedmont-Midland Club; Home Economics Club; R. O. D. M. and B.; Vice-President Lee Literary Society; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

Elizabeth's sweet, serious expression has fooled more than one person, for few people know that she is fond of escapades and is always ready to join you in any fun. She has done good work in spite of the fact that she has literally strolled along through her school life, surprising one now and then with her sarcasm—but it is said "with a smile."





GERTRUDE KATHRYN
BOWLER

Editor-in-Chief SCHOOLMA'AM; Secretary Senior Class; Secretary and Treasurer Katherine Club; Vice-President Stratford Dramatic Club; H. of E. D., H. H. S.; Racket Tennis Club; Lee Literary Society; Glee Club; Piedmont-Midland Club.

Gertrude is the most surprising personality we know. When she is quiet (if that is conceivable) and is thinking, her eyes seem to hold some mystery of the ages. Behold her next—a bundle of nerves—fluttering, laughing, “putting a bluff over” on someone and saying, “It was the *funniest* thing!” Call on Gertrude for original ways of handling anything—for the deeps of literature, poetry, topics of the day, or anything else you want thought out—even to editing *THE SCHOOLMA'AM*—but do not ask her to sing!



ALLIE MAE BRINDEL

Glee Club; Racket Tennis Club; Stratford Dramatic Club; Lee Literary Society; Roanoke Club; Senior Hockey Team; Executive Board; Chairman Program Committee Y. W. C. A.

“Always modest, yet fearless; Unassuming, yet true as steel.”

Behold one of those rare specimens who keep their notes up to date! For that matter, Mae keeps up all her work, and also has time to befriend those who need her. To her we are indebted for our interesting Y. W. programs.



HELEN FRANCES
BROWDER

Lanier Literary Society; President Helen-Allen Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Racket Tennis Club; Grammar Grade Senior Club; Y. W. C. A.

Helen is the school's “good-looking blonde,” and has two enviable characteristics—her good disposition and her complexion. She has a graciousness of manner and a ready word, so that after meeting her on the walk, you have a warm spot around your heart. And she has such hands—they have the “white wonder of dear Juliet.”





RUTH ELIZABETH
BROWN

Home Economics Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Glee Club; Ruth Club; R. O. D. M. and B.; Y. W. C. A.

The calmness and ease with which she fits into the scheme of things is a state that we all envy. Needless to say, we also covet her good grades, and admire the plucky way she works for them. Then, she is an admirable teacher and gets everything connected with sewing and cooking "across" to the McGaheysville children.



ELLEN CAMPBELL

Piquet Tennis Club; Ellen-Helen Club; Home Economics Club; President Lee Literary Society; Senior Basket Ball Team; Chairman Social Committee Y. W. C. A.

Ellen comes into prominence by her basket ball playing, her wit, and her acting. Gruesome shivers pass down our spines when we recall the hollow voice and the spectral figure of "Death" in "The March of Democracy"; but how we laugh about "Aunt Agnes"—the closest shave the Boxers ever had.



MARGARET VIRGINIA
CARPENTER

Glee Club; Kindergarten Club; Senior Hockey Team; Shenandoah Valley Club.

We see very little of Margaret, as the town affairs are very demanding; but what we see, we like. She is a jolly classmate. When she finds the time to study, we don't know, for her porch looks like an eternal party; but she is always ready with an apt answer in class.





MARY MOZELLE CARPER

Mary Club; Lanier Literary Society; Shenandoah Valley Club; Grammar Grade Senior Club; Senior Hockey Team; Y. W. C. A.

It's the truth, Mozelle knows when to stop talking and can do it, too. Oh, no, she isn't the mousey kind a bit! Who can beat her discoursing on a pet subject? And hasn't she laughed herself almost fat enough to make the fat team? Mozelle declares she *loves* P. T. But that isn't all her systematic ways are good for. Listen: She is the best housekeeper you ever saw.



ETHEL ADELIA
CHANNING

Piquet Tennis Club; Norfolk Club; Lee Literary Society; Kindergarten Club; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club.

Surely in some previous incarnation Ethel Channing and Ethel Lanier—"the two Ethels"—were twins. What jolly congenial times these two roommates have together! Ethel C. boasts a sweet high voice in Glee Club, a passion for special deliveries, and an unfortunate way of acquiring the mumps at a most inopportune time.



CECILE MUNSEY
CHAPMAN

Camp Fire Club; R. O. D. M. and B.; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.

One rarely sees Cecile without needle-work in her hand. She is industrious. She takes life seriously and affords amusement for her friends by her unique (?) use of slang. And did you ever know her gentle ministrations in sickness?





ANNIE MAY DAVIS

Secretary Lee Literary Society; Shenandoah Valley Club; Camp Fire Club; Glee Club; Senior Hockey Team; Chairman Alumnae Committee Y. W. C. A.

In May we have a little body and a wise head. She stars in practise teaching and Y. W. work, week-end trips, and visitors from home! She spends two days out of every seven at home; and when she is here, we catch frequent glimpses of her kissing some male relatives (?) from "Shendo-land."



LELOUISE EDWARDS

President Stratford Dramatic Club; Lee Literary Society; Racket Tennis Club; Executive Board; Glee Club; Treasurer Norfolk Club; Senior Hockey Team; Kindergarten Club; President Y. W. C. A.

Lelouise with her sweet and gracious personality is everybody's friend. She has been a success in many ways, and no position is too hard for her to fill—presidency of the Y. W., leading lady in the Stratford play, star speech-maker for the Seniors—all are evidences of her versatile talents.



ELIZABETH EWING

We imagine that if Elizabeth were on the campus, she would help us out in our school life and activities; but since she is in town, we only see her in classes. Her jolly good-natured smile is infectious, and the Home Economics girls forget all troubles when she tells a joke; and she tells many. Elizabeth will make an ideal "one" in the cottage built for two.





MARY McKANN
FOLLIARD

President Norfolk Club; Secretary Norfolk Club; Secretary Stratford Dramatic Club; Secretary and Treasurer Racket Tennis Club; President Kindergarten Club; Glee Club; Secretary Mary Club; Y. W. C. A.

No one girl stands out more prominently for jolly good nature and even temperament than Mary. She has gone through the entire two years of Normal life in its *abs* and *subs* without being once ruffled. Her powers of improvisation are wonderful. Witness "Ah Charlie" in *The Eastern Gate*.



DOROTHY HINES
FOSQUE

President Eastern Shore Club; Treasurer R. O. D. M. and B.; Member Executive Board; Lanier Literary Society; Home Economics; Y. W. C. A.

Dorothy has been a member of our class only one year, but we have had a chance to get acquainted with her good nature, which has never failed her even under such trying circumstances as the "Tommy-boy" episode. Dorothy's talents have a wide range. With equal success she can impersonate Samuel Johnson or make an Easter bonnet.



IRIS FAY GLASSCOK

President Lee Literary Society; H. D. of D. A., H. H. S.; Piedmont-Midland Club; Y. W. C. A.

When the bells of Blue Stone Hill rang last September, Iris came to us again after an absence of a year. She soon made herself known to her new classmates by her ability to render difficult pronunciations in the most approved way. Time disclosed other good qualities that will help her on her way through life. She has the real literary flavor.





ALICE VIRGINIA GOOD

Shenandoah Valley Club; H. D. L., H. H. S.; French Circle.

It is delightful to know Virginia, for she is "smart and bright," quick at repartee, and has individualistic views of things. Latin is easy for her—and French *r's* roll easily from her tongue. Virginia comes in daily from Dayton, and so has missed some of our school-girl fun.

GOLDIE ELIZABETH HAMMER

Stratford Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Kindergarten Club; Senior Hockey Team; Shenandoah Valley Club.

Goldie and her Ford—for she is a town girl—have mighty good times at H. N. S. And so do the girls whom Goldie and her Ford favor! Ours not to linger on her popularity in town, but to touch on her success as a kindergarten teacher, and the importance of her rich alto in Glee Club.

SADIE KATHERINE HARPER

Shenandoah Valley Club; Senior High School Club.

Katherine is another one of our day pupils; so we do not have a chance to see her except at classes. But there her earnest demeanor tells us that school life is not "just fun" for her. Perhaps some day Katherine will specialize in music, for we have noticed how much pleasure she seems to get out of our concerts here.





MARGARET CLARE
HARNSBERGER

Piquet Tennis Club; Junior Basket Ball Team; Senior Basket Ball Team; Home Economics Club; R. O. D. M. and B.; Shenandoah Valley Club; Y. W. C. A.

What rhymes with "Clare?" Why, that "aristocratic little air"—and nothing suits the girl or the name better. With all her quiet dignity and poise, the way she manages her eyes in the "glare of the footlights" is the envy and despair of all.



CATHARINE HARRISON

Lanier Literary Society; President Senior Grammar Grade Club; Catharine Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Assistant Business Manager SCHOOLMA'AM; Chairman World Fellowship Committee Y. W. C. A.

Speakin' of knowing things, there is nothing that Catharine doesn't know something about. No matter what you tell, she can "go you one better." She doesn't approve of fads. Reliability is her "second name," and exactness her strong point.



EVA LOUISE HARWELL

Lee Literary Society; Treasurer Senior Class; Glee Club; Norfolk Club; Y. W. C. A.; Senior Grammar Grade Club.

Capability and steadfastness are keynotes to Louise's character. It takes a steady, clear head to keep up with the financial affairs of the Senior class, but Louise has accomplished it in the office of treasurer. She is also one of the star songsters of the school, but quite reticent about it (another sterling quality).





MARY VIRGINIA
HASKINS

Lanier Literary Society; Racket Tennis Club; High School Senior Club; Mary Club; Y. W. C. A.

Mary is inclined to be hilarious—most things strike her as funny. But her aptitude for figures served her and her friends well in Math 17 last year, and is also the cause of her good standing in P. T. Her great failing is her liking for Norris—Candy.

LILLIAN CARTER
HATCHER

Secretary Lanier Literary Society; Home Economics Club; R. O. D. M. and B.; Racket Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

Well, what shall we say about Lillian? Being a little better than the best and a little worse than the worst, she's rather hard to classify. If you are hunting someone to go down town, or someone to make the fourth in "500," you need look no farther than your elbow; for by instinct she seems to know that she is wanted, and there she is.

HAZEL HAUN

Vice-President Stratford Dramatic Club; Vice-President Shenandoah Valley Club; Principal H. S. Club; Business Manager Senior Class; Y. W. C. A.

The Senior Tea Room bears witness to Hazel's financial ability and power of accomplishment. Perhaps she is also the cause of such regular attendance at Senior meetings! Show us the delinquent from whom she cannot collect dues. One of our most vivid memories of Hazel is her portrayal of "Mrs. Jiggs."





ROSA PAYNE
HEIDELBERG

Lee Literary Society; Home Economics Club; R. O. D. M. and B.; Racket Tennis Club; Junior Basket Ball Team; Senior Basket Ball Team; Business Manager Junior Class; Student Member Advisory Board of "The Virginia Teacher"; Y. W. C. A.

She has the gift of accomplishing work—"Sure and it's a fine housewife she would make, for it's sew she can, and cook divinely." Rose has delighted us frequently, too, at chapel, with her musical programs, and always with her good scholarship.



DAISY HENTONE

Daisy believes that one should

*"Attempt the end and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out."*

And so she has taken "By perseverance" to be her motto, and with patience she perseveres. She has never been seen idle. Neither has she been heard to say anything unkind, for she has a big heart that overlooks the irritating little things.



DELSIE MAE HITT

Lanier Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Club; Senior Grammar Grade Club; Y. W. C. A.

In remembering Delsie's take-off of Miss Myers, we feel sure her mission in life will be tending the sick. She looks the part of the sturdy, dependable nurse, and we have certainly found her to be capable and thorough. Of all the Hitts we've ever struck, Delsie is the best Hitt yet!!





EMMA GREENE HUPP

Home Economics Club; R. O. D. M. and B.; Y. W. C. A.

Emma is commonly known as "Huppie" to the inmates of her hall. At frequent intervals those same inmates are startled by such bursts of spontaneous fun as never before shook a dormitory. They come from the part of the building where that same Huppie and her roommate reside. Speical English is not her specialty—but oh, her delicious pies!



BESSIE PAULINE
JOHNSON

President Stratford Dramatic Club; High School Club; French Circle; Secretary Y. W. C. A.

She's small, but full of dignity. "Pete" is a mixture of fun and studiousness. Although quiet and reserved, she has an abundance of "pep" and is ever reliable. Her good nature is a tonic for all of us, while her steady work for the Y. W. C. A. is an inspiration.



MIRIAM ELEANOR
JONES

Stratford Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Norfolk Club; R. O. D. M. and B.; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.

Miriam's program at H. N. S. consists of acquiring domestic ability, talking about "Father," and trilling away in the music room. Her power of vocal mesmerizing was well demonstrated in the "kiss over the garden wall."





HARRIET ELIZABETH
KELLY

Lanier Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Club; High School Senior Club; Y. W. C. A.

Harriet has a weakness for dates—both in Dr. Wayland's history class and in Bridgewater. She has been the heroine in many mad escapades in Upper Third, and has rescued more than one girl from attacks of persistent rodents. There is a resolute head under those dark curls, and it is set straight for Sunday school every time.



CLARE FRANCES
LAMBERT

Vice-President Senior Class; Treasurer Racket Tennis Club; President Shenandoah Valley Club; Lanier Literary Society; P. K., H. H. S.; Athletic Council; French Circle; Y. W. C. A.

Sincerity is the key-note to Clara's character, and also the secret of her popularity; and her home, McGaheysville, is the Mecca for a number of week-end visitors, because Clara is as generous with invitations as with her car-rides.



ETHEL PRINCE LANIER

Lanier Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Grammar Grade Club; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

Ethel's strong point is the music that seems a thing in-born. There is rhythm in her every movement. She's pretty and gay, always in for a good time, especially if these good times mean trips to A. M. A. Her one worry in life is that she will get too thin!





BESSE GLADYS LAY

Secretary R. O. D. M. and B.; Home Economics Club; Y. W. C. A.

As a proof that all great people do not attain a superior height, we have as example George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and Besse Lay. A casual observer would never pick her out as teacher, seeing her with her class at McGaheysville. Yet there is a subtle wit, a frankness, and a seriousness about her that we envy and admire.



OLIVE MIZPAH
MAGRUDER

Lanier Literary Society; Racket Tennis Club; Kindergarten Club; Secretary Shenandoah Valley Club; Camp Fire Girls; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

She's rather quiet until you know her and "dainty" describes her to a "T." Olive was born to be a kindergarten teacher. "She hath the look, the voice, and the manner," and the children love her. But "Gruder" has gay times here, as well as on her weekly jaunts home.



MARION McMASTER
MARSHALL

Secretary Student Government; Vice-President Eastern Shore Club; President R. O. D. M. and B.; President Home Economics Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Glee Club; Lee Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

Marion is a dear and a delight—in mood ever ready to meet the needs of her friends. In time of their trouble "More like a mother she were"—but who can enjoy and enter into fun more ardently than she at times?





MARY LOUISE McCALEB

Lanier Literary Society; Senior High School Club; Mary Club; Y. W. C. A.

"Sh! Sh!" How often the girls in Lower Third have heard that when Mary tried to keep the hall quiet enough for diligent study? Mary works hard and plays hard, and her Latin figures in both activities. And then, one often envies her modesty and common sense.



MARY ELIZABETH McGEHEE

Piedmont-Midland Club; Mary Club; Glee Club; Home Economics Club; R. O. D. M. and B.; Camp Fire Club; Y. W. C. A.

Mary has a delicious sense of humor, and an inclination—though slight—to practical jokes; but her reticence and quiet air somewhat conceal these lively traits. Mary is capable and energetic, and has helped push more than one hindering rock from the path of the Senior Class.



MARY THELMA MILLER

Piedmont-Midland Club; Mary Club; French Circle; Senior High School Club; Y. W. C. A.

Thelma is one of our real scholars. It is the despair of her classmates to keep up with the quantity and quality of her notes. Not in content matter alone does she excel; on the average of once a day, some instructor holds up Thelma's paper as a model of penmanship. (If she weren't so good about helping us, we might be devoured with envy.)





PENELOPE CAMPBELL
MORGAN

Home Economics Club; Glee Club; Chairman Religious Meetings Committee Y. W. C. A.

Poor Penny! Everything makes her "soul sick," even the holes in the campus. In spite of this, she is always smiling, and has something to say about any subject that happens to be brought up. The most remarkable thing about Penny is her gait—it is positively fast. Even though her feet do run away with her, her head is full of ideas. Whenever the Seniors want anything startlingly original, they turn to Penny.



MARION BELT NESBITT
Captain Senior Hockey Team; Captain Senior Basket Ball Team; Athletic Council; President Racket Tennis Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Lee Literary Society; Annual Staff; Y. W. C. A.
"Here's to Marion Nesbitt, Drink her down!"

Never acclaim rang more thrillingly through Blue Stone Halls than this from the depths of the Senior hearts to their Captain. It is said that Marion is one of the most loved girls in school. It is certain that she is one of the most popular among both faculty and students. Her feats are not confined to Basket Ball alone. She is a vigorous, all-round athlete; on the hockey field, Morris dancing, and—oh, well, we haven't room.



MARGARET GRIFFIN
NORFLEET

Glee Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Norfolk Club; Y. W. C. A.

Margaret sings like a lark, and delights us often when we pass by her room during vacant periods. A haven of rest is that room, for she keeps it a model of neatness and cleanliness, even during such epochs as holidays and Junior-Senior week.





MARY CATHERINE
O'NEAL

Mary Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; High School Senior Club; Catherine Club; Y. W. C. A.

Another reason for us to love the Irish! The most bewitching accent and the shyest kind of a dimple, and a tribute of local color on almost any subject that we touch on in class, are Catherine's characteristics. However Irish, though, the ham she brings us after week-end trips is none other than "Ole Virginia's" best.

CLARA ELIZABETH
O'NEAL

Senior High School Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Y. W. C. A.

Clara has the same Irish brogue that is one of Catherine's charms. A subtle, sweet humor and cleverness lie under a quietly calm exterior, and but few bask in the revelation of her character as she expands in the warmth and sunshine of friendship.

KATHERINE PETTUS

Lee Literary Society; Katherine Club; Glee Club; Piedmont-Midland Club; Racket Tennis Club; Secretary and Treasurer Glee Club; H. D. I. D., H. H. S.; Y. W. C. A.

Kitty enjoys life at H. N. S. Her sympathy and interest in everyone here, her gentle manner, her contagious gaiety, she shares with all. She is always busy, but "occasionally" she finds time to put a few artistic touches on posters. Her literary ability is a joy to all of us—the ease with which she "throws off" Senior write-ups, poems, and essays is a never-ceasing wonder.





MARY JUDKINS
PHILLIPS

Piedmont-Midland Club; Home Economics Club; Treasurer Stratford Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Racket Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

Mary's independence, her common sense, and her ability to do things well are her chief characteristics. She never fails—her efficiency and self-confidence prevent that. She gives—and gets—most pleasure from singing, and her hobbies are Glee Club and Mrs. Sprinkel.



KATHERINE MOZELLE
POWELL

Secretary Stratford Dramatic Club; Vice-President Lannier Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Club; Glee Club; Katherine Club; D. of A. A., H. H. S.; Y. W. C. A.

"Moze" has an affinity for raving: the Stratford play—her practise teaching—her latest auto experience—they all get their share. Nevertheless she is steady and true, and each and all of her duties are performed thoroughly.



MARGARET FRIEND
PROCTOR

President Student Government; Vice-President Student Government; Member Executive Board; Assistant Business Manager SCHOOL-MA'AM; Vice-President Freshman Class; Vice-President Sophomore Class; Vice-President Junior Class; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Captain Sophomore Basket Ball Team; Athletic Council; Lee Literary Society; Racket Tennis Club; Glee Club; Business Manager Canning Club; Home Economics Club; R. O. D. M. and B.; Piedmont-Midland Club.

Why linger on a long eulogy of her virtues and capacities, with an honor list like the above staring us in the face? It speaks with sufficient eloquence of Margaret—and what the girls think of her.





JEAN MAXWELL
QUISENBERRY

Home Economics Club; R. O. D. M. and B.; Piedmont Midland Club; Y. W. C. A.

If you would have your jokes well digested and appreciated, tell them to gentle Maxwell. Her sense of humor tides her over many difficult places. But not even her sense of the ridiculous can see anything funny in practise teaching and lesson plans.



ELLA MOORE REEVES

High School Senior Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; Y. W. C. A.

Ella can get more said in a given length of time than any other two people we know. Possibly she talks so fast to make up for being such a little piece of humanity, for she is one of the Senior "babies"; but we know her smallness is confined to size only.



NELLA SHEPARD ROARK

Treasurer Lee Literary Society; President Athletic Association; Racket Tennis Club; Piedmont - Midland Club; Vice-President French Circle; Junior Basket Ball Team; Senior Basket Ball Team; Athletic Council; Glee Club; D. of P. E., H. H. S.; Annual Staff; Y. W. C. A.

Who's the nimblest, lankiest, willowiest, string-beaniest, interpretative-impressionistic-aesthetic dancer on the floor; and the quickest, surest little forward that ever was Marion Nesbitt's right hand? And who keeps the ball rolling so fluently at the French table? And lastly, who reads Dante's *Inferno* while the rest of us are dwarfing our feeble intellects with the *Ladies Home Journal*? We can answer in one syllable and in unison—"Nell."





RUTH SOMERVILLE
ROYSTON

Critic Lanier Literary Society; Shenandoah Valley Club; Secretary-Treasurer Camp Fire Club; High School Senior Club; Rock-bridge Club; Y. W. C. A.

Ruth has been called the original talking machine of H. N. S. But her opinions of people and things are well worth listening to. We have been charmed by her take-offs—from Patsy, the washer-woman's daughter, to Miss Lyons. It is her highest ambition to play a grown-up, well-bred part in some dramatic presentation.



EDITH IRENE SAGLE

Piedmont-Midland Club; Home Economics Club; R. O. D. M. and B.; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

Edith has hidden depths and only the twinkle in her eye betrays her interest in the passing events of life, for she indeed believes that "Silence is golden." She is as great an adept with her needle as with the sauce-pan and spoon, and in her quiet way accomplishes many things.



EDNA ROBERSON
SCRIBNER

Vice-President Albemarle Pippins; Treasurer Albemarle Pippins; Secretary Lee Literary Society; Treasurer Lee Literary Society; Piedmont-Midland Club; Racket Tennis Club; H. of H. D., H. H. S.; Y. W. C. A. Usually "Symp" goes along calmly and evenly, but occasionally she bursts forth into "song," and less occasionally she has fits of despair. This is when things aren't going right in Mr. Dingleline's history class or in hers, for history and its teaching is her long suit. Edna will some day be a great financier, having received intensive training here as treasurer of various and "Sunday" organizations. (By request).





MARGARET STRAIN
SEEBERT

Secretary Lanier Literary Society; H. S. D., H. H. S.; Rockbridge Club; Y. W. C. A.

Nothing daunts Margaret's spirit, not even Practise-Teaching trips to Pleasant Hill—though her bandaged wounds one day suggested a recent return from the firing line. Margaret is a wonder at chemistry, but it wasn't her desire for practical experiments that caused her to test the reaction of a Ford on a telegraph pole.



LOUISE ESTHER
SHUMADINE

Vice-President Stratford Dramatic Club; Vice-President Kindergarten Club; Secretary Lanier Literary Society; Norfolk Club; Glee Club; Y. W. C. A.

"Shumie" is a bundle of surprises—from the Indian in the spot-light to the Coolie at the Gate. She has done good work at H. N. S., and her unfailing good nature has endeared her to many here. Should teaching ever grow monotonous, "Shumie" can easily do Chinese-character parts.



CLARICE BROWNE SMITH

Lanier Literary Society; Senior Grammar Grade Club; Y. W. C. A.

Clarice has two attributes to fame—her never-ceasing good nature, and *being fat*. Very probably the one relies on the other, but is she good-natured because she's fat, or is she fat because she's good-natured? At any rate, it's a joy to be around her; for if you're blue, she cheers you up; and if you're glad, she keeps you glad.





RUBY REBECCA SMITH

Piedmont-Midland Club; Albemarle Pippins; Y. W. C. A.

Ruby is our smallest senior, but she has long known how to assert herself. She has opinions and is outspoken with them. And we are unable to prophecy to what lengths her generosity will take her, for she even hands out cream puffs with good grace. There is magic in her fingers, as the large number of posters which she has made will testify.

BETTY GUY SOMERVILLE

Lanier Literary Society; High School Club; Shenandoah Valley Club; French Circle; Y. W. C. A.

Quiet, dignified, reserved, yet often she surprises us by her mischievous mirth and wit. Betty is lovable, and true as steel. No doubt she will make a good "school-ma'am," for was she not taken for one during the recent invasion of our pedagogical friends?

MARY FRANCES STELL

Glee Club; Racket Tennis Club; H. of M. D. in H. H. S.; Stratford Dramatic Club; Athletic Council; Norfolk Club; Y. W. C. A.

Ardent, impulsive in temperament, quick to resent a wrong, but as quick to acknowledge a fault, is Frances. Flashing brown eyes, her "honest-to-goodness" complexion, and a lavish supply of stylish clothes—that, too, is Frances.





SARAH MARGARET
STONE

Piedmont-Midland Club; Pinquet Tennis Club; Senior Hockey Team; Kindergarten Club; Y. W. C. A.

Our reflections upon Margaret naturally fall under three heads: her slow drawl, her stylish clothes, and her walks with 'Cile. The second item furnishes a good deal of pleasure to her friends, who profit by the number of her dresses and by Margaret's willingness to lend them. In fact, so generous is she with them, that frequently when she starts down town, she meets herself coming back.



MARION STITH THOMAS

Lanier Literary Society; Vice-President Home Economics Club; R. D. of D. M. and B.; Piedmont-Midland Club; Racket Tennis Club; Y. W. C. A.

If worry causes wrinkles and gray hair, Marion will never grow old. She loves a good time and generally has it. But she can bear responsibility when it is thrust upon her, for she patiently and efficiently conducted the Senior Tea Room. One shall always remember her by her clothes and her immense correspondence.



ERMA MARIE TIECHE

R. O. D. M. and B.; Secretary Home Economics Club; Secretary Lee Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

Erma is different—all her clever, yet original remarks on people and things, all her mad MacDowell and Chopin frenzies, all her queer and expressive hand languages, make her so. She leads cheers and yells; she can quote volumes of poetry; she can play pages of the masters; she has Elbert Hubbard's criticisms of music-masters for a favorite companion; she startles one with her abrupt but well-turned remarks—oh, it is easy to write a eulogy on Erma!





ANNIE TOMKO

Treasurer Home Economics Club; R. O. D. M. and B. Y. W. C. A.

Nothing is ever too unprepossessing for Annie to do. No matter what your difficulty is, she will help you out. Her work—regardless of how pressing it is—can wait. One might call her steady, and she is always calm in the midst of excitement.



LOUISE WATKINS
WALKER

Piedmont-Midland Club; High School Club; Lanier Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.; Long-Haired Greeks.

"An ever present help in time of trouble"—whether you need sympathy or clothes. Sunshine is all about her, and it is a treat to see a smile flash forth at her fourth-graders. Louise seldom leads, but is ever willing to follow—for she followed, third, with the mumps.



MAY WILLIAMS

President Pinquet Tennis Club; Vice-President Pinquet Tennis Club; Vice-President Piedmont-Midland Club; Vice-President Glee Club; Kindergarten Club; Vice-President Y. W. C. A.

A thing to muse on is her command of the language of the poets. It would be impossible to mention a poem since *Beowulf* that she has not read or heard of. She has ability to store fragments of each in her mind, and she quotes them on occasions. Her sweet, calm generousness will make it possible for her to meet patrons—and irate parents—easily.





SARAH LOVICY WILSON

President Freshman Class; President Sophomore Class; President Junior Class; President Senior Class; Home Economics Club; R. O. D. M. B. Club; Norfolk Club; Glee Club; Lee Literary Society; Executive Board; Y. W. C. A.

Next to remembering Sarah as the pilot of a class through four successful years, we shall remember the team of the "Fatties." And then—memories of the Beach scene in the Senior Quarantine Frolics! And many, many other successful feats go to prove her superability. That's Sarah, the capable, the dependable, with a never-failing power of accomplishment.

CHARLOTTE YANCEY

Secretary Freshman Class; Secretary Junior Class; Captain Freshman Basket Ball Team; Glee Club; Kindergarten Club; Shenandoah Valley Club.

And here's a gay girl to write up! We wonder and wonder how Charlotte can do the myriad of "town good-times," and yet accomplish anything at all along "student-and-lesson" lines. Her "high standing" at H. N. S. has never been excelled, although she has had four years of competition. Charlotte wants to teach in Winchester—because it is near home.



Class of 1920

Like Galahad we came
To catch the vision of perfection,
That we might fling the torch we found
To countless children, keen to every sound
Of life's sharp battles.

To us the visions came,
And evermore the flame—
The gleam—leads on.
And other things we gained:
The will to do, the faith to win
Triumphant in life's threatening din,
And fellowship, and bright ideals
Of Alma Mater.

Like Galahad we go
To follow visions of perfection,
To fling the torch to those who wait,
To teach the way that follows straight
Through all life's battles.

—NELLA ROARK

THE LOST PLEIAD

A FANTASY IN TWO ACTS

By JANE DRANSFIELD

Presented by the Senior Class

June 4, 1920

CAST

King of Corinth	DOROTHY FOSQUE
Tolmid, who plots to be king	MARION MARSHALL
Leontes, friend to king	MOZELLE POWELL
Hermes, messenger of heaven	ERMA TIECHE
Isidore, a toy vender	IRIS GLASSCOK
An old fisherman	SARAH WILSON
Bion, the fisherman's son	MARION NESBITT
Master Workman	LILLIAN HATCHER
First Workman	MARY PHILLIPS
Second Workman	LOUISE SHUMADINE
Merope, the Pleiad	LELOUISE EDWARDS
Dian, the huntress	PENELOPE MORGAN
Pleione, mother of Pleiades	MARGARET PROCTOR
Iris, messenger of dreams	KATHERINE PETTUS
Herse, sister to Bion	EDNA SCRIBNER
Proto	GERTRUDE BOWLER
Thetis { Nereids	NELLA ROARK
Galene {	PAULINE JOHNSON

Tree-nymphs, Fauns, Nereids, the Pleiades, Sun-maidens

SCENE: A wooded seashore near Corinth. A spring night.



SENIOR FAVORITES

Class Prophecy



T HAPPENED this way: My halo did not fit. I dropped into the official observatory one morning to correct this defect, and the Recording Angel took his eyes from the golden telescope which overlooked the world, and looked at me appraisingly. I stated my case briefly, and he told me to keep watch on the world while he was gone to see about having my halo refitted. I eagerly climbed upon the stool, fixed my eyes to the golden telescope, and poised my pencil over the golden book.

This is what I recorded.

Sarah Wilson—never known by any other name: Ex-President of the Senior Class '20, H. N. S., and of the U. S. in 1950. Held latter office for over two weeks; then was impeached for carrying on violent flirtations with members of her cabinet.

Gertrude Bowler: Had aspirations of becoming editor of *Hearth and Home*. She worked twenty years towards this end. Finally came success. She was put on the staff as telephone operator.

Louise Harwell: Miss Lancaster resigned as social director of H. N. S. For years the matter of who should succeed her was carefully weighed and thought out. Finally the board unanimously elected Miss Harwell as she was the ablest woman in U. S. for the place.

Clara Lambert: Men interested her strangely from her youth, and she married four of them. One she divorced, one committed suicide, one eloped with her French maid, and the fourth out-lived her.

Grace Anderson: Has had great desire to see the world. From her post of duty now it is beginning to unfold itself. She is traffic cop on West Main Street, McGaheysville.

Margaret Bear and Betty Somerville: For two years after finishing school were ushers in New Virginia Theatre, Harrisonburg; transferred to missionary field in Africa to take place of Mary Folliard, who had met, married, and been eaten by a cannibal chieftain.

Miriam Jones: Singer in New York's worst choir, where she overcame thousands. Is now in the Tombs awaiting trial on a charge brought up by Anti-Noise Society. Conviction sure.

Dorothy Fosque: Having admirably performed every literary gymnastic known, ascended to an eminence of oratory like unto that of Demosthenes, Webster, and Cicero. Her name will be used as a synonym for eloquence throughout the coming generations.

Penelope Morgan—Lawyeress: Thoroughly accustomed to criminal cases, slander cases, and *isn't* cases. Has reputation of convicting every one of her clients. Their quiet is taken for granted.

Hazel Haun: A paragon in the realms of haberdashery and calico. Has soared high in legal circles. Had a propensity in youth for lawlessness. Continued throughout her life in this pursuit. Assassinated.

Sallie Blosser: After teaching school for many years, she felt a sudden desire for a higher calling. Is now touring the world selling pink soap.

Frances Stell—Doctor: Administers to sick aristocracy of the land such concoctions as Doan's liver pills, sassafras tea, Wampole's codliver oil. Has of late been manufacturing own medicine, in partnership with Clare Harnsberger and Mary McCaleb. Patients guaranteed to be on the dead level.

Linda Berrey: Haunted by the vision of many a "little Johnnie-over-the-mountain," now forsaken by her, she has been driven to take refuge in the *quiet* country life of Southern Arizona. There she is now, the leading "broncho-buster" on the "Linda-Lee" Ranch.

Ellen Campbell: Has served eight jail sentences for breaking windows in suffrage parades. Is now giving lectures on equal suffrage to inmates of Sing Sing.

Iris Glasscock: Her life was an unsettled state of trying to decide whether she should be a judge of the Supreme Court or display her dramatic ability on the stage. Meantime, she has entire charge of a one-room school, a few hundred miles from a railroad.

Margaret Proctor—Chemist: Has astonished the world. Pursued all elements known to physical and ethereal universe. Transferred to heights of renown by an explosion in her laboratory.

Clarice Smith—Poet: From youth she was immersed in sentiment. She will be remembered for her two great poems, "Ode to the Grecian Milk Can," and "John—He Kissed Me."

Margaret Norfleet—Wonderful Politician: Bids fair to live a life of saturated politics.

Edna Scribner: Is paid thousands of dollars annually by Madam Schumann-Heink to keep her voice off the stage. Only sings now on special occasions. Her favorite song is, "She Promised to Meet Me When the Clock Struck Seventeen."

Rosa Heidelberg: Invented synthetic process of changing a *D* to *A* on report cards. She is now leading students' strikes for better grades on less work.

Mozelle Carper: Had a distinct and unusual musical talent. After five years of study in Germany she was able to render without notes, "Take Your Girlie to the Movies."

Mary Phillips—Psychologist: Has received a pension from Teachers' Training College as an inducement to cease her lectures on Dr. McMurry.

Catherine and Clara O'Neal: Designers of gowns from the *élite* of New York. Have won world-wide fame. They ship gowns to Daisy Hentone and Mary McGehee, their distributors in Paris.

Ethels—Channing and Lanier: Spent years posing while the noted sculptor, Cecile Chapman, made a cast of them so that "they two should be as one."

Ruth Royston: Successor to Miss Lyons.

Kitty Pettus and May Davis: Succeeded in elevating the stage in the latest production—*Katsenjammer Kids*.

Edna Bonney and Elizabeth Ewing: Startled the psychological and scientific world by almost thinking. Deceased.

Charlotte Yancey and Besse Lay: Dealers in radium, platinum, and ice-cream cones. Headquarters, Keezletown.

Marian Arthur: Traveling saleswoman for Lineweaver's Grocery store. Special lines of chocolate éclairs and potato chips.

Nella Roark: Literary works startle the world. Recognized everywhere as masterpieces of ignorance and misinformation.

May Williams: Was to have been married; wedding day arrived; groom waited at altar, while bride sat calmly at home sewing, and wondering what engagement she had forgotten.

Baker, Shumadine, and Browder: The great triumvirate of modern history. Have replaced Jefferson, Hamilton, and Madison.

Annie Tomko: In school days it was hard to keep her young head from soaring in the clouds. It was rather suspected that she would rise above the heads of her classmates. She did. She became an aeronaut.

Catharine Harrison: A. M., LL. D., Ph. D., M. D., D. D., B. S. Mrs. — Selah.

Tita Bland: Her school training in vocal acrobatics has taken root. She has gone into vaudeville. Her appearance in Washington last week was much applauded.

Marion Thomas: Specialist in insectology, especially the two-legged species known as the *infantileus menus*. Has made a large collection.

Pauline Johnson: Formerly demure and very quiet, but has recently grown black feathers in her wings. She has gone on the stage as the Chinese jazz baby.

Lelouise Edwards: The only remaining relic of the famous Stratford production, "The Eastern Gate," carefully preserved at Washington in the National Museum. Being stationary, she is always on time.

Elizabeth Bowden: Occupies a padded cell in Staunton. She spends her time making imaginary roses on imaginary hats. This is transfer of training received during her school days.

Edith Sagle, Ruth Brown, and Margaret Stone are assisting William S. Hart in his latest production, *Marry and Avoid the Rush*.

Mae Brindel: In Middle Africa as Field Secretary in the Y. W.

Mary Haskins: Had a brilliant career. Made a careful study of all forms of light—such as sunlight, moonlight, hipolite, and Delco-light.

Delsie Hitt: An Untrained Nurse in partnership with an undertaker. Tried a series of experiments that were very successful for the latter.

Mozelle Powell and Margaret Seebert: Taxicab Drivers in New York. Noted for their ability to hit everything they pass.

Goldie Hammer: Appointed Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra. Received an elaborate ovation at end of first selection—said ovation being one dozen genuine eggs cold-stored in 1860.

Margaret Carpenter: Most wonderful violinist in the world. Noted for charitable deeds. For large sums she rids communities of stray cats and dogs and superfluous mice.

Marion Marshall: Principal of the "Seminary for the Training of Young Women Who Find Studying a Bore." She teaches everything from toe-dancing to scientific card-playing. The one textbook used is "The Principles of Enjoying Life Without Mental Exertion," by Virginia Good.

Emma Hupp: Head of the Successful Matrimonial Bureau of New York. She fell a victim to the first applicant.

Maxwell Quisenberry: Pursued the study of astronomy. Never caught it.

Ruby Smith: Sacrificed her young life to the noble art of revising old paintings. Her latest accomplishment was the white-washing of "A Gate."

Thelma Miller: Married a Russian Czar—a Bolshevik. Was a widow after a few hours, but was not discouraged. Later married an Italian peanut vendor.

Olive Magruder: A hairdresser in a fashionable establishment in Paris which bears the sign, "Positively no satisfaction guaranteed."

Louise Walker: Her case was a second to that of Evangeline. Saw him on the street car. Twenty weary years she chased him. Towards the close she found him—not near the grave, as was Basil, but worse yet—married, with eight children.

Lillian Hatcher and Erma Tieche: Founders of the Famous Haven of Rest, the Home for Homely Old Maids and ———

Here the recording angel came hurrying back with a scowl on his face. "We have seen fit to proportion the size of your halo to your earthly good deeds," he said, and thrust the halo into my hand. I calmly slipped it on my finger and marched out into the golden street.

—ERMA TIECHE AND LILLIAN HATCHER



May Day
in
Merrie England
of the
Sixteenth Century



"May, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou, faire, fresshe May;
I hope that I some grene gete may."

—Chaucer



Senior Class

Harrisonburg State Normal School

1920

The Inhabitants of an Elizabethan Village
Celebrate May Day

Order of Events

Contest Between Spring and Winter

"In honour of May Day the Goths and Southern Swedes had a mock battle between Spring and Winter, which ceremony is retained in the Isle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time masters."

May Party Returning from the Woods
Singing Their May Song

Lord and Lady of the May, Jester, Jack o' the Green, and
Court Followers

Peasants, with their May Queen

"Bold Robin Hood and all his band—
Friar Tuck, with quarterstaff and cowl,
Old Scathelock, with his surly scowl,
Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John."

Milkmaids' Dance

(Sellinger's Round, or "The Beginning of the World," is
danced in a circle by "as many as will.")

"What's a May-day milking-pail without a garland and a
fiddle?"

"They nimbly their feet doe ply,
And bravely try the victory
In honour o' the milking paille."

Crowning of the May Queen

"Of all the glad New Year, Mother, the
maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May."

Songs of Old England

"Come a-Maying"

"Be Gone, Dull Care"

"I Know a Bank Whereon the Wild Thyme Blows"

"Nuts o' Maie"

A singing game preserved by oral tradition through long generations.

Morris Dances

Morris Call

Morris men approach, accompanied by Hobby-horse and fiddler.

"A Morris-dance:

Oh, there was sport alone for mee,
To see the Hobby-horse how he did prounce
Among the gingling company."

"The Tideswell Processional"

"Bean Setting"

"Laudanum Bunches"

Peasant Dances

"The Butterfly"

"Longways for as many as will." A traditional dance still used in our own time.

"The Black Nag"

"Longways for six." This is one of the few melodies for which the name is obviously fitting. Notice the imitation of the gallop in the second strain.

Winding of the Maypole

(Bluff King Hal)

"The Maypole is up,
Now give me the cup;
I'll drink to the garlands around it,
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of the flowers that crown'd it."

Recessional

"The Cornish May Song"

“Against Maie, every parishe, towne, and village assemble themselves together, bothe men, women, and children, olde and yong. . . . They goe some to the woodes and groves, some to the hilles and mountaines; . . . and they returne, bringing with them birch bowes and braunches of trees to deck their assemblies withall.”

“Whiche fashion,” says an Italian writer in England in the sixteenth century, “is derived of the Romaines, that use the same to honour their goddesse Flora.”

But this “fashion” apparently antedates the “Romaines” in Britain, for “on the first of May there was a Celtic festival in honor of the sun—*Beltane*, or Fire of Baal.” And “dancing round the Maypole on May-day, ‘going a-Maying,’ electing a May-queen, and lighting bonfires, are all remnants of sun-worship, and may be traced to the most ancient times.”

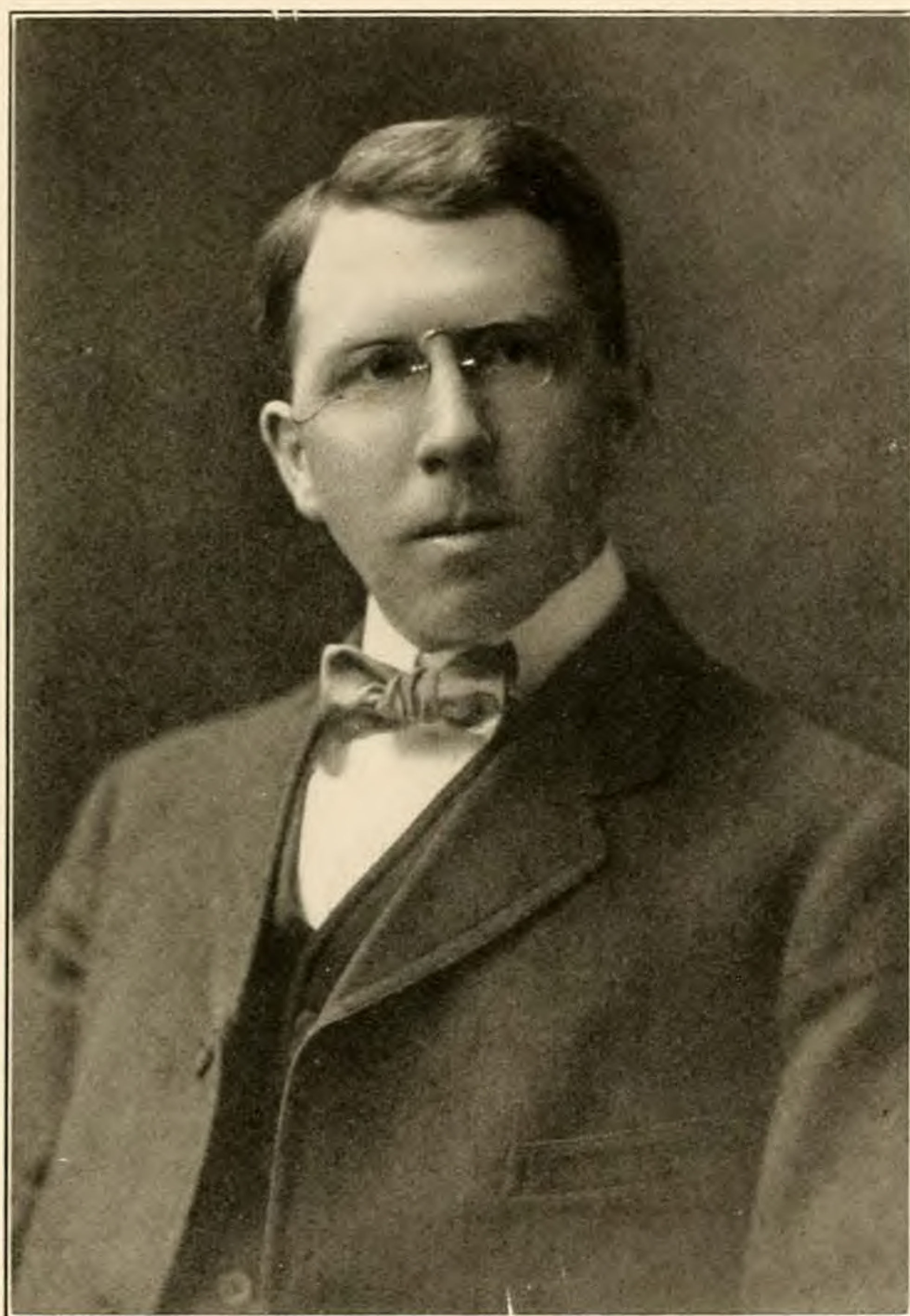


MAY DAY
"The hobby-horse is *not* forgot."



THE FIRST SENIOR CLASS

If not the fairest, wittiest, best,
Among the daughters to be blest
With these thy gifts, O Mater dear,
We'll be the *first* to win them here.
Beneath our chosen gold and green
We'll stand, the ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.



DR. WALTER J. GIFFORD
HONORARY MEMBER



JUNIOR CLASS

Motto

"Semper fidelis"

Colors

Gold and Blue

Flower

Japanese Iris

Officers

FRANCES SAWYER	<i>President</i>
FRANCES BUCKLEY	<i>Vice-President</i>
LUCILLE McCLUNG	<i>Secretary</i>
MARGARET LEWIS	<i>Treasurer</i>
GRACE HEYL	<i>Business Manager</i>
BLANCHE RIDENOUR	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>



MISS MACKAY

JOHN CONVERSE

Junior Roll

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MAZIE AISTROP
HILAH ARRINGTON
HELEN BABER
MILDRED BARKEP
ESTHER BAKER
REVA BARE
FRANCES BARHAM
LOUISE BEATTY
ANNIE H. BELL
HAZEL BELLERBY
CORALEASE BOTTOM
STELLA BOTELER
SUSIE BOURDON
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VIRGINIA BURGESS
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WILLIE BRANHAM
MARTHA BROWN
ANNA CAMERON
MARY COLE
LOUISE COLEMAN
AGNES CHRISTIAN
FRANCES CHITTUM
ELLEN COLLIER
EVELYN CRAIG
ARLINE CUTSHALL
ELIZABETH DANIEL
MARY DAVIDSON
ZADIE DAVIS
LILA DEISHER
RUTH DELLINGER
HAZEL DONOVAN
MARIA DOVE
VIRGINIA DREW
MARY DUNN
PHYLLIS EASTHAM
ANNIE ELGIN
BRENDA ELLIOTT
ANNA ESTES
LUCILLE EUBANK
CORINNE EVANS
ESTHER EVANS
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MARY LEE GARDNER

MILDRED GARTER
LOUISE GIBBONEY
ANNE GILLIAM
REBECCA GWALTNEY
GLADYS GWYNN
MARY LEES HARDY
JOSEPHINE HARPER
FLORENCE HAUER
HELEN HEATH
GRACE HENTY
GRACE HEYL
MARION HODGES
ELLA HOLLORAN
GLADYS HOPKINS
ROSA HOPKINS
LOUISE HOUSTON
FLORENCE HOUNSHELL
MATTIE HUGHES
BERTHA HUFFMAN
MAMIE JACKSON
BERNIE JARRATT
FRANKIE JONES
LENA KEMP
MARIE KILBY
REBA KRAMAR
LUCIE LAND
ANNA LEWIS
MARGARET LEWIS
MARTHA LASSITER
EUNICE LAMBERT
GLADYS LEE
KATHERINE MAHONEY
MARGARET MARTIN
BLANCHE M'CAULEY
LUCILLE M'CLUNG
ELVIRA M'CLURE
VIRGINIA M'CARTNEY
RITA M'GAHA
LILLIAN MILLER
VADA MILLER
VERNICE MILLER
JESSIE MISH
RUTH MOON
MARTHA MOORE
MAISIE MORGAN
CHARLOTTE MORRIS
HELEN MUSE
ELIZABETH MOTT
GLADYS NICHOLS

JENNIE NICHOLAS
ELLEN NOCK
ANNA LEE PAYNE
MERLE PEARCE
CHLOE PECK
ELEANOR PENDLETON
LUCILLE PETERS
LULA PHIPPS
LILLIAN PRINCE
RUTH QUIGG
SUE RAINE
ELIZABETH REDD
SADIE RICH
BLANCHE RIDENOUR
HELEN RICHARDSON
KATIE RIELY
EDYTHE ROBSON
ALBERTA RODES
EMILY ROUND
LILLY ROSEN
MARY RUMBURG
FARAH RUST
FRANCES SAWYER
RUTH SEXTON
CHRISTINE SHAFER
AIRA SHOWALTER
GERTRUDE SMITH
MARY SMITH
JUNE STEELE
MARY STEPHENS
MARY SWIFT
FRANCES TABB
WILLIE TALLEY
ALMA TATUM
HELEN THOMPSON
MARTHA THOMPSON
RUTH TOMKO
FLOSS TUCKER
JESSIE VADEN
GENEVIEVE WARWICK
MARGUERITE WAYBRIGHT
ELIZABETH WIMBISH
LOLA WIMBROUGH
EDITH WARD
ISABEL WILKINS
KATHRYN WILLSON
BERTHA WILSON
RUTH WOODY



JUNIORS



AND STILL MORE JUNIORS



JUNIOR STUNTS



JUNIOR PLAY



MISS NATALIE LANCASTER
Honorary Member Sophomore Class



Sophomore-Special Class

Motto

"B2"

Flower

Brown-Eyed Susan

Colors

Black and Yellow

Officers

MARIE PAINTER	PRESIDENT
KATHERINE BOWMAN	VICE-PRESIDENT
HARRIET JAMES	SECRETARY
EDNA DRAPER	BUSINESS MANAGER
THELMA GRASTY	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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ISABEL BARLOW	ELIZABETH HARPER	CONSTANCE MARTIN	KATHERINE ROUZIE
MARY LEWIS BEARD	MARY CAROLINE HARRIS	MARGARET M'DONALD	CELIA SWECKER
ANNA CARPENTER	ELLEN HUGHES	LUCY M'GEHEE	HILDA TEMPLE
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HATTIE DEATHERAGE	ROSELYN KOONTZ	BESSIE NICHOLAS	MIRIAM WALTON
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LOUISE FORESTER	ELKANAH POWELL		GENEVRA WILKINSON
CHARLIENE GILL			AGNES WILLIAMS



SOPHOMORE-SPECIAL CLASS



Book Four

Organizations

Glee Club

Officers



MISS SHAEFFER
Director

DOROTHY WILLIAMS PRESIDENT
MAY WILLIAMS VICE-PRESIDENT
KATHERINE PETTUS SEC.-TREAS.
RUTH WITT { BUSINESS MANAGERS
TITA BLAND {
ANN GILLIAM LIBRARIAN



DOROTHY WILLIAMS
President

Typical Programs

CHRISTMAS CANTATA—DECEMBER 14
The Angel and the Star—*Ira Wilson*
COMMENCEMENT CANTATA
A Midsummer Night—*Paul Bliss*

EASTER PROGRAM—MARCH 31
Processional: Christ is Risen
The Lord's Prayer in Chant
Alleluia to the King—*Clemens*
The Dawn of a Wonderful Day—*Wilson*
Recessional: On Our Way Rejoicing

Folk Songs and Ballads

National Week of Song, February 26

ENGLISH
Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes
Sweet and Low

FRENCH
The Little Soldier
Solo, Miss Walton
At Perrot's Door
The Little Maiden

RUSSIAN
A Song of India
Solo, Miss Walton
Dusk of Night

IRISH
Wearin' o' the Green
Barney O'Hea
Solo, Miss Williams

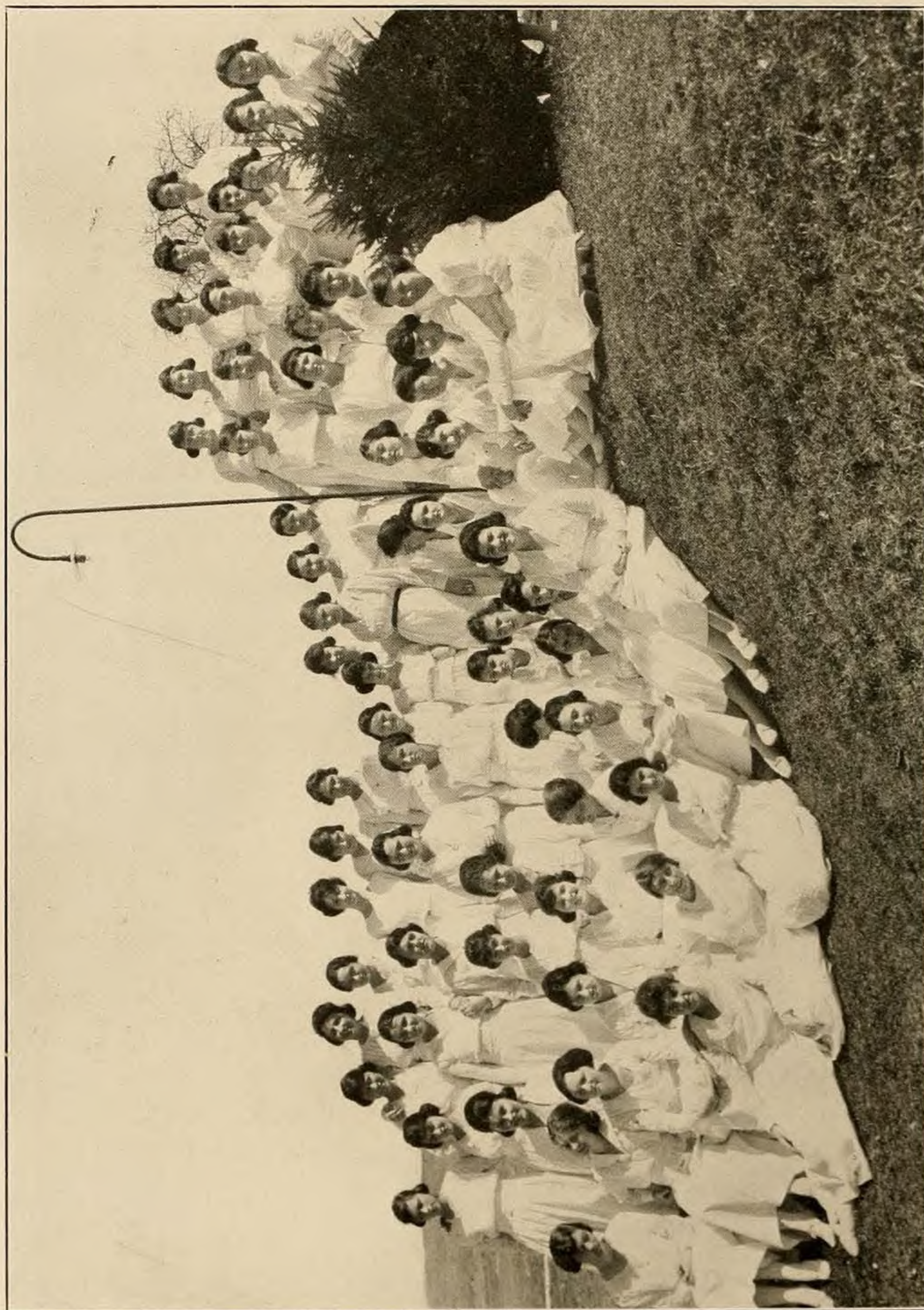
CHINESE
Jasmin Flower

JAPANESE
Cherry Bloom

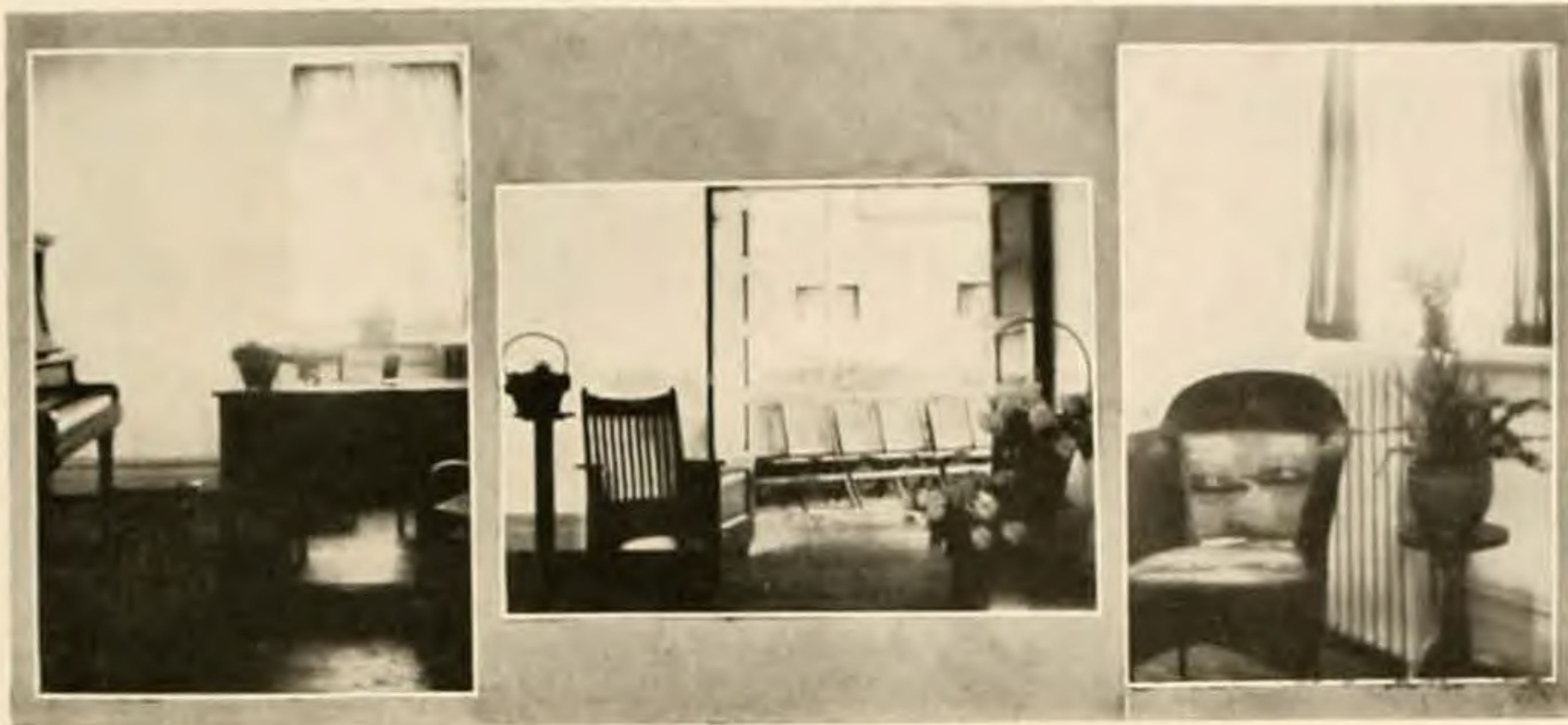
NORWEGIAN
Dearest Maiden
Solo, Miss Brown

AMERICAN INDIAN
Dakota Serenade
Solo, Miss Brown
Pawnee War Song

SCOTCH
Comin' through the Rye
Hunting Tower
Duet, Miss Williams
Mr. Fletcher



GLEE CLUB—1920



Glee Club Present and Past

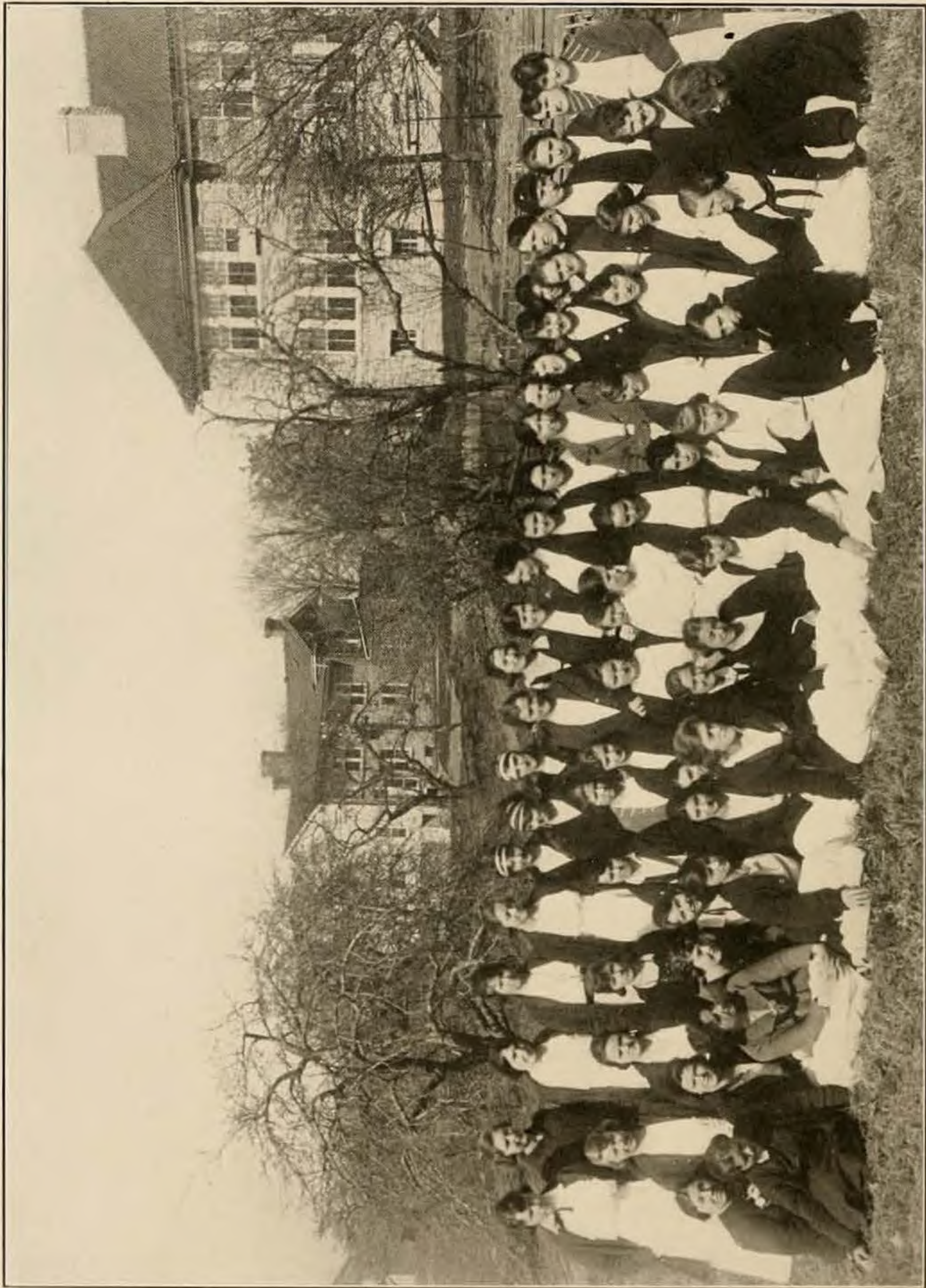
Almost simultaneously with the founding of the school came the organization of the Glee Club. Since then it has grown steadily with the growth of the school, keeping merry the life on Blue-Stone Hill.

"We sing because we love to sing,
Because instinctive fancies move";

and yet the Glee Club has also had its share of the real work that is demanded in any successful organization. Moreover, of late we have turned to "extension work," which we find to mean "good times" as well. Besides singing upon various occasions in the different churches and schools of the community, the Club has recently given programs at Augusta Military Academy and at Blacksburg. The first outing of the kind was the trip to Washington and Lee last year. To go to see Mr. and Mrs. Burruss and little Julian at V. P. I. was, of course the climax of our tours.



Glee Club, 1910



PIEDMONT-MIDLAND VIRGINIA CLUB

Piedmont-Midland Virginia Club

Motto

"I'll tell you there is good men born at Monmouth."

Colors

Mountain Blue and White

Flower

Wood Violet

Fruit

Persimmon

Officers

RUTH RODES	PRESIDENT
MAY WILLIAMS	VICE-PRESIDENT
LOUDELLE POTTS	SECRETARY-TREASURER

Roll Call

ABBOTT, MARGUERITE
ANDERSON, GRACE
ARRINGTON, HILAH
ARTHUR, MARION
BABER, HELEN
BEATTY, LOUISE
BELLERBY, HAZEL
BISHOP, CARRIE
BOTELER, STELLA
BOTTOM, CORALEASE
BOURDON, SUSIE
BOWDEN, ELIZABETH
BOWLER, GERTRUDE
BRANHAM, WILLIE
BROWDER, HELEN
BROWN, MARTHA
BROWN, MARY
BROWN, RUTH
BROWNE, SALLIE
BUCKLEY, FRANCES
BURGESS, VIRGINIA
CARPENTER, ANNA
CHRISTIAN, MARY
COLE, MARY
COLLIER, ELLEN
CRITZER, NELL
DANIEL, ELIZABETH
DAVIS, ZADIE
DEATHERAGE, HATTIE
DOVE, MARIA
DRAPER, EDNA
DREW, VIRGINIA
DUNN, MARY
EASTHAM, PHYLLIS
ELGIN, ANNIE
EUBANK, LUCILE
EVANS, ESTHER
FARLEY, VIRGINIA
FERGUSON, MARY

FORESTER, LOUISE
FUQUA, LOUISE
GARTER, MILDRED
GIBBONEY, LOUISE
GILL, CHARLENE
GILLIAM, ANNE
GLASSCOK, IRIS
GRASTY, THELMA
GWALTNEY, REBECCA
HARRIS, MARY
HASKINS, MARY
HATCHER, LILLIAN
HEIDELBERG, ROSA
HEYI, GRACE
HITT, DELSIE
HOLLORAN, ELLA
HOPKINS, ROSA
HUPP, EMMA
JACKSON, MAMIE
JARRATT, BERNIE
KELLY, HARRIETT
KILBY, MARIE
LAND, LUCIE
LANIER, ETHEL
LEE, GLADYS
LITTLEPAGE, MILDRED
M'GAHA, RITA
M'GEHEE, LUCY
M'GEHEE, MARY
MARSHALL, HELEN
MARTIN, CONSTANCE
MILLER, THELMA
MORGAN, PENELOPE
MUSE, HELEN
NESBITT, MARION
PARROTT, ETHEL
PAYNE, ANNA LEE
PETTUS, KATHERINE
PHILLIPS, MARY

POTTS, LOUDELLE
POWELL, MOZELLE
PRINCE, LILLIAN
PROCTOR, MARGARET
QUIGG, RUTH
QUISENBERRY, MAXWELL
RAINE, SUE
REDD, ELIZABETH
RICHARDSON, HELEN
RIDENOUR, BLANCHE
FOARK, NELLA
ROBSON, EDY THE
RODES, ALBERTA
RODES, RUTH
ROUND, EMILY
SADLER, VERGILIA
SAGLE, EDITH
SCRIBNER, EDNA
SMITH, GERTRUDE
SMITH, MARY
SMITH, RUBY
SPOONER, DOROTHY
STEPHENS, MARY
STONE, MARGARET
SWIFT, MARY
TALLY, WILLIE
TATUN, ALMA
TEMPLE, HILDA
THOMAS, MARION
THOMPSON, MARTHA
THRASHER, MARY
TILMAN, GRACE
VADEN, JESSIE
WALKER, LOUISE
WARREN, JO
WILKINSON, GENEVRA
WILLIAMS, AGNES
WILLIAMS, MAY
WILSON, BERTHA
WIMBISH, ELIZABETH

Honorary Members

MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND
MISS NATALIE LANCASTER



Shenandoah Valley Club

"Daughters of the Sky"

Officers

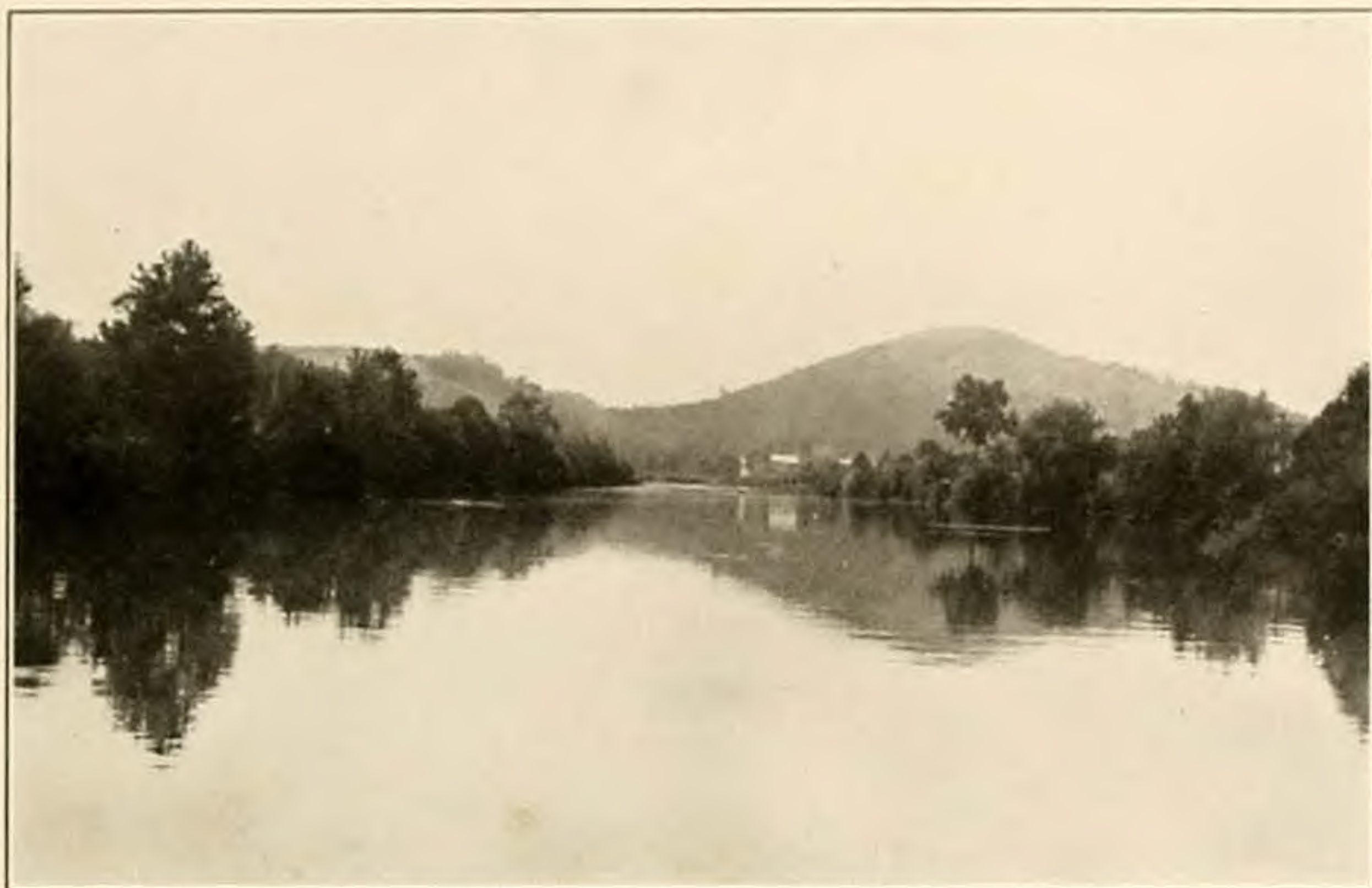
CLARA LAMBERT	PRESIDENT
HAZEL HAUN	VICE-PRESIDENT
OLIVE MAGRUDER	SECRETARY-TREASURER

Members

ANNA ALLEN	ELIZABETH SARA HARPER	JESSIE MISH
FLORENCE ALLEN	SADIE KATHERINE HARPER	MARTHA MOORE
MARGARET BEAR	CATHARINE HARRISON	CHARLOTTE MORRIS
MARY LEWIS BEARD	HAZEL HAUN	ELIZABETH MURPHY
SALLIE BLOSSER	DAISY HENTONE	BESSIE NICHOLAS
KATHERINE BOWMAN	GLADYS HOPKINS	JENNIE NICHOLAS
MARGARET CARPENTER	LELIA FLORENCE HOUNSHELL	ELIZABETH NICHOLAS
MOZELLE CARPER	BERTHA HUFFMAN	CLARA O'NEAL
MAY DAVIS	CHRISTINE HUGHES	CATHERINE O'NEAL
EDNA DELLINGER	ELLEN HUGHES	LENA REED
HAZEL DONOVAN	ROSELYN KOONTZ	ELLA REEVES
BRENDA ELLIOTT	CLARA LAMBERT	RUTH ROYSTON
ANNA ESTES	EUNICE LAMBERT	OLIVIA SHOWALTER
ELIZABETH ESTES	MARGARET LEWIS	MARY SMITH
ELIZABETH EWING	ELISE LOEWNER	BETTY SOMERVILLE
RUTH FULTON	OLIVE MAGRUDER	JUNE STEELE
MARGARET FUNK	MARGARET MARTIN	MIRIAM WALTON
VIRGINIA GOOD	VIRGINIA M'CARTNEY	HELEN WATTS
GOLDIE HAMMER	BLANCHE M'CAULEY	ELIZABETH WHITE
MARY LEES HARDY	MERLE MILLER	CHARLOTTE YANCEY
CLARE HARNSBERGER	VADA MILLER	ELIZABETH YANCEY

Most Prominent Members

MISS MARY I. BELL	MR. JAMES C. JOHNSTON
DR. HENRY A. CONVERSE	MRS. JAMES C. JOHNSTON
MR. SAMUEL P. DUKE	MR. CONRAD LOGAN
MR. RAYMOND DINGLEDINE	MISS EDNA SHAEFFER
DR. WALTER J. GIFFORD	DR. JOHN W. WAYLAND



THE SHENANDOAH



The Rockbridge Club

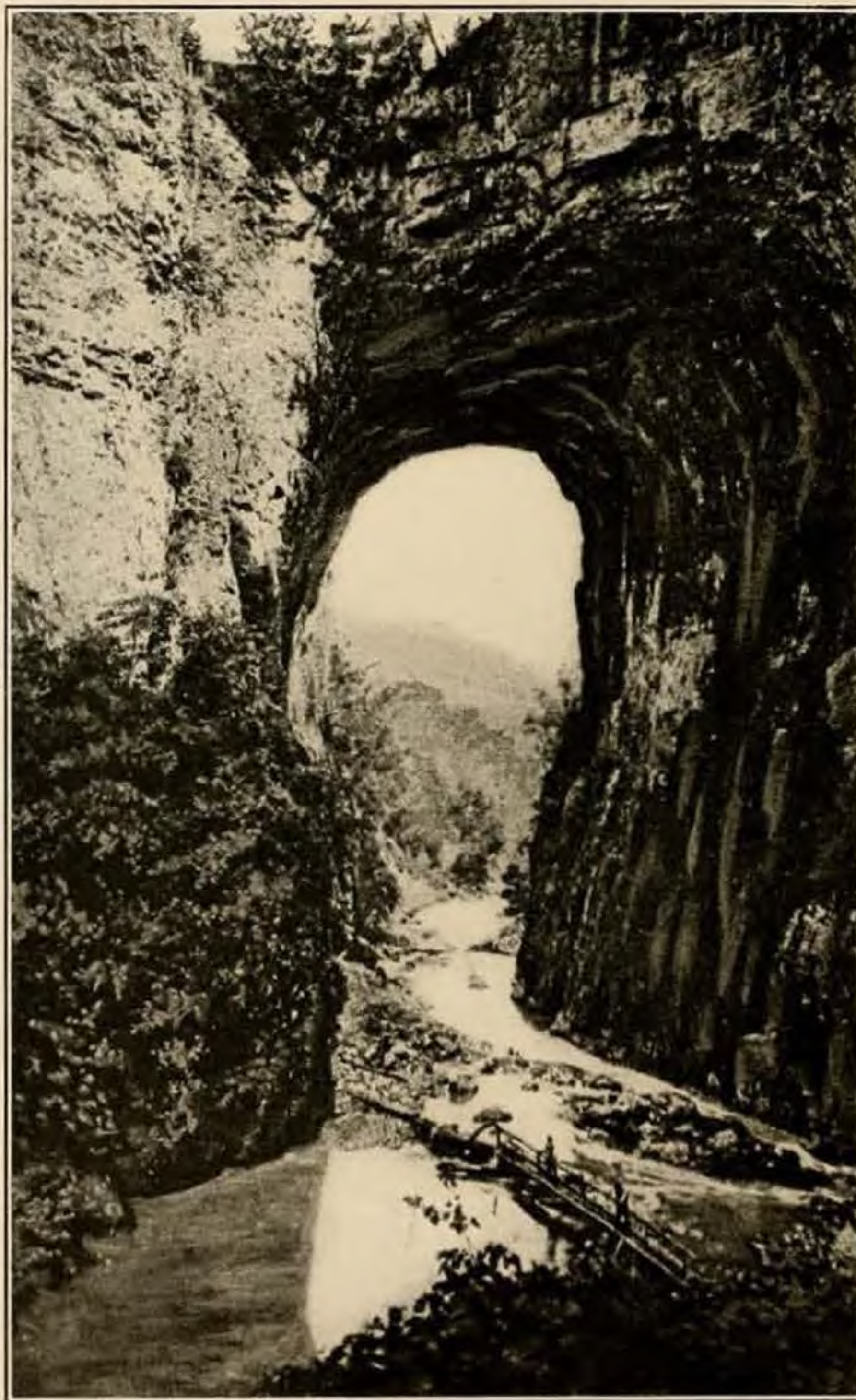
Motto

To be like the rock bridge—natural.

Officers

MARY SEEBERT PRESIDENT
LOUISE HOUSTON VICE-PRESIDENT
HELEN THOMPSON SECRETARY-TREASURER

The Rock Pile



REVA BARE

Granite

MARY BURGER

Limestone

MARY DAVIDSON

Blarney

LOUISE HOUSTON

Just a Pebble

MARGARET MARTIN

Gibraltar

ELVIRA McCLURE

River-jack

PAULINE MILEY

Fossil

RUTH ROYSTON

Boulder

MARGARET SEEBERT

Stalagmite

MARY SEEBERT

Stalactite

HELEN THOMPSON

Brick

MARY WADE

Soapstone

Honorary Member

MISS FRANCES MACKEY

Fairy Stone



ROCKBRIDGE CLUB



Norfolk Club

Colors

Orange and Blue

Motto

"Eat, drink, and be merry."

Flower

Seaweed

Honorary Member

MISS FRANCES I. MACKEY

Officers

MARY FOLLIARD	PRESIDENT
GLADYS GWYNN	VICE-PRESIDENT
EDNA BONNEY	SECRETARY
EDITH WARD	TREASURER

Members

NANCY BAKER	GLADYS GWYNN	FRANCES STELL	LOUISE SHUMADINE
EDNA BONNEY	LOUISE HARWELL	MARGARET NORFLEET	EDITH WARD
ETHEL CHANNING	HARRIET JAMES	ELKANAH POWELL	GENEVIEVE WARWICK
LELOUISE EDWARDS	MIRIAM JONES	FRANCES SAWYER	SARAH WILSON
MARY FOLLIARD	VERNICE MILLER	RUTH SEXTON	



Albemarle Pippin Club

Colors

Yellow and Brown

Motto

"Eat an apple a day, and keep the doctor away."

Officers

NELL CRITZER	PRESIDENT
EDNA DRAPER	VICE-PRESIDENT
RUTH RODES	SECRETARY
EDNA SCRIBNER	TREASURER

Honorary Member
MR. GEORGE W. CHAPPELEAR

Members

CARRIE BISHOP	EDNA DRAPER	CONSTANCE MARTIN	EDNA SCRIBNER
WILLIE BRANHAM	VIRGINIA FARLEY	RUTH MOON	RUBY SMITH
NELL CRITZER	THELMA GRASTY	ALBERTA RODES	ALMA TATUM
	GRACE HEYL	RUTH RODES	
		GRACE THILMAN	



ACORNS OF ROANOKE

Eastern Shore Club

Colors

Green and Gold



flower

Seaweed

"The merry land, the cherry land,
Down on The Eastern Shore."



WHALE	DOROTHY FOSQUE
SHARK	MARION MARSHALL
LOBSTER	HELEN HEATH

School of fish

ESTHER BAKER
ELLEN NOCK

IONA WIMBROUGH

LULA PHIPPS
ISABEL WILKINS



Helen-Allen Club

Motto

"Out for a good time."

Colors

Violet and White

Flower

Violet

Officers

HELEN BROWDER	PRESIDENT
HELEN RICHARDSON	VICE-PRESIDENT
ELLEN HUGHES	SECRETARY-TREASURER

Good-Timers

HELEN BABER: "But to see her was to love her."
 HELEN BROWDER: "She hath a sweetness all her own."
 ELLEN COLLIER: "I chatter, chatter as I go."
 HELEN EUBANK: "As merry as the day is long."
 HELEN HEATH: "Modest and simple and sweet."
 ELLEN HUGHES: "Blushing is the color of virtue."
 HELEN MUSE: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."
 HELEN MARSHALL: "Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."
 ELLEN NOCK: "The lass with the delicate air."
 HELEN RIELY: "A mighty athlete is she."
 HELEN RICHARDSON: "I live in the crowds of jollity."
 HELEN THOMPSON: "Sweetness long drawn out."
 HELEN WATTS: "She hath a daily beauty in life."



Katherine Club

Officers

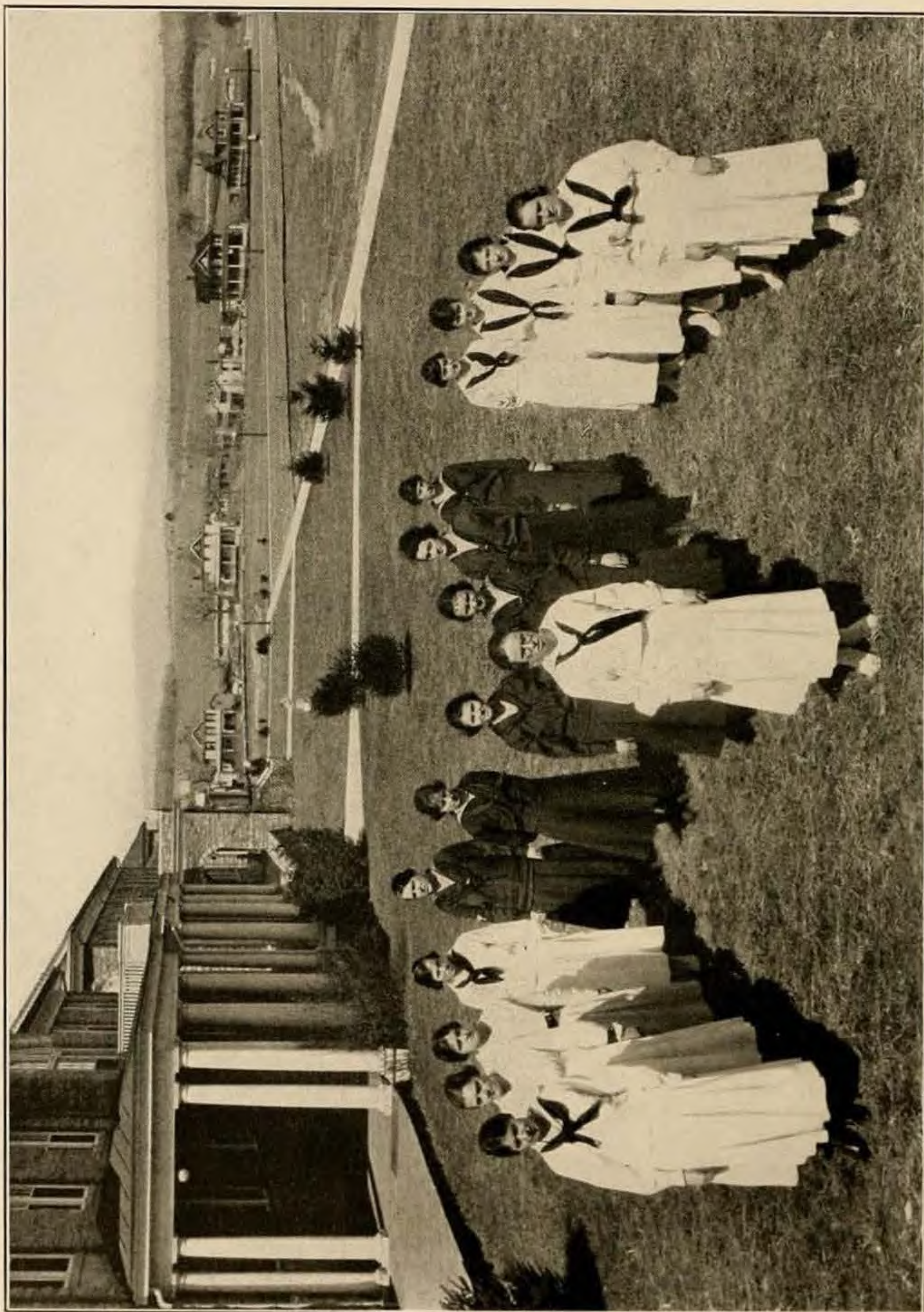
KATHRYN WILLSON PRESIDENT
 G. KATHERINE BOWLER SECRETARY-TREASURER

Honorary Members

MISS KATE ANTHONY
 MISS KATHERINE MYERS

Members

KATHERINE BOWMAN	KATHERINE MOORE
CATHERINE DOVE	CATHERINE O'NEAL
KATHERINE ESTES	KATHERINE PETTUS
CATHARINE HARRISON	KATHERINE POWELL
KATHERINE LITTLEPAGE	KATHERINE ROUZIE
KATHERINE MAHONEY	CATHRYN RUST
CATHERINE MILLER	KATHRYN WILLSON



MARY CLUB



Mary Club

Motto

"Make many merry."

flower

Marigold

Colors

Gold and White

Officers

MARY DUNN	PRESIDENT
MARY BROWN	VICE-PRESIDENT
ESTHER MARY EVANS	SECRETARY-TREASURER

Members

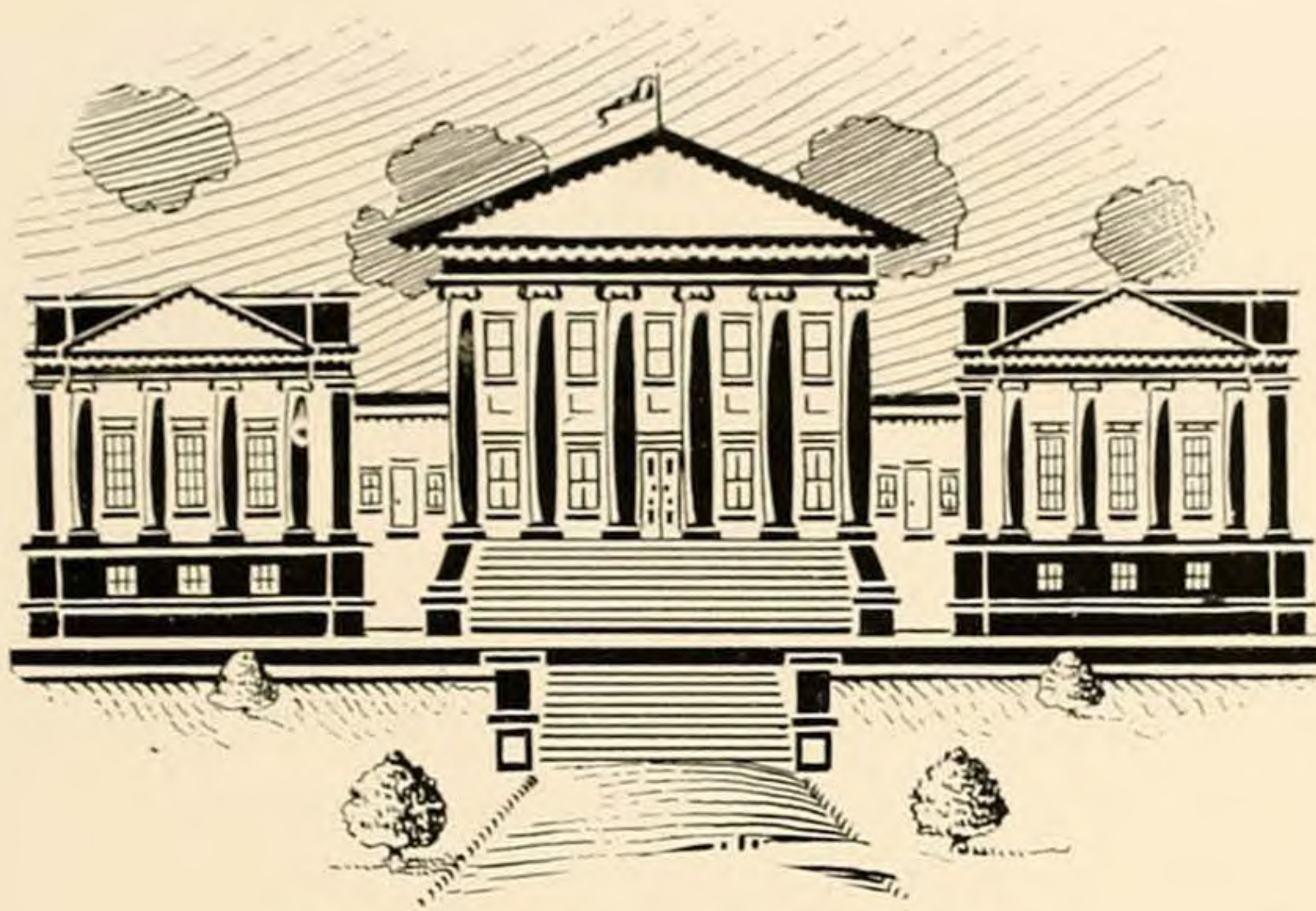
MARY LEWIS BEARD	MARY LEES HARDY
MARY K. BOWMAN	MARY HASKINS
MARY BURGER	MARY M'CALEB
MARY M. CARPER	MARY M'GEHEE
MARY AGNES CHRISTIAN	MARY MILLER
MARY COLE	MARY M'KEE SEEBERT
MARY DAVIDSON	MARY ELIZABETH SMITH
MARY FERGUSON	MARY F. STELL
MARY FOLLIARD	MARY STEPHENS
MARY LEE GARDNER	MARY SWIFT
MARY C. HARRIS	

Honorary Members

MISS MARY I. BELL
MISS MARY K. MYERS
MISS MARY L. SEEGER



JOHN MARSHALL CLUB



John Marshall Club

Motto

"Lest we forget."

Colors

Blue and White

flower

Violet

Officers

CORALEASE BOTTOM	PRESIDENT
ANNA LEE PAYNE	VICE-PRESIDENT
ESTHER M. EVANS	SECRETARY
VIRGINIA DREW	TREASURER
HELEN RICHARDSON	REPORTER

Members

ANNA CAMERON
LOUISE GIBBONEY
MAMIE JACKSON
GLADYS LEE
AGNES CHRISTIAN

MASCOT	JIM MOODY
HONORARY MEMBER	JO WARREN
BIG SISTER	MAISIE MORGAN



Hail, Greece !

Hail, Greece ! Fair mother of immortal men !
Stretch forth thy strong and beauteous sea-girt arms
And take a hungering, pilgrim wanderer in ;
Teach him thine art of matchless grace and strength,
Thy legends rich in deeds of might, that send
Brave souls abroad to avenge another's wrong.
O land, enfolded by the blue, blue sea,
Where shining steeps of high Olympus gleam,
Where Pipes of Pan are calling clear and sweet
From woods and valleys wrapped in mystic lore,
This pilgrim take thou in and give to him
Thy knowledge, reverence, self-control, and power
Of noble utterance, for which men yearn.

—CARRIE BISHOP





The Long-Haired Greeks

(In Translation)

Motto

"Nothing overmuch."

Officers

ELECTRA	VERGILIA SADLER, <i>President</i>
SAPPHO	CARRIE BISHOP, <i>Vice-President</i>
PENELOPE	FLORENCE ALLEN, <i>Secretary</i>
MINSTREL	GRACE FISHER, <i>Treasurer</i>
CLYTEMNESTRA	JO WARREN
HELEN	ELISE LOEWNER
LEADER OF THE CHORUS	DOROTHY WILLIAMS
ARETE	MARY FERGUSON
ANTIGONE	SALLIE BROWNE
ANDROMACHE	LENA REED
IPHIGENIA	LOUISE WALKER
CASSANDRA	MARY THRASHER
NAUSICAA	ETHEL PARROTT



OUR GODDESS OF WISDOM—MISS CLEVELAND



KINDERGARTEN CLUB—1920

Kindergarten Club

Motto

"A little child shall lead them."

Honorary Member

MISS MARY L. SEEGER

Officers

MARY FOLLIARD	PRESIDENT
LOUISE SHUMADINE	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARION HODGES	SECRETARY-TREASURER

Members

NANCY BAKER
MARGARET CARPENTER
ETHEL CHANNING
MARY FOLLIARD
GLADYS GWYNN
GOLDIE HAMMER
JOSEPHINE HARPER
MARION HODGES

LUCIE LAND
OLIVE MAGRUDER
MAISIE MORGAN
LOUISE SHUMADINE
MARGARET STONE
MAY WILLIAMS
ELIZABETH WIMBISH





Junior High School Club

Officers

MARGARET LEWIS	PRESIDENT
VIRGINIA McCARTNEY	VICE-PRESIDENT
BERNIE JARRATT	SECRETARY
MILDRED GARTER	TREASURER
GLADYS HOPKINS	BUSINESS MANAGER
IONA WIMBROUGH	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Honorary Member

MISS ADA LEE BERREY

Members

MILDRED BARKER
LOUISE BEATTY
HAZEL BELLERBY
WILLIE BRANHAM
MARY BURGER
LILA DEISHER
RUTH DELLINGER
MARIA DOVE
MARY DUNN
PHYLLIS EASTHAM
ANNIE ELGIN

FLORENCE HOUNSHELL
MAMIE JACKSON
BERNIE JARRETT
GLADYS LEE
MARGARET LEWIS
VIRGINIA M'CARTNEY
BLANCHE M'CAULEY
RITA M'GAHA
VADA MILLER
RUTH MOON
CHLOE PECK

CORINNE EVANS
VIRGINIA FAULKNER
LOUISE FUQUA
MILDRED GARTER
GLADYS HOPKINS
MARY RUMBURG
CHRISTINE SHAFER
RUTH TOMKO
KATHRYN WILLSON
IONA WIMBROUGH



CONRAD LOGAN, *Star Papist*

Senior High School Club

Motto

*"Hitch your wagon to
a star."*

Hereafter High School Hierarchy

H. J. HAUN	Principal, A. B. (A Bird)
G. K. BOWLER	Head of English Department (Free Verse)
M. F. STELL	Head of Numerical Considerations
E. R. SCRIBNER	Head of Department of Social Economy
A. V. GOOD	Head of Department of Classical Languages
M. S. SEEBERT	Head of Department of Causes and Effects
M. E. BEAR	Head of Department of Romance Languages
T. M. BLAND	Head of Department of Vocal Acrobatics
K. F. B. PETTUS	Head of Department of Caricaturing
M. T. MILLER	Head of Department of Penmanship
N. S. ROARK	Director of Outdoor Sports
K. M. POWELL	Director of Aesthetic Athletics
I. F. GLASSCOK	Head of Department of Dramatics
B. P. JOHNSON	Instructor in the Art of Versatility
B. G. SOMERVILLE	Head of Department of Dignified Demeanor
R. S. ROYSTON	Instructor in Glib Conversation
E. M. REEVES	Instructor in Diminutive Style
L. W. WALKER	Professional Spoiler
S. K. HARPER	Professional Coach
S. H. BLOSSER	Director of Social Activities
M. V. HASKINS	Head of Department of Risibility
M. L. MCCAULEY	<i>Sine Qua Non in Facultate</i>
C. E. O'NEAL	Organizers of Irish Sororities
M. C. O'NEAL	
H. E. KELLY	Engineer
C. F. LAMBERT	Professional In-keeper



Le Cercle Français

Les Couleurs

Le Drapeau Tricolore

La Fleur

Fleur-de-lis

La Sainte Patronne

Jeanne d'Arc

La Devise

"Ici on parle français."

ISABEL BARLOW
MARGARET BEAR
WILLIE BRANHAM
MARY BURGER
MARY COLE
NELL CRITZER
HATTIE DEATHERAGE
MARIA DOVE
PHYLLIS EASTHAM
ANNIE ELGIN
CORINNE EVANS

MILDRED GARTER
VIRGINIA GOOD
ELIZABETH HARPER
FLORENCE HOUNSHELL
ELLEN HUGHES
HARRIET JAMES
PAULINE JOHNSON
CLARA LAMBERT
VIRGINIA M'CARTNEY
THELMA MILLER
RUTH MOON
CHLOE PECK

ELKANAH POWELL
LENA REED
NELLA ROARK
KATHERINE ROUZIE
CHRISTINE SHAFER
BETTY SOMERVILLE
HILDA TEMPLE
HELEN WATTS
ISABEL WILKINS
GENEVRA WILKINSON
IONA WIMBROUGH

Les Membres Honoraires

MISS CLEVELAND AND MISS HOFFMAN



Royal Order of Dough Mixers

(H. E. PRACTISE TEACHERS)

"There are thousands to tell you it can not be done;
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle right in with a bit of a grin,
Then roll up your sleeves and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That 'can not be done'—and you'll do it."

Official Members

ROYAL MIXER MARION MARSHALL
ROYAL SCRIBE BESSE LAY
ROYAL DOUGH COLLECTOR ... DOROTHY FOSQUE

Royal Members

TANGIBLE STANDARD MARION THOMAS
ANALYSIS ELIZABETH BOWDEN
LESSON PLAN RUTH BROWN
REASONING MARGARET PROCTOR
PROBLEM ROSA HEIDELBERG
LAW OF PARTIAL ACTIVITY ANNIE TOMKO
DEMONSTRATION ERMA TIECHE
APPERCEPTIVE MASS SARAH WILSON
ELIMINATION MIRIAM JONES
VERIFICATION MARY McGEHEE
STIMULI (OR—LUS, OR—LA) CLARE HARNSBERGER
ESSENTIAL ELEMENT LILLIAN HATCHER
ORGANIZATION MARION ARTHUR
DONENESS EMMA HUPP
CRITICISM EDITH SAGLE
FOOD PRINCIPLES MAXWELL QUISENBERRY

Honorary Member

DR. McMURRY



Home Economics Club

Motto

"Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

Colors

Red and White

Flower

Red Carnation

Officers

PAULINE LAYMAN	PRESIDENT
MARION THOMAS	VICE-PRESIDENT
ERMA TIECHE	SECRETARY
BLANCHE RIDENOUR	TREASURER

Members

Seniors

MARIAN ARTHUR
EDNA BONNEY
ELIZABETH BOWDEN
RUTH BROWN
ELLEN CAMPBELL
CECILE CHAPMAN
ELIZABETH EWING
DOROTHY FOSQUE
CLARE HARNSBERGER
LILLIAN HATCHER
ROSA HEIDELBERG
EMMA HUPP
MIRIAM JONES
BESSE LAY
MARY M'GEHEE
MARION MARSHALL
PENELOPE MORGAN
MARY PHILLIPS
MARGARET PROCTOR
MAXWELL QUISENBERRY
EDITH SAGLE
MARION THOMAS
ERMA TIECHE
ANNIE TOMKO
SARAH WILSON

Juniors

MARGUERITE ABBOTT
HELEN BABER
ESTHER BAKER
FRANCES BARHAM
FRANCES BUCKLEY
VIRGINIA BURGESS
ANNA CAMERON
ANNIE CAMPER
FRANCES CHITTUM
EVELYN CRAIG
ELIZABETH DANIEL
MARY DAVIDSON
ESTHER EVANS
RUTH FULTON
MARGARET FUNK
LOUISE GIBBONEY
ANNE GILLIAM
REBECCA GWALTNEY
MARY LEES HARDY
HELEN HEATH
GRACE HEYL
ELLA HOLLORAN
RUTH HOPKINS
LOUISE HOUSTON
BERTHA HUFFMAN

LENA KEMP
EUNICE LAMBERT
MARGARET MARTIN
LILLIAN MILLER
GLADYS NICHOLAS
MERLE PEARCE
LULU PHIPPS
RUTH QUIGG
SUE RAINE
ELIZABETH REDD
SADIE RICH
BLANCHE RIDENOUR
ALBERTA RODES
EMILY ROUND
FARAH RUST
FRANCES TABB
WILLIE LEE TALLEY
ALMA TATUM
HELEN THOMPSON
FLOSS TUCKER
MARY E. WADE
ELIZABETH WARWICK
ELIZABETH WHITE
BERTHA WILSON

Degree Students

ANNA ALLEN
PAULINE LAYMAN
MERLA MATTHEWS
MARY SEEBERT
DOROTHY SPOONER
ROSA TINDER
MARGUERITE WHITNEY

Post-Graduates

MARY BROWN
ELIZABETH MURPHY
LOUDELLE POTTS
RUTH RODES

Honorary Members

MISS WILSON
MRS. M'MICHAEL
MRS. MOODY
MISS MACKEY
MISS M'GUIRE
MR. CHAPPELEAR
MR. JOHNSTON
MISS ZIRKLE



Miss Wilson
Honorary Member



JANE LOGAN
Mascot



ADVANCED HOME ECONOMICS



HOME ECONOMICS JUNIORS



HOME ECONOMICS CLUB—1910

At first only three members constituted the class in Household Arts. The picture above shows the joy with which the "old girls" greeted two newcomers in the spring. Contrast with the Home Economics Department of today, on next page.



HOME ECONOMICS CLUB—1920

Lanier Literary Society

Motto

*"His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his hand."*

Colors

Violet and White

Flower

Violet

Officers

<i>President</i>	VERGILIA SADLER	RUTH RODES	ANNE GILLIAM
<i>Vice-President</i>	LINDA BERKEY	MOZELLE POWELL	EMILY ROUND
<i>Secretary</i>	MARGARET SEEBERT	LOUISE SHUMADINE	ESTHER EVANS
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY DAVIDSON	MARY DAVIDSON	MARY DAVIDSON
<i>Critic</i>	ELIZABETH BARBOUR	RUTH ROYSTON	VERGILIA SADLER
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> ...	ETHEL LANIER	ETHEL LANIER	ETHEL LANIER

Honorary Member

MISS ELIZABETH P. CLEVELAND

Members

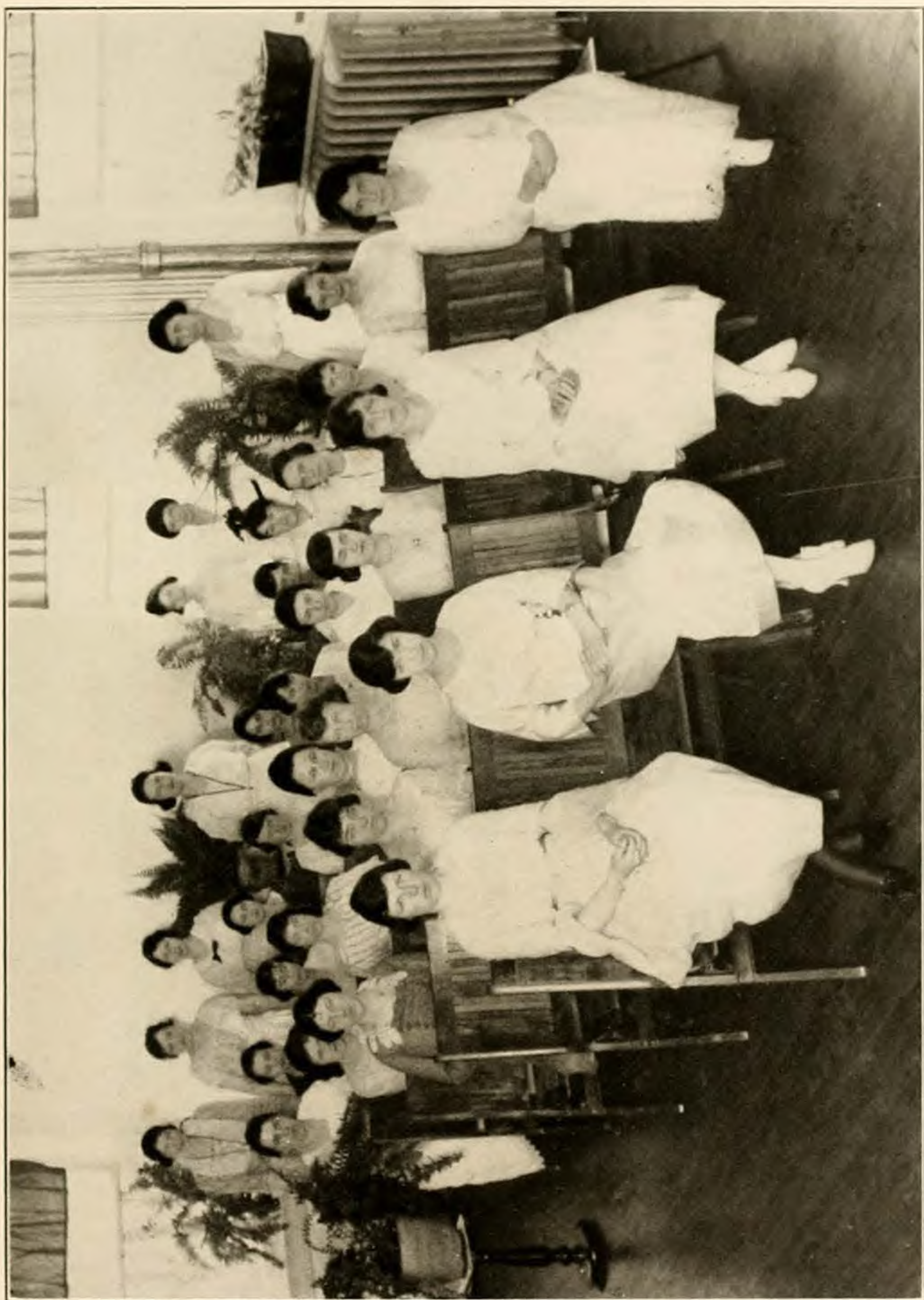
MARION ARTHUR
NANCY BAKER
TITA BLAND
FRANCES BUCKLEY
HELEN BROWDER
MOZELLE CARPER
MARY DAVIDSON
CORINNE EVANS
ESTHER EVANS
DOROTHY FOSQUE
ANNE GILLIAM
CATHARINE HARRISON
MARY HASKINS
LILLIAN HATCHER
DELSIE HITT
ELLA HOLLORAN
LOUISE HOUSTON
HARRIET KELLY
MARIE KILBY
CLARA LAMBERT
EUNICE LAMBERT
LUCIE MAY LAND
ETHEL LANIER
MARGARET LEWIS
ELISE LOEWNER



SIDNEY LANIER

Members

MARY M'CALEB
OLIVE MAGRUDER
RUTH MOON
MAISIE MORGAN
ELKANAH POWELL
MOZELLE POWELL
BLANCHE RIDENOUR
RUTH RODES
ALBERTA RODES
EMILY ROUND
RUTH ROYSTON
VERGILIA SADLER
FRANCES SAWYER
MARY SEEBERT
MARGARET SEEBERT
LOUISE SHUMADINE
CLARICE SMITH
GERTRUDE SMITH
MARY SMITH
BETTY SOMERVILLE
MARION THOMAS
LOUISE WALKER
MIRIAM WALTON
IONA WIMBROUGH
RUTH WOODY



LANIER LITERARY SOCIETY



Anne Gilliam



Ruth Rodes
Our Presidents



Vergilia Sadler



Our Honorary Member



A LANIER STUNT
SOME LANIERS

Lee Literary Society

Motto

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

Colors

Gold and Gray

Flower

White Carnation

Officers

	<i>First Quarter</i>	<i>Second Quarter</i>	<i>Third Quarter</i>
<i>President</i>	SALLIE BROWNE	IRIS GLASSCOK	LOUISE COLEMAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELLEN CAMPBELL	ELIZABETH BOWDEN	EDITH WARD
<i>Secretary</i>	MAY DAVIS	ERMA TIECHE	GRACE HEYL
<i>Treasurer</i>	EDNA SCRIBNER	EDNA SCRIBNER	EDNA SCRIBNER
<i>Critic</i>	NELL CRITZER	NELL CRITZER	NELLA ROARK
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> ...	MARION MARSHALL	SARAH WILSON	EDNA DRAPER

Members

ANNA ALLEN
FLORENCE ALLEN
MAE BRINDEL
MARGARET BEAR
CARRIE BISHOP
CORALEASE BOTTOM
ELIZABETH BOWDEN
GERTRUDE BOWLER
SALLIE BROWNE
ELLEN CAMPBELL
ETHEL CHANNING
EVELYN CRAIG
NELL CRITZER
ARLINE CUTSHALL
MARY COLE
LOUISE COLEMAN
MAY DAVIS
EDNA DRAPER
MARY DUNN
LELOUISE EDWARDS
MILDRED GARTER
IRIS GLASSCOK
LOUISE GIBBONEY
LOUISE HARWELL
ROSA HEIDELBERG



Dr. J. W. Wayland
HONORARY MEMBER

GRACE HEYL
MAMIE JACKSON
HARRIET JAMES
BERNIE JARRATT
REBA KRAMAR
PAULINE LAYMAN
MARTHA LASSITER
GLADYS LEE
LUCILLE M'CLUNG
MARION MARSHALL
VIRGINIA M'ARTNEY
MARGARET M'DONALD
MARION NESBITT
ETHEL PARROTT
CHLOE PECK
KATHERINE PETTUS
LILLIAN PRINCE
MARGARET PROCTOR
NELLA ROARK
EDNA SCRIBNER
ERMA TIECHE
EDITH WARD
JO WARREN
MAY WILLIAMS
SARAH WILSON



The March of Democracy

The March of Democracy embodies in its action a pageant of more recent American history. The story opens with a representation of allied nations in the enjoyment of pleasures common to countries at peace. Breaking in upon this happy scene, comes the domineering spirit of Autocracy, who commands the people to submit to the law of might or die. Following Autocracy are War, Famine, Fire, Hunger, and Death. These hold sway until America and Democracy appear, bringing all the war activities to their aid, and scourge Autocracy from the stage of action. A reign of Liberty is then established and peace is restored.

—THE LEE LITERARY SOCIETY



LEE LITERARY SOCIETY



Stratford Dramatic Club

Motto

*"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."*

Colors

Pink and Green

Flower

Primrose

Officers

	<i>First Quarter</i>	<i>Second Quarter</i>	<i>Third Quarter</i>
<i>President</i>	PAULINE JOHNSON	ELISE LOEWNER	ELISE LOEWNER
<i>Vice-President</i>	GERTRUDE BOWLER	HAZEL HAUN	DOROTHY SPOONER
<i>Secretary</i>	MARY FOLLIARD	MOZELLE POWELL	ELLA HOLLORAN
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY PHILLIPS	MARY PHILLIPS	MARY PHILLIPS

Members

NANCY BAKER
TITA BLAND
CORALEASE BOTTOM
GERTRUDE BOWLER
MAE BRINDEL
LOUISE COLEMAN
ARLINE CUTSHALL
ELIZABETH DANIEL
EDNA DRAPER
LELOUISE EDWARDS

GRACE FISHER
MARY FOLLIARD
HAZEL HAUN
GRACE HEYL
ELLA HOLLORAN
PAULINE JOHNSON
MIRIAM JONES
ELISE LOEWNER
MERLA MATTHEWS
VIRGINIA M'ARTNEY

ELIZABETH MURPHY
MARIE PAINTER
MARY PHILLIPS
MOZELLE POWELL
LENA REED
LOUISE SHUMADINE
FRANCES STELL
DOROTHY SPOONER
DOROTHY WILLIAMS
KATHRYN WILLSON

Advisory Member

MR. JAMES C. JOHNSTON



Mr. JOHNSTON

The Eastern Gate

A FANTASTIC COMEDY WITH MUSIC

PROGRAM

Phyllis Merrill	LELOUISE EDWARDS	
Jim Burbank	DOROTHY SPOONER	
Yeh Chan Sum	ELISE LOEWNER	
Hi Am Sum, a Manchu Merchant of Caste	VIRGINIA MCCARTNEY	
Dit To Sum, his wife	TITA BLAND	
Foo Lee Sum, his daughter-in-law	GERTRUDE BOWLER	
The Lesser Wife of Hi Am Sum	KATHRYN WILLSON	
Clack-E-Ho, his grandmother-in-law	HAZEL HAUN	
G'wang, Number One Coolie	ELIZABETH DANIEL	
Pettee Su	Maids {	ELLA HOLLORAN
Bettee Lu		LOUISE COLEMAN
Stung	Coolies {	LOUISE SHUMADINE
Sting		ELIZABETH MURPHY
Li Ah Tu, a Poet and Singer	MIRIAM JONES	
Ah Spud, a Shop Keeper	EDNA DRAPER	
Happee, his Assistant	ARLINE CUTSHALL	
A Sing-Song Girl	MERLA MATTHEWS	
Ah Charlie	Passers-by {	MARY FOLLIARD
Hop Long Tu		GRACE HEYL
The Undertaker	MOZELLE POWELL	
Knotso Yung	MARIE PAINTER	
Relatives, Wedding Guests, and Dancing Girls—LENA REED, NANCY BAKER, CORALEASE BOT-		
TOM, FRANCES STELL, PAULINE JOHNSON, AND MARY PHILLIPS		



DOINGS OF THE STRATFORDS



Student Association

Officers

MARGARET PROCTOR	PRESIDENT
LUCILLE McCLUNG	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARION MARSHALL	SECRETARY

Members of Executive Board

DEGREE	POST-GRADUATE
DOROTHY WILLIAMS	RUTH RODES

Seniors

DOROTHY FOSQUE	NANCY BAKER
MAE BRINDEL	

Juniors

GRACE HEYL	ANNA CAMERON
MARGARET LEWIS	CHLOE PECK

Sophomore-Specials

CELIA SWECKER	LA NORA KNIGHTLY
EDNA DRAPER	



EXECUTIVE BOARD

D. W. C. A.

Motto

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Officers 1919-20

LELOUISE EDWARDS	PRESIDENT
MAY WILLIAMS	VICE-PRESIDENT
PAULINE JOHNSON	SECRETARY
MARGARET BEAR	TREASURER

Cabinet

MAE BRINDEL	CHAIRMAN PROGRAM COMMITTEE
ELLEN CAMPBELL	CHAIRMAN SOCIAL COMMITTEE
MAY DAVIS	CHAIRMAN ALUMNÆ COMMITTEE
MAY WILLIAMS	CHAIRMAN MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE
MARGARET BEAR	CHAIRMAN FINANCE COMMITTEE
CATHARINE HARRISON	CHAIRMAN MISSIONARY COMMITTEE
NELL CRITZER	CHAIRMAN SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE
VERGILIA SADLER	CHAIRMAN BIBLE STUDY COMMITTEE
PAULINE JOHNSON	CHAIRMAN PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

Officers 1920-21

CORINNE EVANS	PRESIDENT
CORALEASE BOTTOM	VICE-PRESIDENT
ESTHER EVANS	SECRETARY
EVELYN CRAIG	TREASURER

Advisory Board

MISS NATALIE LANCASTER, *Chairman*

MISS KATHERINE M. ANTHONY

DR. W. J. GIFFORD



Y. W. C. A. CABINET



Mumps Club

Officers

BIG CHIEF	MARGUERITE WHITNEY
SWELLEST	ETHEL CHANNING
MOST SINGULAR	ANNA PAYNE CARPENTER
MOST PUFFED UP	IONA WIMBROUGH
NOT SO SWELL	MRS. MOODY
	MR. DUKE

Lay Members, three-score and ten

At first you think you've got the mumps,
 And murmur and complain,
 "Ten days in the infirmary!"
 And try with might and main
 To think it's just a wisdom tooth
 That's giving you this pain.
 But very soon your doubts are gone;
 Your jaws begin to swell,
 Which leaves you not the least excuse
 To argue and rebel.
 You go to the infirmary
 To stay till you are well.

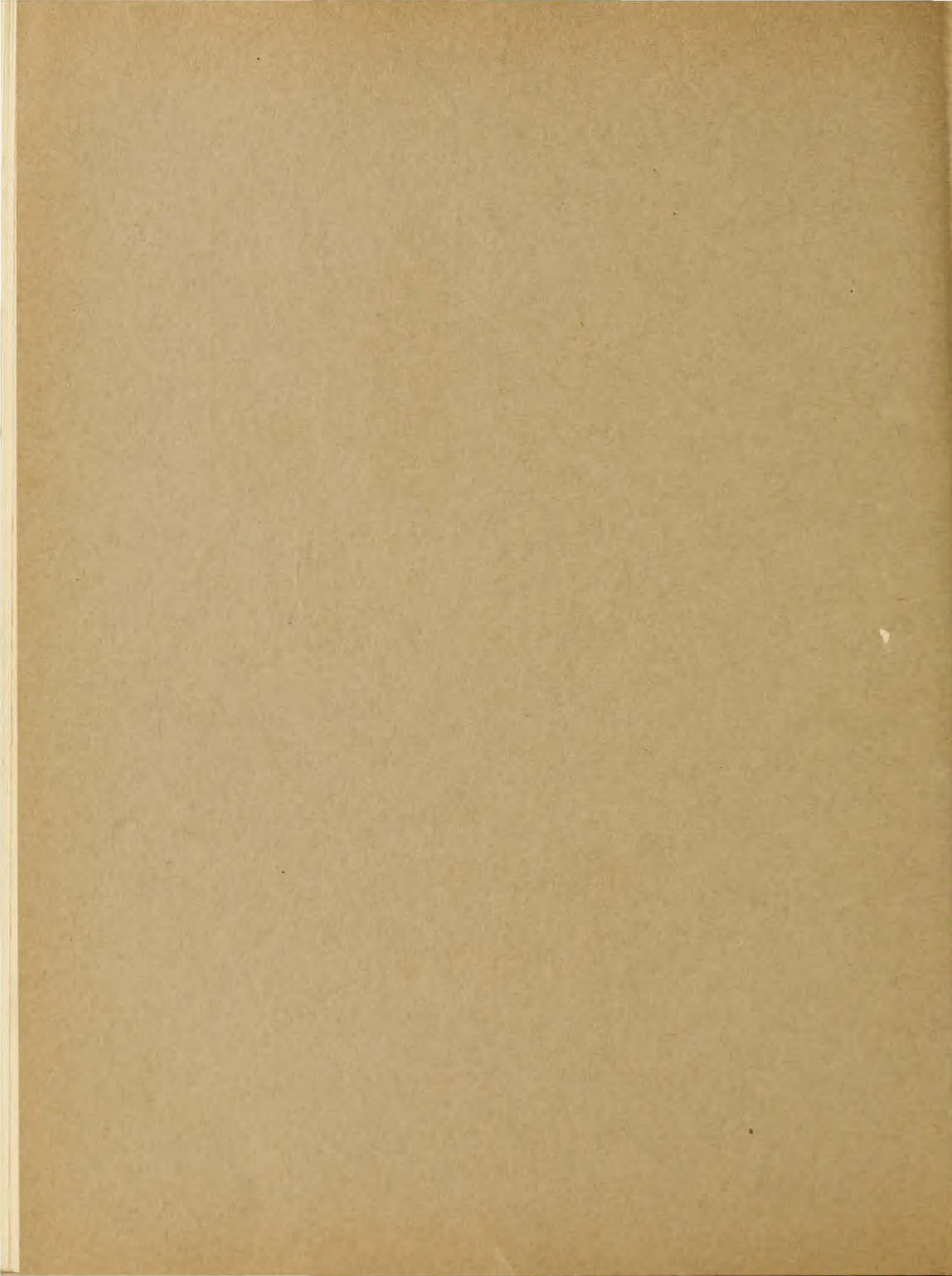
But when you hear the rising bell
 Ring out its loud alarm,
 You snuggle down and sleep some more:
 Bells cannot work you harm.
 They bring your breakfast on a tray;
 Some toast so good and warm,
 You try your best to chew it—but
 Your jaws refuse to work!
 They crack and pop and jump about
 And shut up with a jerk,
 And you your breakfast must forego
 Because they choose to shirk.

—RUTH RODES



Book Five

Athletics



Field Day

May 22

EVENTS

WINNERS

Potato Race	Juniors
Hop, Step, Leap	Sophomores
Basket Ball Throwing for Distance	Juniors
Three-Legged Race	Juniors
Running High Jump	Juniors
Sprinting (80-yard dash)	Juniors
Basket Ball Throwing for Goals	Juniors
Volley Ball Game	Sophomores

Tennis Tournament

June 5

Award of Loving Cups

Athletic Association

Officers

NELLA ROARK	PRESIDENT
MERLA MATTHEWS	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARION NESBITT	SECRETARY
ETHEL PARROTT	TREASURER

Associate Members of Council

LOUISE COLEMAN	MARGARET LEWIS
HARRIET JAMES	BESSIE NICHOLAS
CLARA LAMBERT	FRANCES STELL
JUNE STEELE	

Basket Ball Schedule 1919-20

October 10, 1919: Old—New	15-9
January 24, 1920: Senior—P. G. and Degree	18-6
January 30, 1920: Junior—Sophomore	30-7
February 6, 1920: Junior—P. G. and Degree	17-11
February 20, 1920: Sophomore—Senior	13-9
March 6, 1920: Junior—Senior	26-14
March 12, 1920: P. G. and Degree—Sophomore	19-7
March 20, 1920: Varsity—Faculty	21-6
March 20, 1920: Skinny—Fat	12-6
Hockey Game	Thanksgiving Day
Junior—Senior	9-1



ATHLETIC COUNCIL



Post-Graduate—Degree Basket Ball Team

Captain

MERLA MATTHEWS

Forwards

NELL CRITZER

MERLA MATTHEWS

Center

ETHEL PARROTT

Guards

PAULINE LAYMAN

CARRIE BISHOP

Substitutes

PAULINE MILEY

LOUDELLE POTTS

ELIZABETH MURPHY



Senior Basket Ball Team



CONRAD LOGAN, *Mascot*

Captain

MARION NESBITT

Forwards

NELLA ROARK
MARION NESBITT

Guards

MARGARET PROCTOR
CLARE HARNSBERGER

Center

ELLEN CAMPBELL

Substitutes

ROSA HEIDELBERG
CLARA LAMBERT



Junior Basket Ball Team

Captain

JUNE STEELE

Center

ELIZABETH MOTT

Forwards

VIRGINIA FAULKNER

JUNE STEELE

Guards

LOUISE COLEMAN

KATIE RIELY

Substitutes

MARION HODGES

RITA McGAHA

ELLA HOLLORAN



Sophomore-Special Basket Ball Team

Captain

HARRIET JAMES

Forwards

HATTIE DEATHERAGE

MARIE PAINTER

Center

ISABEL BARLOW

Guards

GRACE TILMAN

HARRIET JAMES

Substitutes

CONSTANCE MARTIN

BESSIE NICHOLAS



Pinquet Tennis Club

Motto

Go and play

Colors

Red and White

Officers

	<i>First Quarter</i>	<i>Second Quarter</i>	<i>Third Quarter</i>
<i>President</i>	MAY WILLIAMS	MAY WILLIAMS	ELIZABETH MOTT
<i>Vice-President</i>	CLARE HARNSBERGER	CLARE HARNSBERGER	MAY WILLIAMS
<i>Sec.-Treas.</i>	BERNIE JARRATT	BERNIE JARRATT	BERNIE JARRATT

Members

VIRGINIA BURGESS
ELLEN CAMPBELL
ANNIE CAMPER
ETHEL CHANNING
AGNES CHRISTIAN
MARY COLE
ARLINE CUTSHALL
VIRGINIA DREW
VIRGINIA FAULKNER
MILDRED GARTER
LOUISE GIBBONEY
THELMA GRASTY
REBECCA GWALTNEY
GLADYS GWYNN

JOSEPHINE HARPER
CLARE HARNSBERGER
MARY CAROLINE HARRIS
FLORENCE HAUER
HELEN HEATH
MARION HODGES
MAMIE JACKSON
HARRIET JAMES
BERNIE JARRATT
ETHEL LANIER
GLADYS LEE
HELEN MARSHALL
MARION MARSHALL

ELIZABETH MOTT
HELEN MUSE
GLADYS NICHOLS
LILLIAN PRINCE
SADIE RICH
EDYTHE ROBSON
RUTH SEXTON
MARGARET STONE
MARY SWIFT
EDITH WARD
HELEN WATTS
MAY WILLIAMS
KATHRYN WILLSON
RUTH WOODY



Racket Tennis Club

Motto

"Root, little pig, or die."

Colors

Red and Blue

Officers

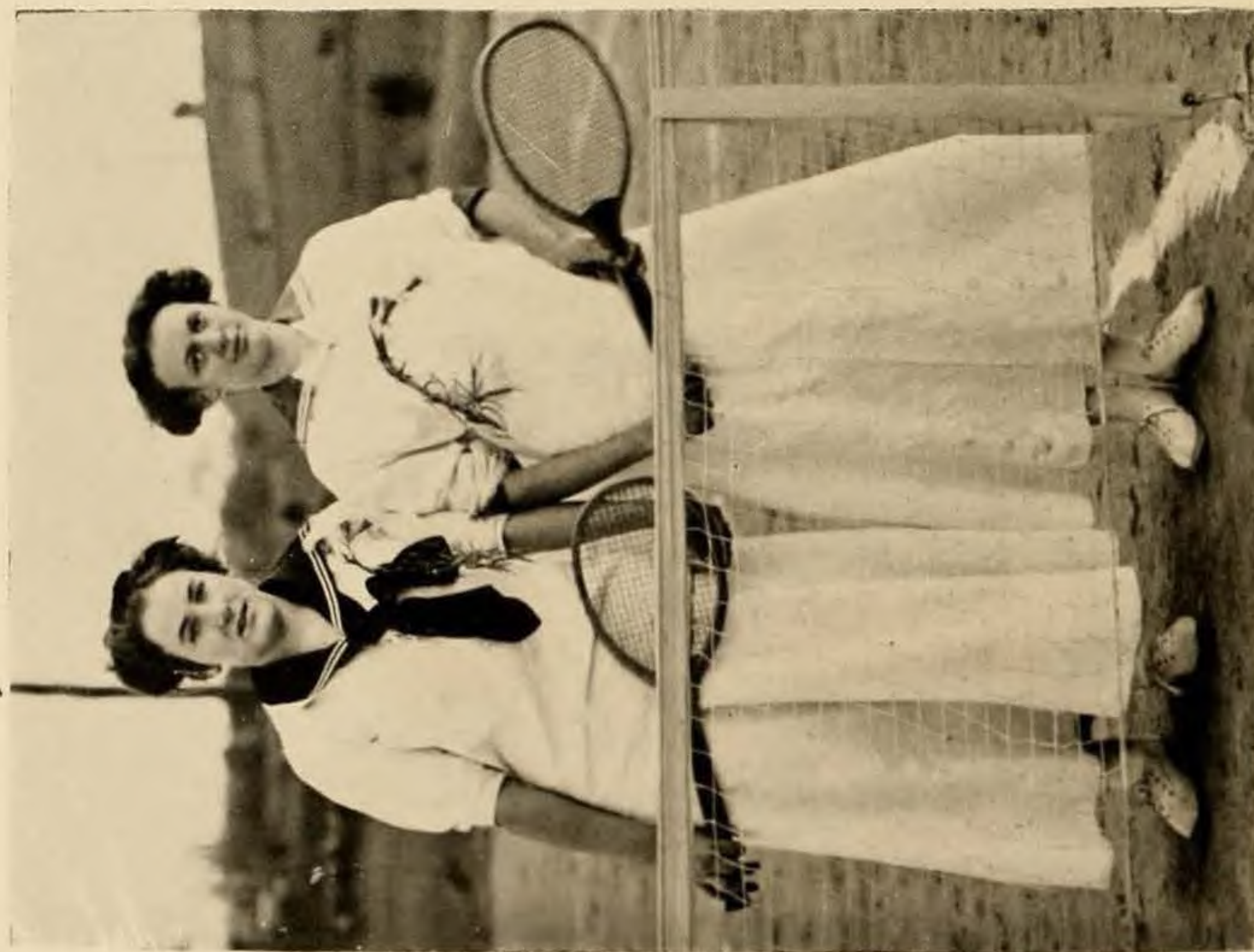
	<i>First Quarter</i>	<i>Second Quarter</i>	<i>Third Quarter</i>
<i>President</i>	MERLA MATTHEWS	MARION NESBITT	MARION NESBITT
<i>Vice-President</i>	FRANCES STELL	MIRIAM WALTON	CLARA LAMBERT
<i>Sec.-Treas</i>	MARY FOLLIARD	EDNA DRAPER	GRACE HEYL

Members

CARRIE BISHOP
LITA BLAND
CORALEASE BOTTOM
GERTRUDE BOWLER
MAE BRINDEL
HELEN BROWDER
CECILE CHAPMAN
LOUISE COLEMAN
EDNA DRAPER
LELOUISE EDWARDS
LUCILLE EUBANK
MARY FOLLIARD

MARY LEE GARDNER
MARY HASKINS
LILLIAN HATCHER
ROSA HEIDELBERG
GRACE HEYL
CLARA LAMBERT
OLIVE MAGRUDER
MERLA MATTHEWS
MARGARET M'DONALD
VERNICE MILLER
MARION NESBITT

MARIE PAINTER
ETHEL PARROTT
ELEANOR PENDLETON
KATHERINE PETTUS
MARY PHILLIPS
MARGARET PROCTOR
DOROTHY SPOONER
MARY STEVENS
FRANCES STELL
MARION THOMAS
MIRIAM WALTON
ELIZABETH WIMBISH



TENNIS—1910
Mackey and Massey



TENNIS—1920
"Mutt" and Mott



Book Six
Stories and Verse

Spring Fancies

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."



IT WAS a windy March day (I've seen other stories start this way) when Jack Patterson left his office and crossed the avenue to where his car was parked. Ahead of him a very tastefully dressed girl (nothing unusual in this either) daintily made her way through the traffic. Something about her lilting walk caught and held the attention of the afore-mentioned Jack, and his eyes took in the details of her dress. Her gown was very modish, though not extreme (one can tell so much about the character of a woman by the gown she chooses). He liked her carriage, no accentuated, modern drooping, such as some girls affect. And then, the clothes she wore were just what he favored. He had always fancied that particular shade of green. And the close-fitting little early spring hat, set off by its jaunty feather, was also to his taste.

Having made her way through the crowds, she stepped into a natty little roadster, and with the ease of one born to the wheel, threaded through the congested traffic. He found his own machine and swung it into the line of cars just two behind her.

Why not follow her? (He had the entire afternoon to himself.) He'd like to see the face—the back almost guaranteed that he wouldn't be disappointed. She gave the traffic sign and turned her car around the corner. Despite a big truck bearing down upon him, he also turned the corner, just missing a pedestrian and the truck, too. But good fortune was with him, and she was still in sight. He followed her for several blocks into the residential section, where the traffic began to thin, and her car went forward with a spurt.—She certainly was master of her machine. He also added more gas.

About fifteen minutes later he noticed she was leading him to the suburb in which he lived. Wouldn't it be peculiar if this girl were a neighbor of his?—He would arrange a meeting in some way through a mutual friend—and first impressions are lasting—and you never can tell * * * .

Well! she was stopping in front of his brother's house. Why hadn't Annabelle told him she numbered this daughter of the gods among her acquaintances? A minute later his own car drew up beside hers.

He looked—his jaw dropped. "Well, I'll be jiggered!"

"Hello, Jack! How do you like my new outfit?" exclaimed his sister-in-law.

—ELISE LOEWNER

The End of a Leaden Day



WELL, I don't see as how I got any right to be so thankful.—What for, anyhow? Ain't everything gone plumb wrong this whole year?" Cherry Beams finished her complaint in a jerky voice, blinking very hard, too. Without even moving her head, she gazed far away over the long strip of meadow-land, Price's Bottom. But she didn't see the burry sheep that were breaking through the weak piece of rail fence, into the school yard. She didn't see old Mrs. Higgs picking up sticks along the fence row, nor even hear the angry "Yap, yap," of the spotted dog, as she scattered a bunch of squawking "Dominicker" hens. She didn't see a thing, I'm sure.

She sat there—it must have been five minutes. Her jaw dropped. She could hardly hold back the choke in her throat. Her walnut-stained fingers fumbled and twisted the green and white checked apron helplessly.

Mrs. Beams didn't seem to see or hear the girl. The mother sat complacently patting one foot and swinging the other as her fingers punched the huge needle through and through Clayt's winter corduroys. She stopped, folded her sewing, planted both feet flat on the floor, and with arms folded beneath her ample bosom, let her gaze follow Cherry's. And she loved the scene she saw. Oh, no, she didn't say this nor think it, nor even know it. But she did love it more than most of us ever love anything, and she wanted no better. The elder folks of the Mill neighborhood do not ponder over such things.

Over the hills from the schoolhouse came Pap and Clayt, with sacks of fresh-shucked corn across their shoulders for the hogs. The dogs were behind them, hunting rabbits in the corn shocks and sniffing at the hard ground. Down the sycamore-lined road jogged Grandpap on the old roan. Yes, she was stumbling at the broken board in the bridge. Out in the yard the guineas were screaming and "potteracking" over a nubbin of corn, and the children were playing "horse-shoe." Nimrod's cold was better; he didn't rattle so when he ran. A smile spread over his mother's broad, red face.

A tearful cough from Cherry caught her ear. "Well, I never!—Scat! Tabby," (to the gray cat rubbing against her skirt). "What in the world are you sniffin' fer, Cherry? Don't you think it's real purty out this evenin'? Everything so ca'm an' smoky-lookin' an'——"

"Yes, that's jest it; everything is gray as Tabby, gray jest like I read 'bout things bein' in a book onct. Here it's less'n a week before Thanksgivin', an' the last machine needle broken jest as I was a-puttin' the first sleeve in. Then here my big blue gobbler up an' died, an' I bet every last one of the flock 'll die, too,—an'——" Her voice trailed away. "An' Ern, he—it 'taint right he had to be crippled like he was. Look at Ed Price! What's he done?—Not even a scratch—an' ever'body a-eatin' him up; an' Ern, he——" Again the apron had to be brought into requisition.

"Now, Cherry, it 'tain't a bit o' use o' cryin' over spilt milk. Ern ain't the first man to lose his leg in a war. Look at Grandpap, an' him near seventy-two year old.—Flossie, you jest put that there toboggan cap on Nimrod!—Don't set there a-takin' on so, child. Here, set the table an' dish up the turnips. Make 'aste; here's your pap now." After delivering these instructions, Mrs. Beams gathered up with one sweep of her arm the tin water buckets from the bench and bustled off in the direction of the spring.

Cherry arose from her seat on the steps and obeyed her mother; but her mind did not follow her fingers as she moved from stove to safe, from safe to table.

She wasn't even thinking what she was doing, but sent Flossie to fetch the supper milk from the smoke-house instead of from the spring-house. In her thoughts she was cutting across the April fields to Mrs. Bagby's, taking the quilting frames home. Ern had been to the mill and had a sack of cracked corn on his back. He had overtaken her just as she reached the field that was sown in wheat that year. Wasn't it pretty and green then?

Awkwardly he had shuffled up beside her and had taken one of the frames. "Goin' a-giggin' with Clayt tonight, Ern?" she had asked. "Wal—er—no—the boat has sprung a leak." They had walked along in silence.

"Cherry, they got me; an' I ain't got no way outen it, gittin' into a reserve, like Ed Price done. I gotter go o' Sunday."

There had seemed nothing else to say. They had reached the stile where she turned off, the stile in the "bluebell" patch. The pinkish buds were bursting into blue flowers, so thick you could hardly step for them. Didn't they smell sweet? Ern had stopped and broken off a branch of bloom from the redbud tree above them. Cherry, at the memory, almost choked now as she forked up the backbone from the pot.

"I don't reckon I'll get to see you fer a good spell," he had said as he twisted the redbud stem. "I heard 'Bije Sipes say as every fellow at the camp had a girl—somebody he wrote to, and she wrote to him. I ain't much on writin', but—won't you drop me a line now an' then? An' ef I get to come home whole and no worse lookin' " (he had attempted to laugh) "than I am now—" Her thoughts stayed. And now how was he coming home? "An' all the time I'll be seein' you a-lookin' so purty," he had gone on—"An' now I ain't even got one new dress!" At this point her feelings gave way to a burst of righteous wrath, mainly wreaked on Tabby's kittens and Spot's pup.

And this sense of wrong continued in various moods throughout the week. Never once was she her playful, bright self. The turkeys continued to die. The dress was flung aside for spite (of whom I do not know, unless it was of Cherry's own self). No word came of Ern, not even a few lines, "to let you know that this leaves me right peart, and hope it finds you enjoyin' the same great blessin'."

It was a good thing that the elder sister's feelings did not penetrate through the entire family, or a very changed household they would have been, indeed. But in order to produce Santa Claus behavior, the children needed only, "You childern, how kin I fix a big snack for Thursday with you all's goin's on, I'd like to know?"

Mrs. Beams was too busy to be worrying; and then, what did she have to worry her? I don't believe she even saw that Cherry wasn't exactly cheerful. At least she didn't seem to see.

The last Thursday in November was exactly like each of the other Thursdays in November to Cherry. Why should it be different? Things were even grayer than usual; and to make matters worse, Ma started before breakfast counting her blessings: "Well, there's one blessin', anyhow—the applebutter has done been made an' tied up, and nobody was burnt. An' butcherin' is over, and nobody cut but the hogs." It seemed that the list would never end. When would the day be over?

Yet it was not quite dinner time when it happened. Nimrod came running in where Cherry and Ma were setting the table. "I'll bet you ain't seen what I did!" He pulled her out, Ma following. When they reached the woodpile, he screamed, "There he is, Sis! Here he comes!" Cherry looked. "Why, 'tain't nothin' but a man, an' a stranger at that."

By that time Spot had spied him and sprung out to greet him. But it was not until he had reached the gate that she recognized him—*Ern*. But how could it be? *Ern* was a cripple, and this man stood straight and stepped along so briskly, only limping a little in one leg. Why, he didn't kind o' hitch his shoulder along so queer, like *Ern* used to, an' why——

Ma got ahead of the entire family to welcome him. "Why, *Ern*, it 'tis you, fer shore and certain! You ain't hardly hurt at all, an' I declare you've turned real handsome. What have you done to your hair? I vow I never noticed before as your shoulders was so square. Some way your face looks different—your chin sets out so much more than it uster, fer one thing. Jest listen to me, a-standin' here all day a-talkin' an' never even spoke to you!"

After a clumsy handshake all around—even Spot's paw was put up—they all went into the house. I don't know exactly how it was, but somehow Cherry began to change her mind. Maybe there were a few things to be thankful for, after all.

After dinner, while Ma and Cherry were clearing off the things, *Ern* showed Clayt how to hold the o'd rifle right. He told lots of things he saw in France, but he wouldn't even mention the hospital, or anything connected with it. And wasn't he a jolly fellow, joking so and putting in a few French words here and there?

Of course, Ma had to go all over her list of thankfuls again, but occasionally someone else could get a chance.

After a while Pap spoke, "Wal, *Ern*, you look so plaguedy thankful, like as if you had more'n Ma. Give us a few."

Ern laughed. "Well, I guess you are about right, Mr. Beams. It seems like I have got a right smart to be thankful for. I just can't think of them off-handed like. For one thing, I'm powerful glad that this cork foot is on the leg that used to have a frost-bitten one on it. You know that old heel wouldn't let me go coon hunting less'n it cut up all the time and the rest of the winter thrown in."

It was after five o'clock and getting dark before Cherry thought about hunting the eggs. *Ern* said if she didn't care, he believed he'd go out too, and see how things looked.

Such an evening as it was! The wind was cutting keenly through the ash trees. The surviving turkeys were just going to roost on the fence, and everything seemed so peaceful.

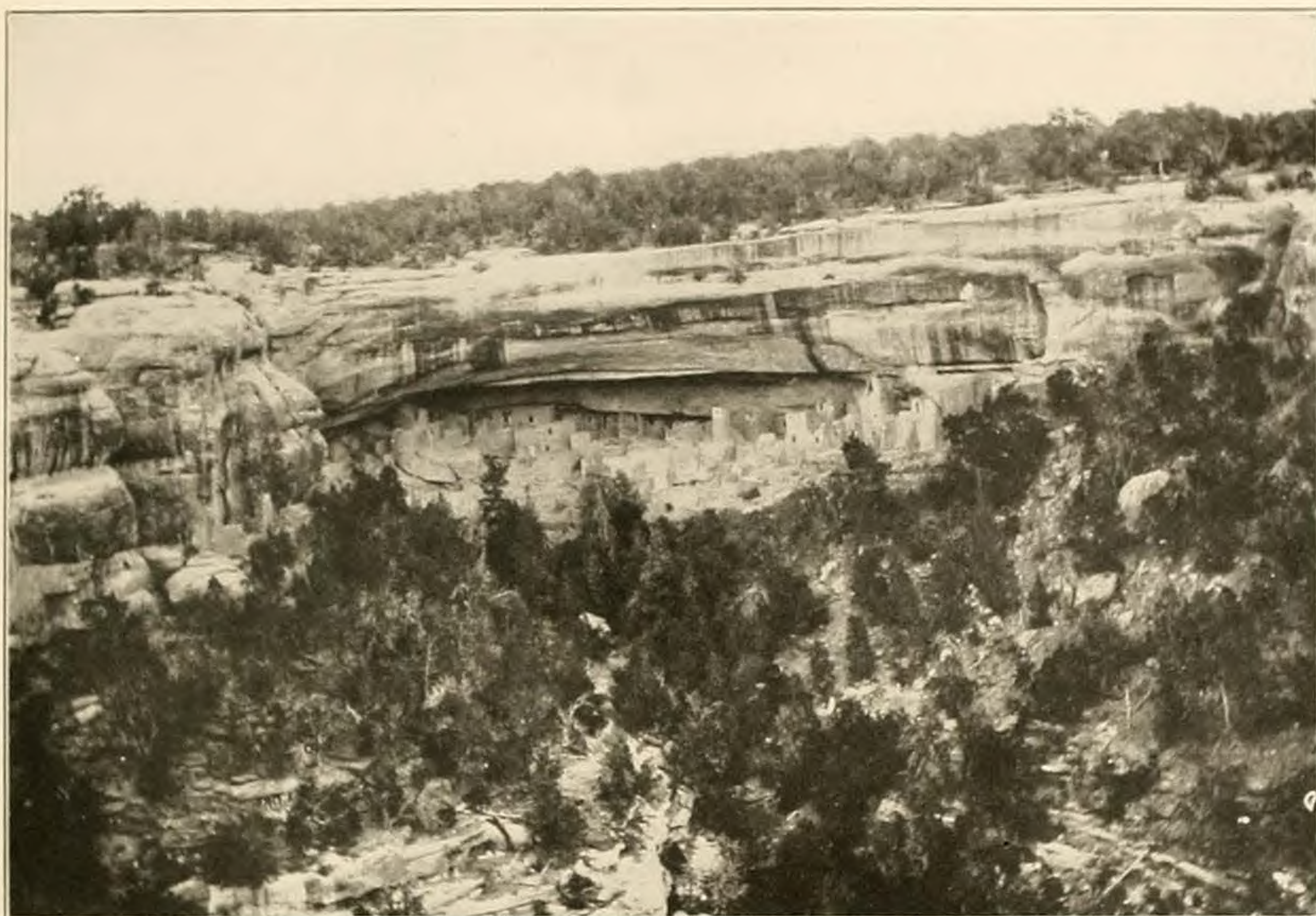
Unconsciously they walked over to the stile and stopped. *Ern* put one foot on the step. He reached out and broke a dried twig of the redbud tree. He stood whistling slowly.

"Wall, I don't reckon you recollect the last time we wus here? But I do, all right. Look here, I believe you do too. You got on that same dress I said you looked so purty in. Do you remember what else I said?"——

"Yank, yank yank," sounded the flock of geese on the ground, and far above *Ern's* and Cherry's heads flew a flock of wild geese. Did you ever see anything more beautiful than a flock of wild geese? Neither had they unless perhaps, to *Ern*, Cherry was just a little more so. He should have told her so, but he didn't know how; besides there wasn't the chance, for here came another cry: "Cherry, Cherry, you all come on in. You'll catch your death o' cold."

But on the way back she had time to whisper, "*Ern*, I reckon I do remember what you said that day. Somehow there wasn't a thing to be glad about this mornin', an' now—why, there's 'most everything."

—RUTH ROYSTON



Cliff Dwellings in the Moonlight

The Mesa's call was strong tonight;
 I passed the dancers by,
 And here upon the canyon's brink
 I gaze on earth and sky:
 On high plateau the moonlight rests,
 On deep-worn gorge below,
 On age-old ruins in yonder cliff,
 Once warm with home-fires' glow.

"Where are their builders now?" I asked.—
 Was that a voice I heard?
 'Twas but the crooning of the spruce,
 To hush a frightened bird.—
 Delusive fancy almost showed
 Two shadowy forms flit by;
 And yet, 'tis said, these thousand years
 Yon halls forsaken lie.

Rosetta Stone they left us none—
 These men of long ago—
 No obelisk, no "Croatan,"
 No word of joy or woe,
 No clue save well-wrought kiva, tower,
 And deftly fitted wall,
 With just the cliff's great roof of rock—
 God's handiwork—o'er all.

In soft moonlight their dwellings sleep,
 And hint their hidden story;
 So mystery seems to gather round,
 Enfolding them in glory;
 I feel I tread on hallowed ground,
 Here by the canyon's rim,
 Beneath the stars that once looked down
 On *them* in ages dim.

—VERGILIA P. SADLER

Spruce Tree Camp, Mesa Verde, September, 1919.

An Official Ball of the Last Century



IN THE afternoon of her graduation day, Betty climbed the steep, narrow stairs that led to the garret. She felt uncertain and new, needing the grave companionship of things that had stepped aside, after an honorably rounded career, to meditate among cobwebs. The June sun was warm on the roof, bringing out the smell of old rosin from the knots in the rafters. Cobwebs here and there caught the sunlight upon their dust; a wasp grumbled up and down the dim window; and in the street a hand-organ droned a march.

Betty perched upon her old high chair and wondered what she ought to be thinking about. Life was solemn. Everybody had said so that morning and her own essay had been to that effect, with many quotations to prove the point.

"Life is real, life is earnest."

The world, in effect, needed a number of things done to it, and young people who were just commencing had heavy responsibility.

The discarded furniture and rubbish seemed to be taking counsel together. "Is it so solemn?" the cradle asked the cross of wax flowers under a glass shade, and received the reply: "Why should it be so? One lives on, exists in a joyful world, as long as one is pretty and useful; then one comes up here to repine over her fate."—"It is very quiet," sighed a broken toy drum, across whose head lay a dejected doll in hoopskirts; but a frayed, shabby, haircloth sofa replied with dignity, "Quiet is a very good thing after all."

The opinion of an old leather, brass-bound trunk, hardly perceptible in a dark chimney corner, seemed less simple of interpretation. Betty's mother, in tears, had shown her on one occasion what was in it; that grief had bewildered Betty. The desire of idle hands to pry came upon her, and the lid went back with a hoarse cry. The smell of faded, moth-eaten things came up. She lifted the lavender-scented linen cloth, yellow with age, and before her curious gaze lay a uniform with martial glitter. She patted the smooth broadcloth and ran her fingers over the yellow buttons. How handsome her young uncle must have looked in it! The girls in the queer dresses of those days must have thought so. When he wore it, he was only a few years older than Betty; and he had died before he had known about misfortune and being bad, for he had contracted pneumonia exactly two weeks after his brilliant graduation from the leading military school in the South.

She folded the coat over the trunk lid so that the row of brass buttons showed up in the dimness. The lining was of white silk, though it had turned yellow with age. This was the sort of coat he had worn to balls. Had he loved to dance then as Betty did now? Had he regretted that he must die and leave the bright future to take care of itself, a future that needed him to fill a very large part? Once the coat had been an unimportant part of him; now it was all that remained—the stitches, a little spot that might have been wine, and the button-holes showing that they had been buttoned and unbuttoned—but he was quite unreal, who had once been as real as Betty herself. Did one stop being real? she asked herself, and she wondered if her graduation frock would outlast her real self.

Betty was dissatisfied with modern dress and manners; so she began to day-dream over how pleasant it would have been to live in the days when old-fash-

ioned hoopskirts were worn and the hair parted demurely in the center with a moss rose tucked into the curl that hung over the snowy neck. She wished she could have lived in 1865, when her young uncle had been in the official society of the Capital City. Then she would have seen him and, maybe, accompanied him to one of the grand official balls given once a month.—

A young man stood by the trunk, gazing into its depths with a thoughtful air.

"You are a dream, aren't you?" whispered Betty.

"That's all." But his voice was wistful, as if he wished he were more than a mere dream. Then he smiled dimly. "The last night I wore that suit, there was a ball—do they play the *Blue Danube* now?"

"Not often, but we're going to have it tonight."

"Tonight? And what is tonight?"

"Why, my graduation reception, you know."

"Oh, is that so?" he mused. "And it's as real to you now as it used to be to me." He started to put on the coat. "The silk is falling to pieces and the moths have been at the sleeves," he said in a low tone.

"May I have the honor?" He bowed before her with crooked elbow. Something happened to the garret; there were glimmering lights and shadows of another place, that brightened until there was a great room banked with flowers and palms; an orchestra at one end was playing the *Blue Danube*; and there was such a crowd of people in gay, queer clothes that Betty gasped with astonishment. "May I have the honor?" said the trim young officer, again bowing and offering his arm. She slipped her hand under his elbow and was whirled away into the rustling crowd all drifting together like autumn leaves, while the orchestra was playing the *Blue Danube*. For the first time she noticed that her dress was of ivory satin, her slippers satin also, and the fan she carried was of white lace—very costly, she knew.

Her uncle left her soon, and returned in a few minutes with a dark-haired girl, who carried a cluster of roses. She no longer wore the rose in her hair, for it had changed places and was now in the button-hole of the young officer's coat. The rose smelled so sweet that Betty's face suddenly quivered and wrinkled.

"You mustn't cry," said her uncle anxiously, "for if you do, you'll spoil it all."

"Oh, please don't cry!" pleaded the dark-haired girl.

Betty manfully swallowed her tears and accepted the arm of a young lieutenant who offered to take her in to supper. The long dining room was softly aglow with candles shaded by pink shades; and the long tables glistened with sparkling cut-glass and silver. Everyone was laughing and chattering, but Betty could not swallow one mouthful for joy. Once again she felt the tears coming, and she knew she was powerless to restrain them. One splashed from her chin to the oak floor. The room wavered and the brown rafters took the place of the gleaming chandeliers. The gay crowd vanished, and there was only the open leather trunk with the coat thrown across it, one empty, moth-eaten sleeve dangling to the dusty floor. The sleeping sunbeams still lay there at her feet, and the wasp still grumbled up and down the window.

Betty sat up and rubbed her eyes. Where was she? she asked herself. Now she remembered. It was her graduation day.

—GOLDIE HAMMER

A Tragedy



A, MAY I go to Clarksville to high school this fall? We'll have the tobacco all in by next week, and I could stay out a week, to help cut the corn if I study at night."

"Well, Buck, you know you give the teacher a lot of trouble last year. 'Tain't my opinion you done much studyin'. Do you reckon you could behave yourself down there or do you jes' want to kick up some devilment?"

"No, Pa. I really want to study. An' Miss Smithson told you one time when I was by last spring, Pa, that I was just mischievous, and she couldn't keep me busy in a one-room school. I'm sorry now that I made her so much trouble. I'll work hard, and maybe I can get through high school in three years."

"Now, I don't know 'bout your goin' three years. That's seein' a long ways; but if you work with a will till the crop's all in, maybe you kin go this year. I expect you'll have to walk the whole six miles sometimes, though, because some days I'll need all three horses."

"Thank you, Pa, an' I don't mind walkin'."

"Better go to the house now, an' go to bed. We'll be out at five o'clock in the mawnin'. Want to get that barn full tomorrow."

There was a moment's silence in the dusk outside the barn shed. Then, "Pa, you get such a little sleep in the curin' season. Let me set up at the barn till twelve. I won't let the fires go down."

The father hesitated a moment, then, "Well, I reckon I am right sleepy. I'll jes' take a quilt out here where it's cool and rest awhile. You kin call me 'long 'bout midnight. Don't let the heat get more'n a hundred and forty or fifty."

The lad turned to make himself comfortable, thinking his father was gone. But the man returned a step, handed the boy some money, and spoke. "As soon as you're through feedin' in the mawnin' you might step over to the sto' an' get a pound o' thread. There's a ten-dollar bill too; you kin buy some cloth for your mother to make you some wash shirts an' anything else you'll hafter have."

"Thank you, Pa." He flung himself down on the ground under the shed, where the flickering light from the open firebox showed him to be a farmer boy of sixteen, extremely well built and broad of shoulder for one so young. In general appearance he was—hands, feet, body, and face—what one would expect in a boy reared on a tobacco farm. Since he was eight, each year of his life had known eight months of days beginning at five in the morning. In these days he had fed the stock, cut wood, then plowed, hoed, or suckered in the tobacco fields. The other four months there were more chores, and he went to school. Somehow, though, there was a note of incongruity between the face and the tobacco fur on the overalls. The forehead was broad, low, noble; the black, glossy hair combed back in two perfect waves; the eyes of blue gray were sincere, but sparkling; when he turned his head, one might see a stubborn set to the brown jaw that declared him older than his sixteen years.

The morning found the boy out at five. He fed the horses, brought two buckets of water from the spring, and chopped a pile of stovewood. By seven he had had his breakfast and had "stepped over to the sto' and back"; and he went

whistling up the hill to the barn. He pitched the bundle from under his arm to the shed, carefully set the box of tobacco twine in the crotch of a cedar tree, and immediately began that back-breaking labor, priming tobacco.

One o'clock came and found him tying—the tobacco having been primed. So fast did he swing the bundles of leaves alternately on one side then on the other of the stick, that his ball of twine disappeared by the time the other tiers were half done theirs.

A stout woman with a disappointed face, over which a big quilted bonnet flapped, came up the path from the house "to help the menfolks tie." "Come on, Mommer, and hand to me. You can hand faster'n anybody else."

"Lemme get a chair from under the shed." She passed under, spied the bundle, and unwrapped it. "Whose shirtin' is this here?"

"It's mine. Pa said if we get the crop in soon enough, I can go to Clarksville to school this fall. An' he gave me some money, an' I heard you say the other day you liked that piece of shirtin' over at Sizemore's; so I bought ten yards of it for you to make me some school shirts."

A broad, meaningless smile stretched the woman's mouth.

"Humph, pretty sight you'd make down there with them stuck-up town boys in yo' overalls, an'"—with a sarcastic laugh—"look at your hands! They look like Latin and French! Don't they? An' as fo' that shirtin', I jes' guess I'll make Ethel some school dresses outen it. The shirts you got are plenty good, an' whole enough fo' you till Christmas, round here. An' I jes' guess I ain't goin' to be swellin' yo' head by sending' you to town to school."

"Now, Mommer, you know I don't have to wear overalls to school, an' I guess the tobacco stain'll wear off my hands, an' Lilly'll make the shirts if you haven't got time."

"You ain't a-goin' to Clarksville to school this year, nor no time. You might as well put that in yo' pipe and smoke it! You ain't goin'! You wouldn't be down there two weeks befo' you wouldn't speak to yo' own mammy an' daddy. An' I ain't goin' to have it! Don't lemme hear no more about it." She took a seat, began handling leaves, and asked whether they had enough thread.

The boy knew that speech was final. He tied viciously, furiously till night-fall, when the barn was full. Then he swallowed his supper in an ominous silence. He did not offer to sit up at the barn that night. He held out the remainder of the ten dollars to his father. The father refused to take it, as the boy had known he would. He walked sullenly into the little lean-to called "the boys' room," closed the door, stepped out of the window, trod lightly round the end of the house, then walked boldly down the path to the crossroads, where the "Cowroad" turned north. The Cowroad crowd was going to have some fun that night. He knew they were to meet at Tillison's, three miles down. He had been invited, but had refused because he had never drunk whiskey and he didn't "shoot crap."

That night at twelve he stepped in at the window of the lean-to. He wasn't exactly steady, and he made no attempt to muffle the noise. He took twenty-three dollars out of his pocket and put it into his Sunday shoe.

—IRIS FAY GLASSCOK

Dreams

I love to sit in the evening,	I tread the path of roses
When the trials of day are past,	To the classic halls of fame;
And to build my airy castles	I travel with the poets,
While the night is falling fast—	And with men of greater name.
To think of the world that beckons	I swiftly journey onward
And the things that are to be—	To the lands across the sea,
To sit and dream and wonder	Still seeking to discover
What the future holds for me.	What the future holds for me.

So in my dream-boat drifting
Far from familiar things,
I enter royal castles,
Sit down with queens and kings;
I rest me in soft dalliance
On flowery beds of ease;
But voices ever whisper,
“There are greater things than these.”

—MAMIE JACKSON

When Spring Smiles

When spring smiles,	When birds sing,
The sunlight shines o'er field and wood,	All nature, silent, wondering stands,
As if it saw and understood	Still as in death, with folded hands
How fairer far her smile might be	And bated breath—such melody
And owned her wondrous witchery—	As from a lute might wafted be
Her witchery and wanton wiles—	If love did gently touch the string—
When spring smiles,	When birds sing,

—BETTY GUY SOMERVILLE

Thy Blessing, Alma Mater

At the foot of the path in the morning of life!
Yonder mist-shrouded road lies before us today;
We know not, we ask not, what happiness, strife,
In the unknown awaits us; but "Whither the way?"

"Through the Valley of Every-day, Common-place Things,
Up the rugged, rough boulders of Difficult Mountain,
To the Heights of Attainment, which new vision brings,
There to drink deep and learn at Experience Fountain."

At the crossroad we stand and thy blessing we ask;
For thy counsel no more may we turn on the morrow;
With the dawn, on the road, we will take up our task;
Now we pause at the parting, our hearts filled with sorrow

With bowed heads do we wait for thy last benediction—
Do thou pray for us strength where'er sorrow be rife,
And wisdom and patience to bear all affliction—
At the foot of the path in the morning of life!

—MAY WILLIAMS



The Voice of the Valley

If the Valley had a voice, would it speak?
Would it tell of Boone and Jackson? Would it seek
For its own unending glory
In a matchless epic story,
If the Valley had a Voice?

If the Valley had a voice, would it sing?
Would it fill the boundless heavens in the spring
With a melody inspiring
Till our tasks should be untiring,
If the Valley had a voice?

But the Valley has a voice, and it speaks.
In the waters ever-flowing, on the peaks
We can hear it as we listen
'Mid the flowers or snows that glisten,
For the Valley has a voice.

Yes, the Valley has a voice, and it sings.
Most of all it thrills the silence like the wings
Of a soul's up-leap to beauty,
Or a will's strong rush to duty—
Yes, the Valley has a voice.





Book Seven
Our Memory Book

Tempus Fugit



September

- 23—Once more our lives are regulated by bells.
- 26—Our handshakes become automatic, and our smiles become fixed at the Faculty Reception.
- 28—Sunday—Little brown bags appear.

October

- 3—We are children again under Mr. Draper's guidance.
We have Mr. Burruss and ice-cream and cake at Y. W. Reception.



- 4—Masked old girls and scared new girls visit the barn. Appropriate refreshments—suckers—served to new girls.
- 5—Half-holiday—Home-coming Day.
Town filled with soldiers, and the air with song.
- 17—Seniors open their blue and white and rose tea room.
- 22—Pie for dinner.
- 30—Y. W. Service of Lights.
- 31—Senior masked ball. Who were the Gold Dust Twins?

November

7—Begins Better Speech Week.

Stunts. Prizes awarded. President's English is very much encouraged.



15—Dr. Converse's red necktie not in evidence.

21—We have an orchestra and wear evening dresses at our quarterly dance. Deluge of men on the campus.

26—Big crowd!—around the mail-boxes. Big boxes in everybody's room.

27—Big fat turkey, good mince pie, v-i-c-t-o-r-y—Juniors! Junior-Senior Hockey game. Score 9-1.

December

5—Annual Bazaar.

8—Mr. Raine lectures on Alaska.

10—Miss McGuire collects tacks' tax.

13—Lecture on Spats—"For sake of loved ones, wear them."

15—Faculty hearts gladdened by a Christmas tree.

16—Campus and town deserted—the usual examination reaction.



17—Miss Lancaster delivered her famous oration, "Remember, girls, you are from the Normal."

January

5—Normal Special brings us back again.

6—We make out our program cards.



9—Mr. Leedy charms our eyes and ears.

14—Stratford goats get loose and wander about the campus.

19—Lees honor Lee by "March of Democracy" at Virginia Theatre.

22—Sleet—life is one grand, glorious slide.

23—Ladies and gentlemen of color appear on the campus and jazz around—Degree

Minstrel.

24—More sleet. Bandaged heads, arms, wrists, and ankles are popular.

28—Elson Art Exhibit begins.

30—Mr. Smith and girls give exhibition of English Country and Morris dances.

31—Book Party. Next day Mr. Logan appeared in a new suit, and Miss Mackey in a new dress.

February

4—Mumps and quarantine come hand in hand.

No more buns from Beck's, no more sweets from the Sugar Bowl.

7—We sign up for our new spring hats

19—Miss Shaeffer entertains seniors. We dance.

21—Junior Jitney Party.

27—Another quarantine amusement—we learn how to be "The Model Wife."

28—Miss Louise Coleman stars in "Any



Girl at College."

March

- 1—Junior-Senior Week begins.
- 6—Everybody knows what happened, but they don't know what a good time the senior team had at Mr. Dingledine's.



- 9—Junior team entertains senior team at a dinner party, and we eat *the* cake.
- 11—Barbara Maurel delights us with her song and personality.
- 13—First annual pictures taken.
First robin came.
- 14—Miss Lancaster missed breakfast.
- 16—The rest of the robins came.
- 19—Winter quarter ends.
- 20—Oh, what is not done for the sake of the annual?
Faculty-Varsity game.
Fat-Skinny game.
- 22—Spring quarter begins.
- 25—Lower Spottswood and Ashby are emptied to entertain our teacher guests.
One came.
- 26—Stratfords give "*The Eastern Gate*."

April

- 1—All of us celebrate.
- 5—Oh, where, oh, where are our little reports?
- 7—Seniors plant Norway maple, and Juniors receive the green shovel.
- 9—John Powell.
- 13—Big Day at Normal.
- 16—Juniors give "Green Stockings."
Clean-up day—Normal Board pays us a visit.
- 17—SCHOOLMA'AM rushed to press.
- 23—Miss Powers and France.
Senior Frivolities.



May

1—Seniors celebrate May Day in true English style.

7—Another quarterly dance.

Glee Club goes to V. P. I.

14—Stratford Dramatic Club takes "The Eastern Gate" to Lexington.

20—Annual Staff bends with anxious brows over proof.

21— " " " " " " " "

22— " " " " " " " "

24— " " " " " " " "



June

4—Senior Play.

5—Recital.

6—Commencement Sermon. Y. W. C. A. Service.

7—Annual Exhibit of class work. Annual meeting of alumnæ.
Faculty Reception, and Alumnæ Banquet.

8—Commencement Day; Class Day exercises; final exercises.
Our school life ends.





DEGREE STUNT FOR BETTER SPEECH—FIRST PRIZE
Normal Student at Last Pledged to Noble Words



JUNIOR STUNT—BETTER SPEECH WEEK
 America, "The Melting Pot" of the Nations



SENIOR STUNT—BETTER SPEECH WEEK
"Shades of Authors" Defend King's English



COBEE AND TUCKAHOE

Seen in the Poets' Mirror

"Before we sighed, our griefs were told:
Before we lived, our joys were sung."

ANNUAL STAFF

"We have heard the chimes at midnight."
"Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole
volumes in folio."

JUNIOR-SENIOR WEEK

"O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason."

NEW GIRL

"An unlesson'd girl, unschooled, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn."

MISS LANCASTER

"Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of
honour."

MR. SMITH

"Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

MR. DUKE

"Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often stilled my brawling discontent."

PRACTISE TEACHERS

"Experience teaches slowly, and at the cost
of mistakes."

IN ANY CLASS

"There I sat engaged in guessing,
But not a syllable expressing."

OUR STUDENT BODY

"There are they who toil, and they who strive,
And they who feast, and they who hurry to
and fro."

REPORTS RECEIVED

"Make thee to shudder and grow sick at
heart."

DR. WAYLAND'S "OLD VIRGINIA"

"Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart."

BEFORE DINING ROOM DOOR—7:31 O'CLOCK

"Too late! too late! we can not enter now."

AFTER BIOLOGY CLASS

"I dreamed I was a spider,
A big, fat, hungry spider,
A lusty, rusty spider."

ELLEN CAMPBELL

"A person whose wit is not derived from in-
struction."

MISS LYONS

"Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?"

AFTER PAY DAY

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis
nothing."

COMING FROM TOWN JUST BEFORE SUPPER

"On, on, we tramp!...
Look, the summit must be near;
See the line of light."

THE LIBRARY

"Much talk, much foolishness." (Sometimes)
"Only silence suiteth best." (Most times)
"Infinite riches in a little room."

DURING QUARANTINE

"Shall I never see a bachelor...again?"

SOUP

"Can one desire too much of a good thing?"

SPECIAL-ENGLISH STUDENTS

"We fail! But screw your courage to the
sticking place
And we'll not fail."

JUNE 9, 1920

"Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now."

IRIS GLASSCOK

"Who seeks success must falter not nor shirk;
The only road that leads to it is work."

SALLIE BROWNE

"As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

NELLA ROARK

"True ease in writing comes from art, not
chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to
dance."

MARY DAVIDSON (when trying to expos- tulate on psychology)

"I cannot make this matter plain,
But I would shoot, howe'er in vain,
A random arrow from the brain."

JUNIOR-SENIOR GAME

"And now once more the shout arose above
the deafening roar
Till all at once, the colors lowered, sank, and
were seen no more."

BLUE-STONE HILL

"Where sun-bright summit mingles with the
sky."

SENIORS

"For he who much has suffer'd, much will
know."

"Ye have many strings to your bow."

PENNY MORGAN

"Another flood of words! A very torrent!"

SPOONER

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

GLEE CLUB

"I thank you for your voices; thank you:
Your most sweet voices."

MISS MACKEY

"A creature of a most perfect and divine
temper
One in whom humours and elements are
peaceably met."

AFTER H. E. DINNER

"Serenely full, the epicure would say,
'Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-
day.'"

AFTER RHYMING TASKS

"And e'er since then I've allus thot
That poetry's some disease."

MR. CHAPPELEAR

"An unextinguished laughter shakes the skies."

DR. WAYLAND

"A man he was to all the country dear."

TITA BLAND

"As good be out of the world as out of
fashion."

JANUARY, 1920

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around."

CRUSHES

"Moping melancholy
And moonstruck madness."

SUGAR BOWL

"A wilderness of sweets."

DEGREE CLASS

"Wearing all their weight
Of learning like a flower."

MR. DUKE (preparing for Teachers' Meet-
ing)

"I'd want to accommodate them all—the whole
enduring flock."

MISS BERREY

"The mildest manners and the gentlest
heart."

DOROTHY WILLIAMS

"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo bird."

LELOUISE EDWARDS

"We never heard her speak in haste;
Her tones were always sweet."

JIM MOODY

"A young lamb's heart
Among the full-grown flocks."

HEAD MONITORS

"You must understand he goes but to see a
noise that he heard."

RUTH ROYSTON

"It would talk;
Lord, how it talked!"

MISS MYERS

"To give relief and calm the sufferer's woes."

DR. CONVERSE AND MR. LOGAN

"This is the long and short of it."

SENIOR ESSAY

"And so I planned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which
you see."

NORMAL GIRL (at breakfast)

"She wears clothes as if they were thrown on
her with a pitchfork."

EDNA SCRIBNER

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
are sweeter."

GERTRUDE BOWLER

"With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be."

THELMA MILLER

"Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms."

MUMPS PATIENTS

"Whence and what art thou, execrable
shape?"
"The cry is—still they come."

CAMPUS RUMORS

"The flying rumors gathered as they rolled,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too."

Our Sunday "Pokes"

You know the thrill at Christmas time
Of stockings—top to toe—
That to your sight yield one by one
The things you wanted so;
Well, we play Christmas every week,
With a sack instead of a sock,
When supper comes at dinner time,
In a brownish paper frock.

We can hardly wait to open the bag,
To know what it may hide;
And we shake and feel, and sometimes smell,
Before we look inside;
An apple, an orange, or gingerbread?
Today is't cheese or cake?
And if we find a Hershey bar,
A joyful sound we make.

And then, "just like at Christmas time,"
We can not bear to wait;
The things we see we want to eat—
Not merely contemplate.
We keep on tasting, bite by bite,
Till nothing's left for night.

—NELL CRITZER.



"N" EVERYTHING



SOME OF THE FACULTY CHILDREN IN 1920



"THE LITTLE WAYLANDS"
All the Faculty Children in 1910



CRITZER

CRITZER AND
SPOONER, SO
I AM TOLD,
THE BALLOTS
FOR TYPICAL
DEGREES NOW
HOLD.



SPOONER



BOWLER

PRESIDENT
WILSON
AND BOWLER,
THE GENIUS,
WERE VOTED
THE MOST
REPRESENT-
ATIVE SENIORS.



WILSON



POWELL

SPOONER AND
ELKANAH POW-
ELL, DEAR,
ARE TALENTED
MOST,
IT DOES
APPEAR.



SPOONER



SPOONER

SPOONER AND
PROCTOR ARE
BEST ALL
AROUND,
'T IS KNOWN
AT THE NORMAL
AS WELL AS
IN TOWN.



PROCTOR



SPOONER

SPOONER AND
EDWARDS, SO
I HEAR,
ARE THE MOST
GENERALLY
LIKED AT
SCHOOL THIS
YEAR.



EDWARDS



CRITZER

CRITZER AND
GLASSCOK ARE
STUDENTS
GOOD;
ONE GETS HER
DIPLOMA
THE OTHER
HER HOOD.



GLASSCOK



SPOONER

THE MOST
ATTRACTIVE
PERSONALITIES
A STRANGER
HEARD,
ARE LOEWNER
IN 2D, AND
SPOONER IN 3D.



LOEWNER



MOTT

THE TWO BEST
DANCERS ARE
MATTHEWS AND
MOTT;
AT ALL OUR
DANCES THEY
ARE RUSHED
A LOT.



MATTHEWS



BROWNE

THE MOST
CAPABLE ARE
SPOONER AND
SALLIE BROWNE;
THEIR DEEDS
HAVE MADE
THEM MOST
RENOWN.



SPOONER



HEYL

THE MOST
VIVACIOUS
ARE BOWLER
AND HEYL;
WE ADMIT
THEY HAVE
A LIVELY STYLE



BOWLER



BROWNE

THE BEST
DISPOSITIONS,
'TIS KNOWN
AROUND,
ARE THOSE OF
L. EDWARDS
AND SALLIE
BROWNE.



EDWARDS



TIECHE

FOR WIT WE
DISPLAY OUR
BOWLER AND
TIECHE;
THEY'RE THE
WITTIEST WITS
WITHIN OUR
REACH.



BOWLER



BLAND

YES, WILLIAMS
AND BLAND
ARE NOTED
FOR STYLE;
FRENCH
MADAMOISELLES
THEY SURPASS
A MILE.



WILLIAMS



MORGAN

HELEN OF
TROY WAS
PRETTY, WE
KNOW,
BUT WE VOTED
MORGAN AND
LOEWNER SO.



LOEWNER



POWELL

FISHER IS
OUR MOST
MUSICAL ONE;
"OUR POWELL'S"
PLAYING IS
NEXT TO
NONE.



FISHER



PARROTT

OUR SPORTS
ARE PARROTT
AND DAVIDSON
HERE;
THEY WILL
RUN A JIT-
NEY OR LEAD
A CHEER



DAVIDSON



NESBITT

YOU HAVE
HEARD OF
THE ATHLETES
OF V.P. I.;
BUT MATTHEWS
AND NESBITT
PASS THEM BY.



MATTHEWS

NORMAL MIRROR



DR. JOHN WALTER AND DR. WALTER JOHN



CLARA (speaking to Dorothy Spooner): Are you going to hear Harris Hart tonight?

DOROTHY: What? Hear Harry's heart? What in the world—Harry's heart?

CLARA: Yes, Harris Hart.

DOROTHY (still thinking of date): How do you think I am going to hear Harry's heart?

ETHEL (seeing the switchboard clear): May, the switchboard is free, isn't it?

MAY: No; you still have to pay a nickel to call.

MR. DUKE: Do we have drill lessons in manual arts?

RUTH: You drill holes.

DR. WAYLAND: Miss Hentone, what is a constitution?

DAISY: It's a—er—written agreement made by—er—er—

DR. WAYLAND: I think you are trying to follow the book too closely.

DAISY (explosively): I haven't seen a book!

DR. WAYLAND: Where is Miss Bowler?

KATHERINE: She's at Home Nursing.

DR. WAYLAND (sympatheically): I'm sorry. I didn't know any of her people were sick. I hope no one is seriously ill.

MR. JOHNSTON (to Miss Mott, playing center in basket ball): Miss Mott, put your feet inside the circle if you can.

NEW GIRL: What does it mean when the month is put under a girl's name in the annual?

OLD GIRL: That is the month she graduates.

NEW GIRL: Oh, I thought it was her birthday.

CHARLOTTE (after a visit with Miss Bell): Miss Bell, I hope you will soon be much better.

REBA (emphatically): I "veto" that remark, Miss Bell.

"No men here" you say? What, how can you forget our old friend Bill—Bill of Fare—and Ed, and Gym, and Nat. S.?

MISS SHAEFFER: What records did we play yesterday, Miss Edwards?

LELOUISE: "Inflammations." (*Inflammatus*).

MISS SHAEFFER: Miss Walker, you name one please.

LOUISE: "Everybody Shall Be Exhausted." (*Every Valley Shall Be Exalted*).

MISS SHAEFFER: Oh, dear me! Miss Scribner name one.

EDNA: We had that "curious animal." (*Cujus Animam*).

KATHRYN: Look at the sunrise.
LOUISE: Where?

LITTLE BUCK: Come, Mary, let's run.
MARY DAVIDSON: I can't run; two of my feet are sore.

MR. DUKE: This class ends at three forty-five, doesn't it?
MARGARET LEWIS (quickly): No—no; at a quarter to four.

OLD GIRL: All new girls must wear their hair parted in the middle and in two plaits down the back. Is that perfectly clear?
NEW GIRL: Yes; but can you tell me the middle of three strands of hair?

MISS HARRISON: Miss Lancaster, what would you say is the latest thing in dresses on our campus?

MISS LANCASTER: Master Marshall Duke.

EDNA: Gertrude, do you like codfish balls?
GERTRUDE: I never attended one.

CRITIC TEACHER: Jim, I'm so glad you are a good boy and always tell the truth.
JIM MOODY: Oh, Miss Yancey, you flatter me.

MR. LOGAN: Miss Davidson, who wrote Franklin's *Autobiography*?
MARY: I—I used to know, but I have forgotten.

VIRGINIA MCCARTNEY: Oh, Mr. Duke! My friend is here and Miss Lancaster gave us tickets for John Powell's concert. I've just looked at them, and they are *One* and *Three*. There is someone between us.

MR. DUKE (with a comprehending smile): Why, Miss McCartney, there is nothing between you but the arm of the seat.

KITTY: That was the most vicious-looking brute of a dog I ever saw! Did you hear what Mr. Duke said about it? Said he'd certainly hate for the fellow to fall out with him!

EDITH: Oh, he's so nice and friendly and approachable (speaking of Mr. Duke).

KITTY (speaking of the dog): That may be, but it surely petrifies you to look at his ugly mug.

TUCKAHOE GIRL (during the flu fright, when the sound of gargling was heard in the land): Have you *goggled* your throat with salt water?

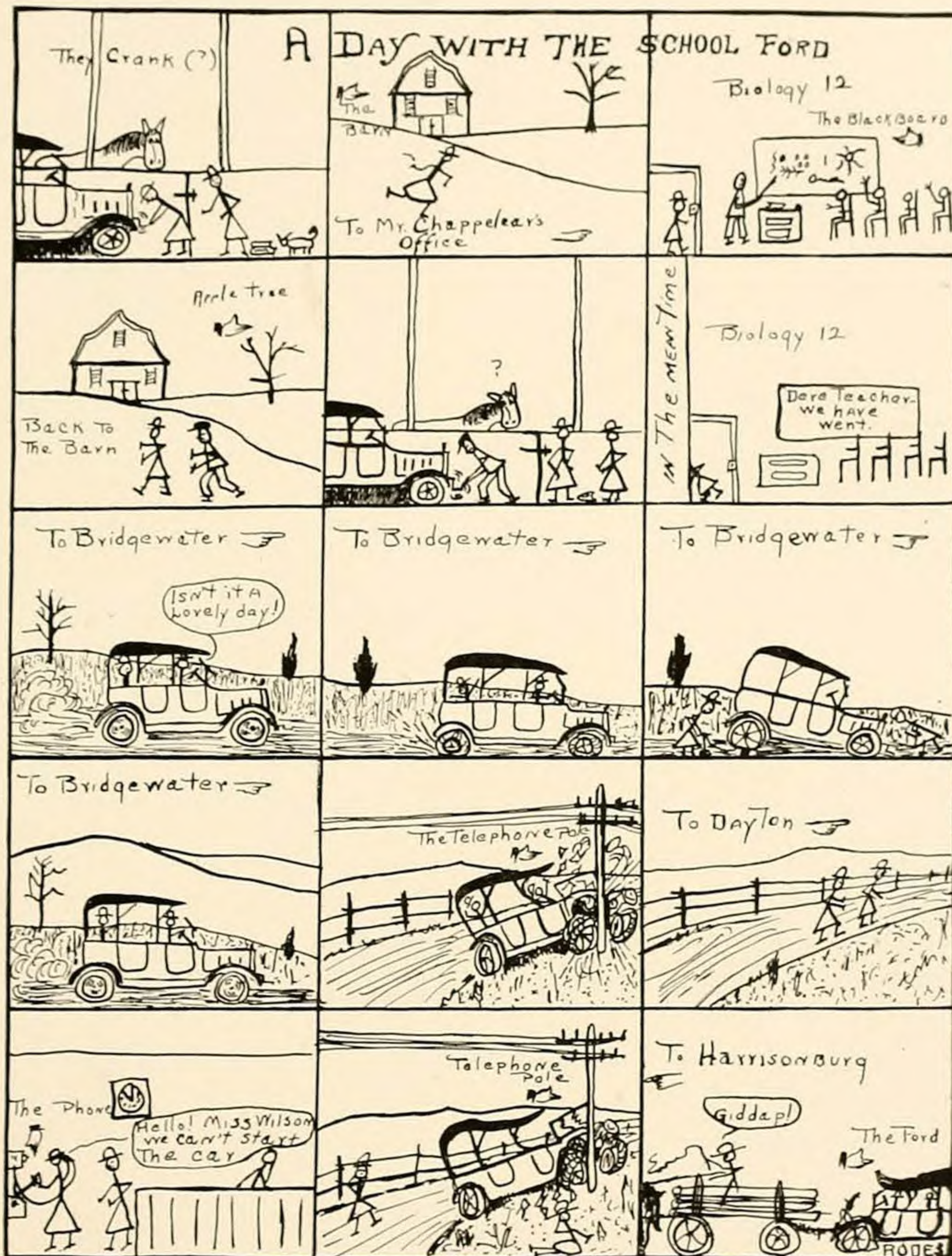
COHEE: Why don't you say it right—*gar-r-r-gle*?

TUCKAHOE: I didn't know it was necessary to give a thorough demonstration of the process in merely pronouncing the word.

REBA KRAMAR: Say, girls, I got a box of fruit today, a string of real pearls, two phone calls, and a special delivery—all from the same boy. Ain't love grand?

"What's the Board of Visitors?"

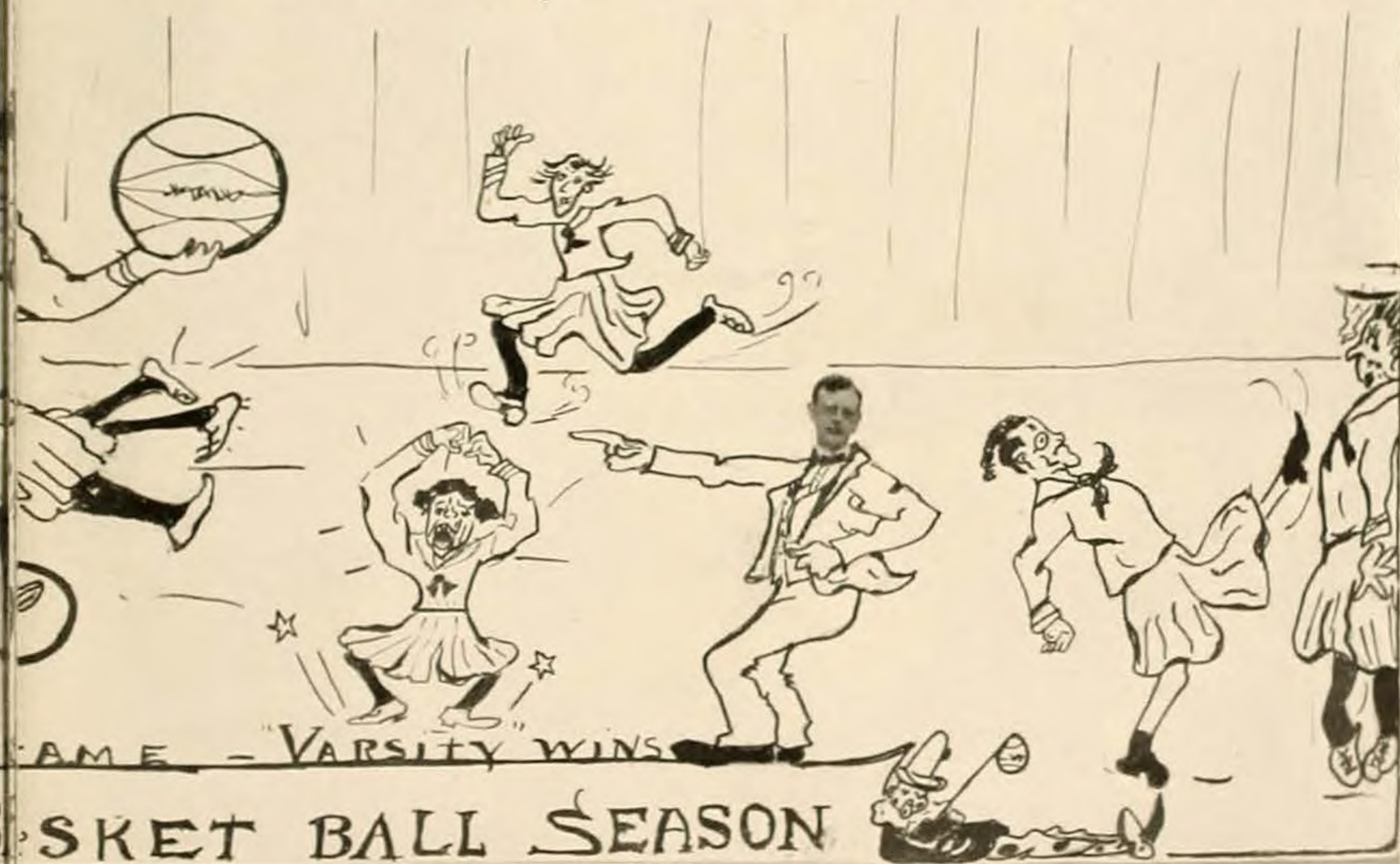
"Must be that little plank the girls stand on to talk up to the infirmary windows when the yard is muddy."







The Line Up — "FACULTY" vs. "Varsity"



GAME — "VARSITY" WINS

BASKET BALL SEASON



Weddings

April 17, 1919

MISS ELIEZA CLEMENTS TO MR. WILLIAM L. BALL
GLOUCESTER, VIRGINIA

April 26, 1919

MISS GRACE DARLING MILLER TO MR. ALVIN J. DUNIVIN
BRIDGEWATER, VIRGINIA

May 17, 1919

MISS ETHEL MAY HOLSINGER TO MR. WILLIAM BRYAN ADAMS
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

May 21, 1919

MISS HELEN HARRIS TO MR. JAMES E. MCFARLAND
SCOTTSVILLE, VIRGINIA

May , 1919

MISS MARGARET LOUISE WEBB TO MR. A. B. TAYLOR
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

June 10, 1919

MISS OLIVINE RUNCIMAN TO MR. REUBEN L. MCNEIL
BASIC, VIRGINIA

June 14, 1919

MISS KATE TYLER PARRISH TO REVEREND H. N. SOYERS
KENTS STORE, VIRGINIA

June 18, 1919

MISS RUTH IRMA BOWERS TO MR. EDWARD Y. LEITH
GROTTOES, VIRGINIA

June 18, 1919

MISS ANNIE MARY JASPER TO MR. ROBERT RAY HUDSON
BOSTON, VIRGINIA

June 19, 1919

MISS MARY CLEMENTS TO MR. JOHN SCOTT
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

July 2, 1919

MISS DAISY ANDERSON TO MR. JOHN MARCUS
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

July 3, 1919

MISS ZOLA YOUNGE HUBBARD TO REVEREND CHARLES F. LEEK
CHATHAM, VIRGINIA

July 12, 1919

MISS VIOLA MAY KEEFE TO LIEUTENANT JOHN J. GASKIN
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

July 31, 1919

MISS ANNIE LAURIE HOUSER TO MR. GRAYSON FRANKLIN HOLT
STONY CREEK, VIRGINIA

August 2, 1919

MISS EDITH VIRGINIA MARTZ TO MR. LUDWELL BENTON BEAVERS
UPPERVILLE, VIRGINIA

August 7, 1919

MISS NANCY CAROLINE HUFFORD TO CAPTAIN GEORGE C. FURROW
HONOLULU, HAWAII

September , 1919

MISS EDITH WHITE TO MR. FENDOL GARTH
IVY, VIRGINIA

September 30, 1919

MISS MATTIE GREGORY TO MR. LEROY O'BRIAN
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

October 1, 1919

MISS ALPINE DOUGLAS GATLING TO MR. HOWARD GRESHAM MARTIN
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

October 4, 1919

MISS CAROLYN RUAN TO MR. ARTHUR H. BEEBE
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

October 7, 1919

MISS EMILY HAZEN SMITH TO MR. GARLAND CARPENTER CHEWNING
BOX AIR, VIRGINIA

October 11, 1919

MISS EMILY NICHOLS TO MR. WILLIAM SPONG
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

October 15, 1919

MISS CATHERINE HINTON TO MR. EARLE LINDLEY SAWYER
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

October 21, 1919

MISS GERTRUDE POWELL ROYALL TO MR. JAMES EDWARD TOWNES
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

October 22, 1919

MISS LILLIAN RANKIN TO MR. CLARENCE HAVEN STRADER
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

November 3, 1919

MISS LAURA HENLEY TO MR. FRED WILLIS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

November 18, 1919

MISS FRANCES LEE BAGLEY TO MR. J. L. WRIGHT
CREWE, VIRGINIA

December 18, 1919

MISS EDITH BOLLING TO MR. ROBERT KEYSER
FLINT HILL, VIRGINIA

December 19, 1919

MISS MARY LUCILE REAVES TO MR. JOHN PAUL UNDERHILL
MARIONVILLE, VIRGINIA

December 20, 1919

MISS JULIA SILVEY TO MR. CHARLES N. LUTTRELL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

January 1, 1920

MISS NORA LELIA SPITZER TO MR. SIDNEY SUMMERS
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

February 21, 1920

MISS EMILY HALDERMAN TO MR. CHARLES JULIUS BECK
WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA

March 23, 1920

MISS VIRGINIA CLARA RIDENOUR TO MR. ROBERT POWHATAN WINFIELD
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

April 3, 1920

MISS LUCILE EARLY TO MR. ALBERT FRAY
DAWSONVILLE, VIRGINIA

April 6, 1920

MISS EDITH SHUMADINE TO MR. ARMSTRONG CHINN
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

April 8, 1920

MISS LUTIE SPOTTS TO MR. ANTONIO NIEMEYER
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

April 16, 1920

MISS LENNA WILSON HAMILTON TO MR. WILLIAM W. DUNLAP
HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA

April 24, 1920

MISS ETHEL KAUFMAN TO MR. GEORGE OAST
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

April 24, 1920

MISS MARY STUART GOOCH TO MR. JAMES EDWARD ETHERIDGE
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

April 24, 1920

MISS LOUISE HOLLAND TO MR. CHARLES L. BROWN
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 28, 1920

MISS NELL ACREE TO MR. JOHN E. PEARCE
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

May 1, 1920

MISS KATE SELBY TO MR. JOHN L. NOWELL
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

May 5, 1920

MISS MARGARET OMOHUNDRO TO MR. WALKER B. WYCHE
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

May 17, 1920

MISS CLARICE FRANKLIN GUTHRIE TO DR. EDGAR ANDERSON ENGLISH
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Robbie Dart

GRADUATED JUNE 10, 1919

Died

AT HER HOME IN BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA

APRIL 2, 1920



JOHN POWELL

Our Critic Teachers



To our critic teachers we wish to show all honor for their long-suffering tolerance of us woefully ignorant new-fledged teachers. Surely they deserve seats among the peers of patience and endurance of all generations. There are no discipline problems for them, no matter where their lots may be cast. Long practise has made them adepts in handling any difficult situation, whether it be school children, parents, practise teachers, or

perhaps sister critics and supervisors.

A critic teacher's humor has been perfected by constant use, for it certainly takes a vast amount of it, either natural or acquired, to understand the whys and wherefores of a student teacher's method. Practise-teachers-to-be need never fear that they will lack her sympathy—and in the superlative degree. No one is more expert at finding encouragement when there is really none to offer; no one is so skilled in taking the sharp edge off bitter truths. She is efficient and orderly; affairs slide smoothly with her, as they will with us if we but learn of her. Dignity is her forte, and versatility her charm.

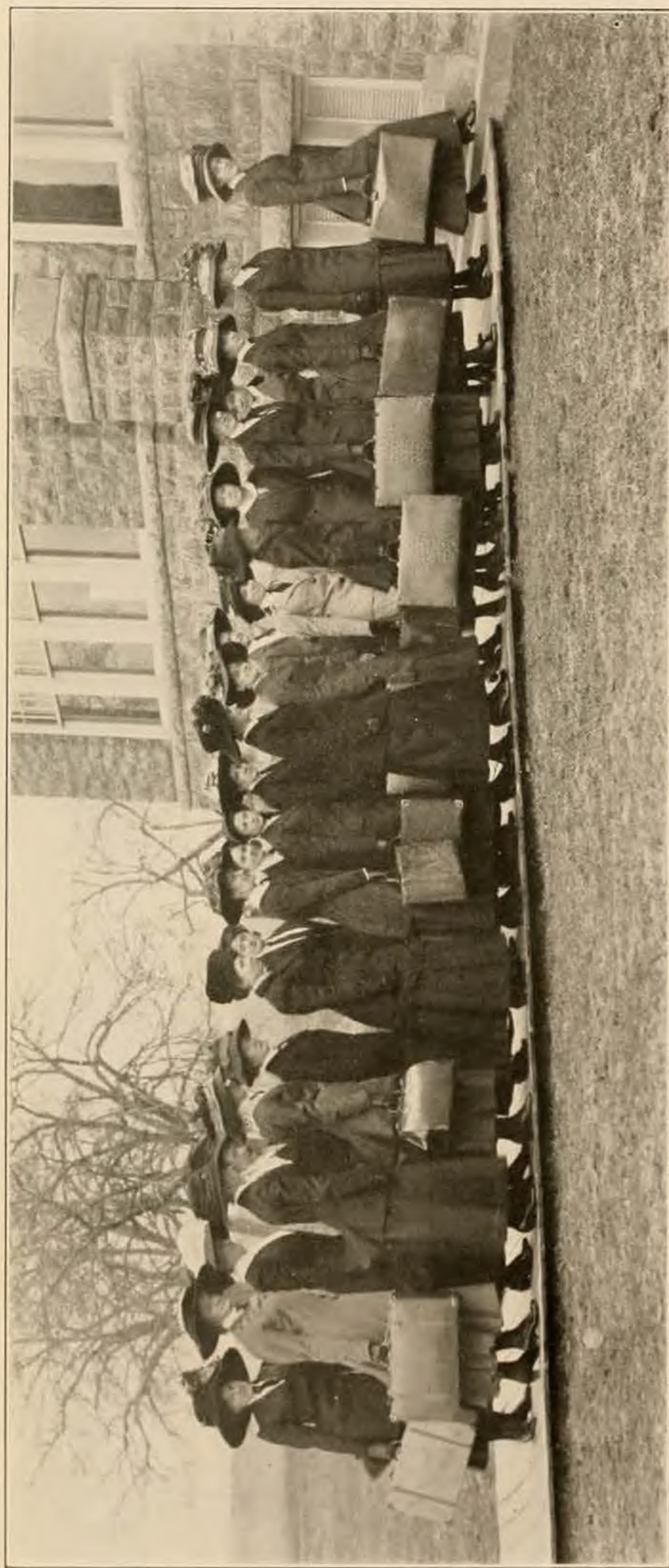


Our Little Bow

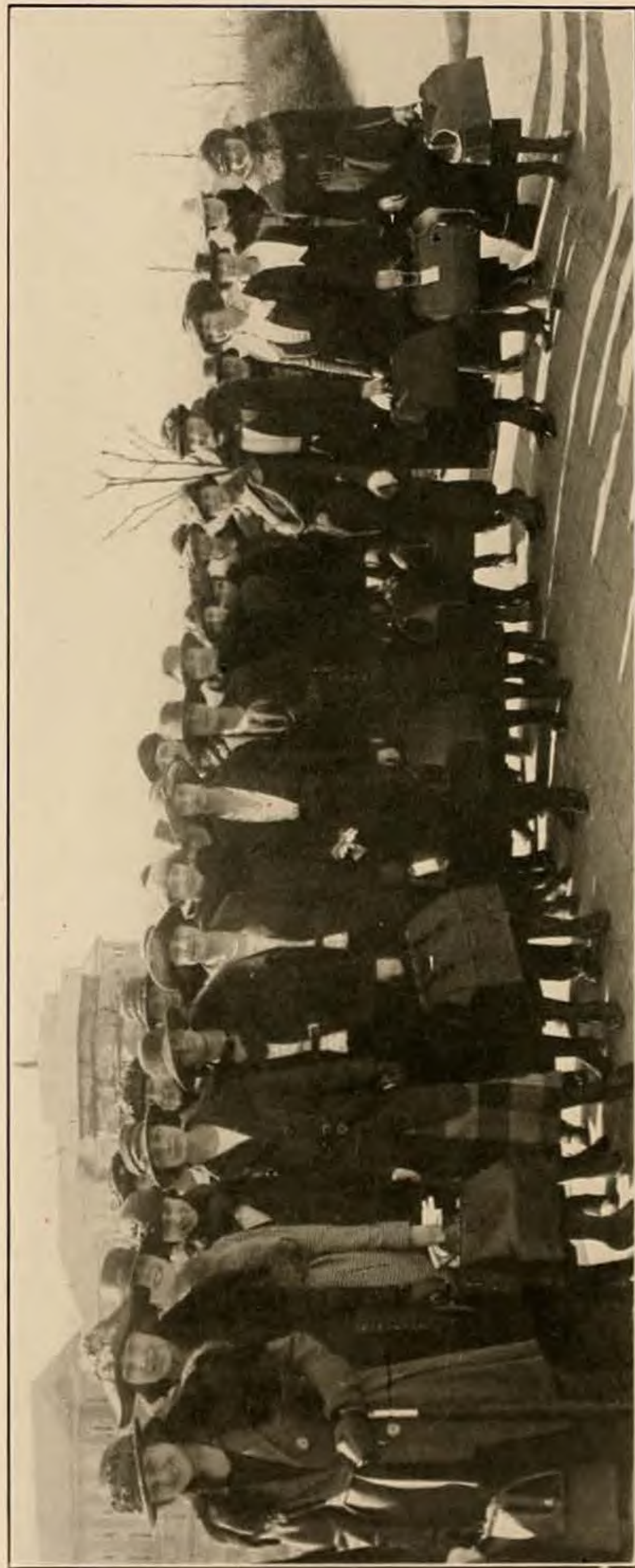
When the SCHOOLMA'AM is in trouble—
Needs a friend—
Who gives help in measure double,
To the end?
Is there such a one as she,
Who can strict and patient be—
Dot an *I* and cross a *T*—
Comprehend?

When the schoolgirl's brain is muddled—
Wits awry—
Or with too much romance fuddled,
Takes a cry.
Who can swat the wrinkles out,
Turn the little dunce about,
And head her right beyond a doubt—
Make her try?

Her cognomen's hard for rhyming
As can be;
Her praenomen's sweet and chiming,
But for me,
And I think also for you,
What they call her in "Old Flu"—
Just "Miss Betty"—best will do:
It is she.



AS THEY CAME, IN 1910



AS WE GO, IN 1920



You see above important folk,
For on them much depends:
Some feed the hungry, nurse the sick;
So are they not good friends?

Some keep things fresh and sweet and fair;
Some plant and mow and reap;
Some mend what's broken, right what's wrong;
Some guard us while we sleep.



Book Eight Publications

THE NORMAL BULLETIN

MAGAZINE



VOL. XI

October, 1919

No. 5

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Published by the State Normal School
Harrisonburg, Virginia

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

THE NORMAL BULLETIN, after running through eleven volumes as a quarterly, was this year made a monthly publication under the name of THE VIRGINIA TEACHER.

Mr. James C. Johnston, as editor, aided by an advisory board from the faculty, alumnae, and student body, has been most successful with this magazine, and no doubt will be able to render far greater service through the new monthly.

THE VIRGINIA TEACHER



Volume I

FEBRUARY, 1920

Number 1

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\$1.50 A YEAR

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

15 CENTS A COPY

THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN

NORMAL STATION

HARRISONBURG, VA.

Application for entrance as second-class matter has been made at the postoffice at
Harrisonburg, Virginia, under the Act of July 16, 1894.

THE VIRGINIA TEACHER

Published monthly by the State Normal School for Women at Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Application for entrance as second-class matter has been made at the postoffice at Harrisonburg, Virginia, under the Act of July 16, 1894.

James C. Johnston, Editor

Henry A. Converse, Manager

Advisory Board

John W. Wayland	Elizabeth P. Cleveland
Conrad T. Logan	Katherine M. Anthony
Mary Lancaster Smith	Annette Louise Houston
Rosa P. Heidelberg	Jo B. Warren

EDITORIAL

THE EXTENSION OF OUR MAGAZINE

SERVICE

In the belief that the extension of the service hitherto offered through the quarterly bulletin published under the auspices of the State Normal School at Harrisonburg will meet with the same cordial response other enterprises of the school have been accorded, the faculty of this institution has decided to issue a *monthly magazine* of immediate appeal and pertinency to both teachers in service and teachers in preparation.

The general purpose of this new publication, which begins with this number, under the title of THE VIRGINIA TEACHER, will be to keep its readers in intelligent touch with the best that is thought and accomplished in the educational world, especially as it applies to the problems of our state. In each issue there will be two or three general articles of prime interest to those who are trying to make the most of their chosen field; editorial discussion and comment on move-

ments, achievements, and issues bearing upon the welfare of our schools; educational news of national import; reviews and book guides dealing with the most significant of the current educational publications; abstracts of feature articles of interest to teachers from the current magazines; correspondence dealing with vital educational problems; practical suggestions from training school authorities; and a rich variety of news and notes from the school and its alumnae. Not only, however, will effort be made to present a publication of high professional character in content, but no detail of the printer's art will be omitted to make it mechanically the equal of any professional periodical now before the public.

Every one who at any time has been connected with the State Normal School at Harrisonburg will, of course, wish to have the publication complete with this number. As the surest means of keeping all the students of the school, those formerly in attendance as well as those now in training, in complete touch with each other and with the plans and activities of their school, a very decided extension of the personal side is planned for the magazine. It can not, therefore, be too urgently impressed upon all former students of the school that this will be their means of keeping in touch with their *alma mater*, as well as an especially agreeable way of becoming well posted as to the vital things in educational matters in this state. It should, however, be definitely understood that the magazine will attempt to fill the requirements of a high-class professional publication devoted to the best interests of the schools of the state, to which it dedicates its being.

THE NOTEBOOK

CONTAINING EVERYTHING NOT FOUND ELSEWHERE

Vol. IV

Harrisonburg, Virginia, Now and Then

No. 1

Any Morning in Second Dormitory

"Harrisonburg, please. . . . Hello, Harrisonburg! McGaheysville. . . . Hello, McGaheysville! Call J. L. Hopkins. . . . That you, Mamma? . . . Well, Mamma, how's everybody? How's Helen? . . . Well, Mamma, she ought not to do that! . . . Why, Mamma, I think that's the dumbest thing I ever heard of! . . . You know that's the most dangerous thing! . . . Now, Mamma, you make them stay in bed! . . . Yes'm, I'm all right, but I think you ought to let me come home. . . . How's John? . . . Washing dishes? . . . In gloves? Why, that's the dumbest thing I ever heard of! . . . Feeding the hands? What are you feeding them? . . . Well, Mamma, I think that's the dumbest thing! . . . Why, give them anything! Just let them shift for themselves. . . . Well, Mamma, I think you all ought to let me come home now, I certainly do! . . . Well, all right. Good-bye. Now, Mamma, you keep them in bed, now. Don't let them get up! . . . Why, Mamma, you know. . . . Well, I just think it's the dumbest thing I ever heard of! . . . Yes'm, I will. Good-bye."

—DOROTHY WILLIAMS

An Ideal Normal Girl Has:

Eyes like Elise Loewner's,
Teeth like Helen Richardson's,
Complexion like Mary Stephens's,
Hair like Dorothy Williams's,
Hands like Sarah Wilson's,
Feet like Olive Magruder's.

There's a Reason

A Normal girl will have good grounds
To explain her many whims;
She'll often go to church because
She dearly loves the hymns.

—MAISIE MORGAN

Normal Girls Hold Mock Trial

(The following ancient manuscript, just unearthed, seems to imply that frolicking was not unknown, even early in the past decade.)

On Friday evening—there being, for a rarity, no program booked for instruction or entertainment at the Normal School—the girls gathered in the gymnasium and held a mock trial. Miss Mackey as judge was very imposing, wearing a white wig and a countenance sternly marked with lines of gravity and burnt cork. Besides the prisoners at the bar, there were witnesses, jurymen, fainting sympathizers, and many others deeply interested.

The crime alleged was that of mouse-murder. The phillipic of the Commonwealth's attorney against woman's inhumanity to the wee dead beastie more than offset the plea of self-defense urged by the counsel for the prisoners, though this plea was supported by tangible evidence in the form of a handkerchief gnawed to rags and by heart-rending accounts of other rodent ravages upon dresses, lingerie, crackers, fruit-cake, and even upon cherished love letters.

There was a report that the jury was "hung." The prisoners caught the word and apparently suffered much under the distressing misapprehension that the term applied to their own fate. The verdict finally brought in was "Guilty," and the sentence pronounced was lifelong mathematics, canned tomatoes, and practise teaching.

Strenuous Work at The Normal

"Mr. Chappie's" in the garden,
Straining all his nerves;
Miss McGuire is in the pantry,
Straining her preserves;
Mrs. Johnston's straining muscles;
And yet we could rejoice—
But Gertrude Bowler's in the Glee Club,
Straining her poor voice.

—MAISIE MORGAN

Mother Goose Normalized

Sing-a-song of paper bags,
A bun, a piece of cheese,
And oftentimes an apple,
Your hunger to appease.
When the bag is opened,
Your heart begins to sing,
For isn't there a Hershey bar
And cakes 'n everything?

—ELISE LOEWNER

Swell-Heads

Some people get swell-headed over looks—
Not I!
Some people from their knowledge of fine books—
Not I!
Some people's money gives their pride the jumps—
Not I!
But I—I get swell-headed over mumps—
Oh, my!

—ELISE LOEWNER

Omitted by Request

The size of Clarice Smith's shoe.
The number of Edith Ward's crushes.
The quantity of Elizabeth Murphy's hair.
Lucille Eubank's ukelele playing.
The number of buns that Ruby Smith consumes.
The color of Doctor Converse's necktie.
The number of Dorothy Williams's phone calls.
Sarah Wilson's fear of mumps.
Frances Sawyer's hair nets.
Nancy Baker's giggles.
Soup at dinner.
Doctor Gifford's reactions.
Frances Stell's library fines.
Marion Thomas's "Hello."
"Symp's" tub-tunes.
"Barkis-Is-Willin'" Club.
Improvements on the campus.

Normal School Girl went to town,
Tried on suits—a plenty—
Tied a strap round her old coat
And called it 1920.

THE NOTEBOOK

EDITED BY
THE ANNUAL STAFF

Entered at H. N. S. as First-Class Mail

EDITORIAL

No edition of the annual would be complete without a space devoted to THE NOTEBOOK. As you open your daily notebooks and find therein jumbings of things—odds and ends—so you will also discover therein things that have no place elsewhere. Moreover, even the greatest things and the greatest people have been too individualistic, have stood out in the world as too unique to be pigeon-holed. Likewise, many of our most cherished editorial possessions, peerless thoughts, have fallen into this miscellany, THE NOTEBOOK.

There is a pleasant little diversion at H. N. S. that has never had its full praise. The game of Gossip and Rumor on our campus has never had its proper space, for do we not often grow pale with appreciation of the spice and variety it brings into our life? It was only yesterday that Jackson Hall was choked with mumps cases, but today there are only four in the infirmary. It is not often that a thing like that can be accomplished over night. And oh, the nice time Gossip had when two of our practise teachers hit a telegraph pole with a Ford and knocked it cold for hours! But the climax of Rumor's season was while we shivered in quarantine, fearing the flu—that preventive medicine affair. For days we tasted imaginary doses in stewed fruit, in soup, in everything, while Rumor executed a jolly little jig on the bottle. It was with some slight difficulty that Common Sense—intruding, as always—broke up the nice party. Seriously, it is only when the feminine world thus falls sheep-like into Gossip's traps that we believe in evolution; and moreover, we are forced to conclude that the race had a "delayed" stay in the sheep stage.

When Dreams Come True

THE BEGINNING OF A PERFECT DAY

"Miss Lyons, Miss L-y-o-n-s, will you please tell me the time?" yelled Ruth through the transom, as she poked her head out from under the cover.

"Yes, dearie, it's eight o'clock. You only have an hour to get dressed for breakfast. I'll come in and pull down your window."

"There goes the breakfast bell, and my room is all cleaned up. Oh, that reminds me, today is Thursday; I'll have to put out my towels. Miss Lyons, I can't find two of my towels."

"Oh, that's all right. Don't worry about it, I remember my own young days; girls will be girls."

AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

"No, thank you, Maria, I don't care for any more waffles. Yes, I believe I do want another egg and some more ham."

AT THE MAIL-BOX

"Six letters! Oh, gee! and four packages. Somebody come help me carry these to my room."

IN SPECIAL ENGLISH CLASS

"Miss Cleveland, I declare I've forgotten my *Woolley*."

"That's perfectly all right. Bring it next time if you happen to remember it. I think I shall play a little piece on the victrola for you today."

DINNER TIME

"Oh, joy! we have soup today. This is the first I've had since I left home last fall; but I do wish we could have some other dessert; I'm so tired of having ice-cream every day."

MISS LANCASTER'S ONLY ANNOUNCEMENT

"Girls, we shall have a dance in the auditorium tomorrow night from eight to half-past twelve. I hope you will all try to go; but no girl can have more than four boys."

MISS McGUIRE ANNOUNCES

"This afternoon you may obtain from the supply room, free of charge, tacks to put up your pictures and pennants; and I want all the tacks in the walls to be the same size."

IN THE AFTERNOON, OVER THE TELEPHONE

"Yes, Tom, I can go riding. To the Kavanaugh for supper? Sure, I'll go. A chaperon? Why, we never take them. Miss Lancaster has perfect faith in us, and in you."

COMING IN AT 11:00 P. M.

"Thank goodness I don't have a class until ten o'clock in the morning; so I can sleep till then."

—LOUISE COLEMAN

ALL IN ONE DAY

Miss Mackey got to breakfast on time.

Miss Bell uttered a harsh word. Mr. Duke failed to mention the flu. Dr. Converse wore a black neck-tie. Miss Cleveland wore a split skirt.

Mr. Chapplear frowned. Dr. Wayland upbraided "our girls." Mrs. Moody wore a middy blouse. Mr. Johnston got to a first-period class on time.

Miss Zirkle had no engagement after supper.

Spooner failed to get "that special." Penny stood still.

Mrs. Moody gave an easy test. We failed to have soup. Dorothy Williams failed to sing. Merla Matthews failed to dance. Sallie Browne lost her temper. Ruth Rodes ceased to tat.

Gertrude Bowler *walked* across the campus.

Mary Davidson kept quiet and studied her lessons.

Ethel Parrott spent an evening in the library.

JEALOUSY

A tiny maid was she,
But beautiful to see;
Her hair was shining gold;
Her hands one loved to hold;
Her mouth was made to kiss—
A chance no one would miss.

This maid a lover had,
A fine and handsome lad;
His eyes were softest brown,
But my! how he would frown
Did others for her sue,
For he was three—she, two.

An Ab-Normal Romance

A Bonney maid was strolling alone down one of the *Rodes* in the *Bottom* before the old *Stone Temple*. The air was *Bland*, the silvery *Moon* was making the *Waybright* before her, and a *Dove* cooed in the distance. Slowly the *Sexton* tolled the *Bell*; but our heroine paid no attention, for she was dreaming of the *Prince* who should one day *Raine* in her heart. Would he be some famous *Painter*, who might use her as his fair model? some eloquent *Bishop*, inspired by her presence? or only some humble *Sadler*, *Draper*, *Fisher*, *Forrester*, or *Miller*? Perhaps he might even be the *Carpenter*, the *Baker*, with his *Potts* and *pans*, or the village *Smith*, with his ringing *Hammer*. It mattered not whether he should prove to be *Rich* or *poor*, provided he be *Tinder* and true. Perhaps, after all, there would be no *Prince*, and it would be her *Payne*-ful fate to *Tieche* in the village school.

Unseen by the maid, a young *Camper* named *Arthur Campbell* kept *Tabb* on all her movements, and was now gazing ardently upon her as she stood in the *White* light. Tearing a *Littlepage* from his *Brown* notebook, he summoned his *Muse* and, hoping to make a "*Hitt*" thereby, wrote to her a brief *Lay*.

"Wilt *Reed*?" he said, and dropped it at her feet.

She *Redd*. Then, drawing herself to her full height, she gave him one *Cole* glance from eyes that could *Pierce* like *Steele* and said icily, "Will you be *Good* enough to leave these grounds at once? Or shall I call the *Gardener* to escort you to the entrance?"

Without *Moore* ado he turned *Round*, *Drew* out his *Elgin* watch, and made a hasty exit, proving himself a *Swift Walker*. As he passed out between the *Stone* pillars at the gateway, a *Parrott* screamed above him, "Get out, get out, you *Spooner*! I *Saw-yer*!"

Can You Imagine

Doctor *Converse* without an announcement?

Mr. *Johnston* singing a solo in chapel?

Mr. *Logan* in a salt-and-pepper checked suit?

Dr. *Gifford* without a "reaction"?

Miss *Wilson* with disheveled locks?

Mrs. *McMichael* with straight hair?

Dr. *Firebaugh* with a wig?

Miss *Anthony* without her string of beads?

How to Throw Off a Senior Write-Up

"Did you really help to make *THE SCHOOLMA'AM*?"

I admitted as much.

"Did you make up any of those funny things about the girls?"

"Well—er—yes—that is, some of them."

My small sister looked at me fixedly as if seeing me for the first time. She even gazed intently at my shoes, as if they, too, should assume a different appearance in the light of her discovery of my literary abilities.

"How could you ever think of something new for every girl? There must be about a hundred of them."

"If ideas gave out, we might say, 'To know her is to love her'; or, 'Best wishes to you, Old Pal'; or better still, 'We foresee that you will climb to the highest rung of the teaching profession.'"

"Would all of that be true about people's loving them and everything?"

"In most cases; in most cases."

"You had to know every girl in school, didn't you?"

"You see, several members of the staff would get together and talk it over. Occasionally there would be some discussion."

"I don't reckon I had better go to school there. Nobody has anything wrong with them. Have they?"

"W-e-l-l—"

"Did you ever write up a girl all by yourself, just like you have been telling me?"

"Of course."

I didn't think it necessary to add that it was rejected by the editor-in-chief.

—MARION NESBITT

A Normal Conception of Judgment

The Recording Angel sat on his throne
And shuffled the records well;
By the Normal Curve he dealt the fates—

Spake coolly of heaven and hell.
On the Bell-shaped Curve the souls he placed

In alphabetical order,
The A's high in heaven, the Z's—oh, well,

According to places, the rest of them fell

Near or far or just on the border.

—ERMA TIECHE

Our Senior Roll

A is for Anderson, the first of us all.

B is for Bowler, mighty but small.

C is for Campbell, a player of ball.

D is for Davis, friendly to all.

E is for Edwards, our Y. W. worker.

F is for Folliard, never a shirker.

H is for Harrison, who knows all the town.

I is for Iris, whom lessons can't down.

J is for Johnson, of Stratford renown.

K is for Kaufman, who married this year.

L is for Lambert, Lay, and Lanier.

M is for Marshall, who's always the same.

N is for Nesbitt, of athletic fame.

O is for O'Neals, a sisterly pair.

P is for Proctor, who treats girls fair.

Q is for Quisenberry, Hobby-Horse, prance!

R is for Roark, in old Morris dance.

S is for Stell, of brown, roving eyes.

T is for Thomas, a maker of pies.

U is for Us, seventy-four in all.

V is for Vim, we used to play ball.

W is for Wilson, our president of fame.

X is for those not mentioned by name.

Y is for Yells—they hear us in town.

Z is for Zealous, you can't hold us down.

Degrees of Degrees

Jo Warren, T. C. Traffic Cop

Pauline Miley, P. T. . . . Pavement Trotter

Dorothy Williams, C. C. C.

Chandler Company Controller

Dorothy Spooner, A. P.

Assistant Postmaster

Nell Critzer, M. C. of L. A.

Madam Critic of Love Affairs

Grace Fisher, C. S. S. R. K.

Champion Sunday School Record

Keeper

Pauline Layman, L. H. K.

Light-House Keeper

Mary Seebert, W. H. D. G.

White House Door Guard

Marguerite Whitney, R. N. F. P. R.

Republican Nominee for

Platform Repairer

Merla Matthews, A. A. R. B.

Advance Agent Russian Ballet

Anna Allen, P. of T. S.

Pedlar of Tatting Shuttles

Rosa Tinder, T. K. of C. W.

Time-Keeper of C. & W.

Mary Glassett, F. A. on R. & S.

Famous Authority on Re-

actions and Statistics

Carrie Bishop, U. F. F.

Understudy Flora Finch

ANNUAL STAFF CATALOGUE

NAME	MOST CHERISHED POSSESSION	GREATEST AVERSION	FAVORITE PASTIME	GREATEST CHARM
Gertrude Bowler	"Dummy"	Senior Write-ups	Chasing editors	Wit
Nell Critzer	Her hair	The word "sweet"	Attending conventions	Intellect
Merla Matthews	Gym. keys	Rooming in town	Missing breakfast	Her dancing
Dorothy Spooner	Her "Ingersoll"	Being teased	Taking snaps	Personality
Vergilia Sadler	"Aunt Betty"	Mice	Correcting papers	Versatility
Sallie Browne	Rules and Regulations	Nerves	Chasing the photographer	Disposition
Catharine Harrison	Y. W. C. A.	Missed opportunity	Going home	Efficiency
Elkanah Powell	Piano	Short hair	Typewriting for Annual	Musical gift
Louise Coleman	Jack	Being initiated	Running with the Annual	Individuality
Elise Loewner	A Librarian	Commonplaceness	Getting ads	Her eyes
Ruth Rodes	Tatting shuttle	Speaking in public	Drawing	Frankness
Marion Nesbitt	Miss Lancaster's friendship	Having her picture taken	Athletics	Good nature
Nella Roark	Her free verse	Going to bed early	Getting alarm clocks set	Her jazzing

OUR NORMAL VICTROLA RECORDS

"The Merry Lark"—Miriam Walton.
 "The Vamp"—Reba Kramar.
 "Mighty Lak a Rose"—Rose Heidelberg.
 "My Laddie"—Page Duke.
 "Carolina Sunshine"—Etheleen Jones.
 "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary"—Mary Folliard.
 "Oh, How She Can Dance"—Nella Roark.
 "Sweet Marie"—Marie Painter.
 "Bubbles"—May Williams.
 "Daughters of Erin"—The O'Neals.
 "The Lass With the Delicate Air"—Elkanah Powell.
 "I'm a Jazz Baby"—Ethel Lanier.
 "Sweet Genevieve"—Genevieve Warwick.
 "Mad Scene"—The Junior-Senior Game.
 "Bonnie, Sweet Bessie"—Besse Lay.
 "Brightest and Best"—Nell Critzer.
 "The Gypsy"—Gertrude Bowler.

The Home Economics Taxi

Horn Marion Thomas
 Exhaust Sarah Wilson
 Self-starter Ellen Campbell
 Muffler Marion Marshall
 Spark Erma Tieche
 Brake Mrs. Moody
 Accelerator Margaret Proctor
 Horsepower Rosa Heidelberg
 Speedometer Penelope Morgan
 Radiator Dorothy Fosque
 Magneto Miss Zirkle
 Chauffeur Miss Wilson

Krazy Kemical Konversations

Mr. Johnston: "Where does butter get its color?"
 Answer: "From the cow."
 Miss Spooner: "Where do you find iodine in the body?"
 Bright Pupil: "In the eyes."
 Miss Spooner: "Name three substances containing starch."

Eunice: "Two cuffs and one collar."
 Miss Redd: "Mr. Johnston, I don't know how I got this ink on my skirt."
 Mr. Johnston: "Neither do I."
 Miss Spooner: "What is the difference between charcoal and diamond?"
 Pupil: "Both are charcoal."
 Miss Spooner: "Yes; but one you get under pressure, and one you don't."

Mind Your I's and E's

(Better Speech Week)

Said the pin to the pen, "My head's in a whirl;
 Am I you? Am I I? Did you hear Normal Girl?"

"An i for an i, and an e for an e,"
 Said the pen to the pin; "and you can not be me."

MORAL

To call *pin* 'stead of *pen*—this is dangerous, quite;
 You'll get stuck when you talk and get stuck when you write.

—S. B. AND N. R.

MIRE!

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
When every goose's a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen."

Fatty was dreaming again, day dreaming. A kick aroused him.

"Fatty," growled Red Tom, "Mike and me's off to rustle some grub. Come along wit yer."

Now, Fatty was never averse to eating—but neither was he averse to dreaming. They meant oblivion, these dreams of his. So he took out his last "two bits," which he had been saving for such an emergency—or, in plainer words, for such a fit of laziness.

"Here, Red—that'll be my share this here time," and so lapsed back into his semi-coma dream-state.

Messieurs, behold a hobo who dreams. He had the habit of remembering that dim past of days spent in school before he ran away, of books he had loved—wonder-lore of knightly life; and he recalled with a yet-burning spark his ambition to be a knight. You think it queer? Ah, but it was only natural that he should dream of knights, since he was a knight himself—of the road, to be sure, but that is a knight of a sort. For it was true of Fatty also

"That from the tyme that he first bigan
To riden out, he lovede chyvalrye."

And so he had dreamed of lords and ladies fair—and of jousts and tourneys—and still did. But mostly he dreamed of damsels in distress—of rescues—always the rescues, Messieurs—from dangerous places and distressing positions. Always he rode a white charger, and always upon a wave of his jewel-studded sword the villains disappeared. Always the close-up registered Fatty, hand over heart and in a deep bow, receiving the thanks of these fair damsels with golden hair. More often he, gently but firmly, had to refuse the offers of their lily-white hands, which they gratefully thrust upon him. He told them he awaited the advent of his one true mate.—He thought of her as one whose hair was still more golden, "as yellow as is the yellow broom" (only he didn't say it that way).

Now he smiled and dreamed anew. This time it was pure ecstasy, as it was *she*—his dream-maiden—whom he rescued. It was over. The mouse had fled. He knelt to receive her thanks. My poor knight-errant! His vision was so real to him, and he felt it so strongly, that he instinctively arose and knelt—

one knee planted in the ashy remains of the dinner fire, his hand on that part of his anatomy which he deemed his heart—when he heard a smothered "Oh!" and looked up.

There she was, his maiden of the fair hair (not even Elaine could have let down such a flood of molten gold). She was mired in the bog, and she was looking woe-begonely at her dainty feet—or at the place where they had sunk. (The adjective is Fatty's; had he but known it, she wore number fives!)

My heroine's "O" had been occasioned by that sudden appearance of Fatty from behind a bush to assume the kneeling pose just described. You and I would have "ohed" too. She now put her finger into her mouth. (I hate to tell this on her, but I have known girls who always express their astonishment or any other emotion thusly.)

Our hero, to relieve what he deemed her embarrassment, exclaimed,

"Fear not, O maiden! I will save you. What will you have me do?"

And his "maiden" removed her finger and in a slightly reproving tone said, "Why, I seem to be mired." And then she giggled.

Fatty giggled ecstatically back. Then this Sir Walter Raleigh removed the cerise and purple handkerchief from his breast pocket (you never know what sacrifices a man will make for a woman in distress), placed it for *her* to step on, seized her hand, gave a grunt, and pulled her out.

She raised her eyes coyly—it was the psychological moment—her lily hand still lay in his grimy one. Only the white charger and the sword were missing. Wait—a voice!

Messieurs, the villain! A tortoise-shell-glassed youth—a fop with a cane! And oh! his effect on our heroine! At his first word she jerked her hand from Fatty's; she put her finger into her mouth; she turned and followed this varlet down the path without a word—of thanks or otherwise. Some women are like that. Poor Fatty! Sad that she could not see the true knight under the disguise, as do you and I!

Some hours later loud snores issued from the same vicinity! Fatty had eaten his sausage supper. He was asleep. (I hate to tell this on him, but it is easy to forget anything, provided the atmosphere is right.) He had remembered the other golden-haired damsels that he had aforetime turned away; and once more all was right with the world.

—NELLA ROARK.

Mail Time at H. N. S.

"Rah! rah!—rah, rah, rah!"

Mail man! mail man! mail man!"

"Get out of the way, Clarice Smith. How do you expect him to walk over you?" (After this long delay, the mail is now being put up.)

"Ellen," cried a shrill voice from the steps, "is there any mail in Fifty-two? Well, I don't care if there isn't. Got one letter this week, anyway."

"Miss Lancaster, want me to get your mail?" asked Gertrude, not having any of her own. She quickly appeared again to find out the combination. She disappeared, but finally reappeared handing Miss Lancaster her mail, while some one yelled at her, "Gertrude Bowler, come back here and apologize for the three times you've stepped on my toe!"

"Oh, I passed, I passed, I passed on everything!"

"He's comin'! He's comin'! He's comin'!"

"Who?"—"He is!"

"Well—my box is filled for once!"

"With what?"—"Atmosphere."

"C-1 B-2. Can't you open it?"

"Bless my soul! Every time there's a letter in this box, it's my roommate's!"

"There goes a package slip into mine. Gee! I hope it's something to eat. I could eat doorknobs!"

"There's the class bell; good thing I didn't get a letter, as I wouldn't have time to read it."

The mob dispersed—some sorrowing, others rejoicing. —HELEN BROWDER

Reaction

If the doctor thumps your chest
And it bounces at its best—

That's reaction.

On tennis courts for hours you play
And wonder why you're sore next day—

That's reaction.

If hurrying for the mail you go
And some one yells, "Get off my toe!"—

That's reaction.

If the furnace fire's allowed to die
And you shiver and shake and can't

tell why—

That's reaction.

If on the board you find a test
And mind grows blank—just feel at

rest—

That's reaction.

You put forth all your soul and will
In some high quest—and yet it still

Is just reaction.

—V. P. S.

INITIALS ONLY

- E. D.—A medium-sized blonde with a roving disposition and an aptitude for character impersonations.
- E. A. L.—An Oriental beauty interested in people and things, especially libraries and librarians.
- P. C. M.—A slender, alive, vivid personage, equally distinguishable by her walk and her green suit.
- E. S. D.—A little, boyish figure, whose every movement radiates the joy of living and her "hail-fellow-well-met" spirit.
- K. E. W.—Another of our male impersonators—but still a graceful, winning, and sometimes babyish girl.
- P. J.—A good little sport, always ready to lend a helping hand—an inhabitant of second dormitory.
- M. W.—A grey-eyed dreamer, with a tendency to be late and to forget; a good fortune-teller, with a charming speaking voice.
- D. M. S.—Excels in male impersonations; very popular; highest ambition is to polish bump-toed shoes in Elkton.
- C. B. S.—Our best "all-round" girl, whose ready smile has helped her slay the practise-teaching ogre.
- P. W. E.—A sweet, simple, young thing, with a school-girl lisp.
- K. P.—A cameo-like face and ability to do things. Addicted also to strolls to Third, seeking some of the inhabitants therein.
- G. K. B.—A vivacious gypsy maiden, with a surprising giggle, a tinge of deviltry, and temperament.
- C. H.—Very prominent in Y. W. Circles, and indispensable with a typewriter.
- D. W. W.—A Titian-haired song bird, with a sunny disposition and a town beau.
- M. G. M.—A dancer, artist, athlete, and good student all rolled into one.

What We Have at H. N. S.

A Stone	A Bear
Two "Rodes"	A Dove
A Parrot(t)	A Bell
A Miller	A Berr(e)y
A Bishop	A Spooner
A Baker	A Moon
A Gardner	A Peck
A Painter	One Christian

SPORTING NEWS

Faculty vs. Varsity

Outstanding features of the battle royal between the varsity and faculty quints on the basket ball floor March 20th were the victory for the faculty, the "morning-after" hoarseness of Cheer-leader Converse, and the good time Miss Lancaster had.

Advance announcements of the game had included arrangements as to the score, the faculty team insisting that they were going to make a goal! But their wildest hopes were exceeded when, by a combination of alacrity, agility, and precision, not one, not two, but *three* goals were scored from the field. With characteristic courtesy, Mrs. Johnston and Miss Hoffman, forwards, and Miss Mackey, center, took turns in the performance of this pleasant gesture.

Thus certainly the real, if not the nominal, victory was the faculty's, and the satisfaction in the achievement was general.

True, the score tallied six points for the faculty against twenty-one for the varsity—but then what else could be expected from the varsity?

Fats vs. Skinnies

Rah! Rah! Rah! Fats!

Ray! Ray! Skinnies!

Here they come! Here they come!

So yelled the enthusiastic rooters from the side lines.

The door opened, and one of the stars of the evening appeared, Miss Clarice Smith. She tripped daintily across the floor and took her place beside her opponent, Miss Gladys Nichols. The next two players made a remarkably handsome couple, Miss Martha Thompson and Miss Sarah Wilson, the breadth of one over-balancing the height of the other.

The loyal sympathizers of the skinnies became secretly alarmed when they looked at those heavy weights and realized what their own players were up against. It was needless. The game was a tussle from start to finish, having the characteristics of football.

What the fats lacked in good shooting they surely made up in passing; for every time Miss Wilson received the ball, she threw it straight up into the air, evidently thinking that by some magical power it would land in the basket. However, the skinnies dropped the ball in more times than the fats—so won the game.

As the victorious skinnies and the limping fatties marched off the floor, the crowd marveled greatly at the grandstand playing which they had performed on the night of their debut.

The Old Oaken Boardwalk

How dear to this heart is the old oaken boardwalk,

When fond retrospection presents it to view;

The hairpins, the gumdrops, the nail heads outsticking

Of every old board which in 'fourteen I knew.

The uneven gray boards and the step that *would* wobble,

The cracks and the place that just would not stay fast,

The turns and the corners, the bumps and the knotholes—

Oh, relief to step down on the pavement at last!

The old crooked boardwalk, the weather-grayed boardwalk,

The boardwalk I've trod many times in the past.

That old bumpy boardwalk we loved then most dearly,

For often at night, when our day's work was done,

To town and the movies it bore us in triumph,

To town and the movies for laughter and fun.

But now it is gone from its old, tried position—

In its place a proud pavement; but never, I ween,

Will that pavement be loved, though it lie there for ages,

As we loved that old boardwalk, we girls of 'fourteen.

The old crooked boardwalk, the weather-grayed boardwalk,

The boardwalk that leads to the land of Hath-Been.

—FLORENCE ALLEN

Editorial Staff
of
The Schoolma'am

Motto

"This wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost *us* monie a weary nibble."

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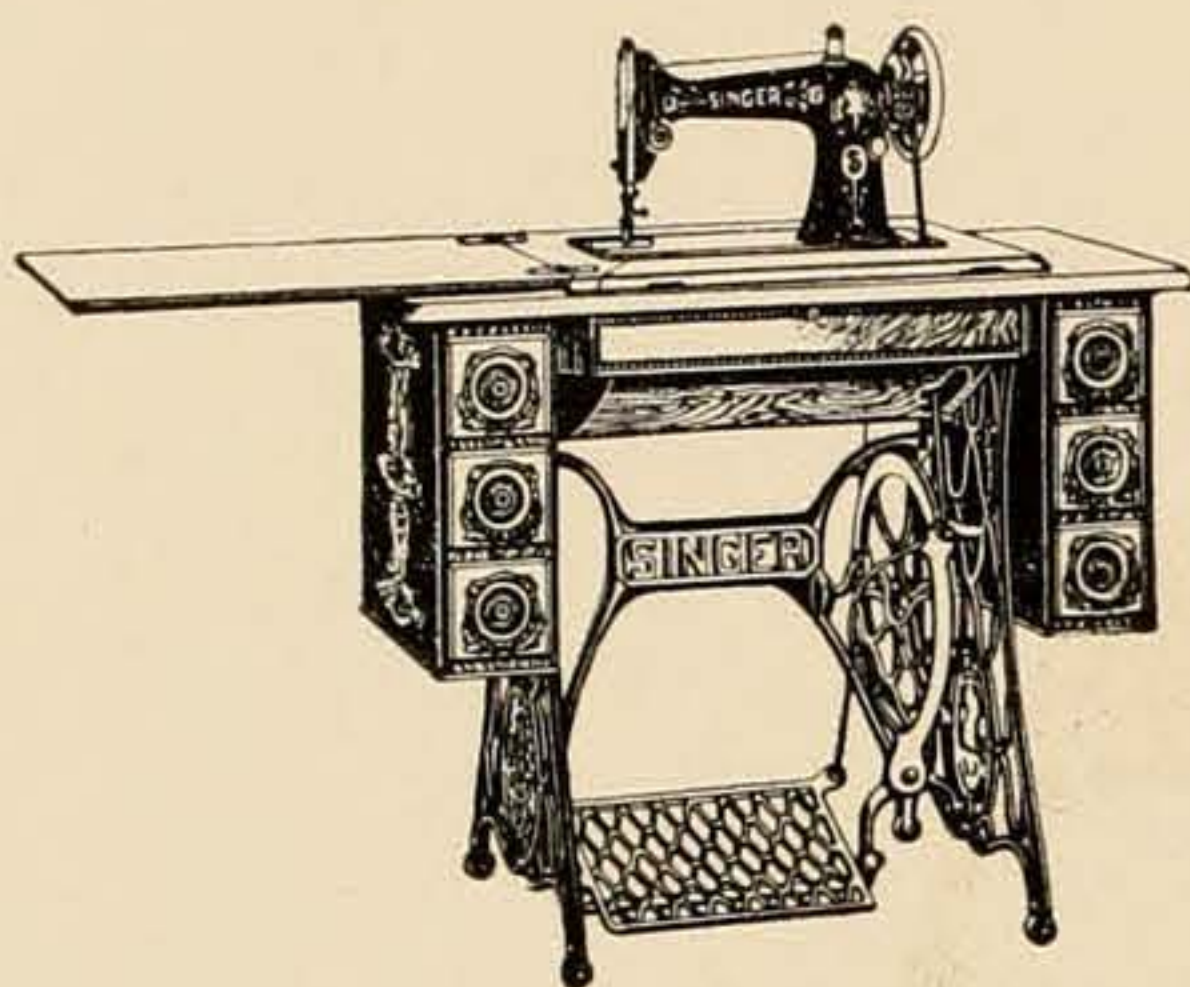
STAFF OF "SCHOOLMA'AM"—1920



FIRST "SCHOOLMA'AM" STAFF—1910

Inventory

New Sewing Machine and Old Friendship



Speaking of 1910 and 1920, THE SCHOOLMA'AM is moved to cast a backward glance over her own career also, and to take stock of her present possessions.

It was as a very timid girl that she made her first bashful curtsy a decade ago. Even today she would not boast of her age; but shall she not claim that she is now settled in life? At least she has grown very domestic of late—has gone to housekeeping and is sole proprietor of a sewing machine. Yes; it was during Thrift Week that, with Mr. Duke's strong aid, she came to own a home—in the little brick wing of the Cottage.

And that same week she bought herself a sewing machine—an investment from which the rent accruing hour by hour is to be to her a perennial stream of wealth.

She has also a cupboard and a trunk (both borrowed), in which she is able, under lock and key, "to keep the secrets" which are to astound the reading world as June comes round from year to year. These and other loans—cuts from Massanutten Academy, for instance—remind her that, after all, her chief assets are her friends, old and new.

Tonight, looking backward in the lull when the last page but one is gone to the printer and the proof has not begun to come in, it is of the old friends especially that she is thinking—those who for so long stood by her and helped her, heart and hand.

Surely Miss Sale will respect her the more for the sewing machine enterprise; and Miss Gregg, from her exalted position on the State Board, will still look back with kindly interest. THE SCHOOLMA'AM could not bear to be forgotten by dear Dr. Sanger or Miss Godfrey, who loves a joke, or Miss Corbett, who loves all beautiful things. And, Miss Hudson,

"Will ye no' come back again,"

and give to our plays and operettas that touch of finish and power which always raised the funds needed in order to face the publisher?

To all these, and to others, Blue-Stone Hill sends love and the message: Everybody wants to see you.



Directory

NAME	ADDRESS
Abbott, Margaret Louise	Evington, Campbell County
Aistrop, Mazie Elizabeth	Faber, Nelson County
Allen, Anna Rachel	Stephenson, Frederick County
Allen, Florence Esther	Stephenson, Frederick County
Anderson, Grace	Mattoax, Amelia County
Arrington, Mary Hilah	Bedford, Bedford County
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Baker, Esther Alena	Chincoteague, Accomac County
Baker, Nancy Capitola	Norfolk, Route 2, Norfolk County
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Beard, Mary Lewis	Ft. Defiance, Augusta County
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Brown, Ruth Elizabeth	Lincoln, Loudoun County
Browne, Sallie Lewis	Stanardsville, Greene County
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Curie E. Bishop Don't forget

"B.B." don't dare forget me.
Edith R. Baker

Frances I. Mackay
(yours for "Hi-ort.")

your "see side" to
Woodstock - H. Allen

was a great
old pal
Bumme

Anne is the one who has helped some
most in everything. Frances Sawyer

Ann! Ann! is what I often
hear near second. June Steele
Phyllis Wall Cartham
"mostly Phil"
4 East Hill - Va

Herie to
our Ann - our
dear! May you
be loved as you
are by your old N.S.
Dorothy Williams
Please don't forget me!



I know a young lady
named Anne
who knows how to use a
stew pan.
She can cook, she can sew,
Play tennis and row -
An all around sport is Miss Anne.
Mary Lee Hardy.

I can't say enough
for you, Anne. so
I won't begin
Kitty Pettus

"Barber's Is Willing"
Gentle Bawles

Herie to the nicest
& sweetest girl in
the '92' class at
N.H.S. Love.
Margaret

B.B, Always think of me as "Hanging On Behind."
Gladys M. Nichols.

Beware!! Before "Parking" in dancing.
be sure a door is near. - Marion E. Hodges.

Oh my gosh! I can't think of any
thing to say - Ethel Lahrer.

The best of friends some time love
to part and here's where I go but will
never forget days at H.N.S. with you.
Ethel Channing

What shall I do without the "vic" and "you can't
get love where there ain't no love"?
Margaret U. Hoffman

Annie Dwyer

Don't forget that
my address is
Barbette C.H. Va.
Elizabeth Dainoff.

Anne, never eat
anything - because
she has such
a little mouth.
T. Farley

A fool there was!
Edna Harper

Remember me early
Remember me late
Remember me as
your old schoolmate
Alberta Rhodes.

Always remember me

what hangs in our room -
bottom of double bed

Vietta Bland

Margaret Martin

Chire
white
line
Anne
white
line
Anne

I'll always
love you & whole heap
just because

Remember the day we went to
the picture and about the time
Did we get our money back?
What time?
Take it?

when you look in this book
in after years & wonder
what you mean
what you mean
what you mean





